

WHY DO WOMEN FAIL IN BUSINESS?
by Marie Harrison

The QUIVER

July
1922

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net





They all Twink

Twink
MADE BY
THE MAKERS OF
LUX



**HAVE YOU HEARD THE
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TWINK appeals to every
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Good health for a farthing a day

The ingredients of Kruschen Salts are necessary for healthy life. Your body must, of necessity, obtain these ingredients from **somewhere**, or you could not live. Normally, your system should extract these vital salts from your food—meat, bread, fruit, vegetables, milk, eggs, and so on; but, as a matter of fact, owing to impaired digestion, errors of diet, overwork, anxiety, worry, sedentary occupation, and many other causes, your system does **not** extract from food the correct proportions of these essential life-giving salts.

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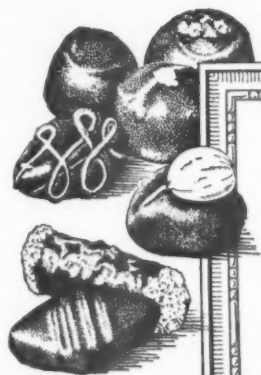
Mother and Child

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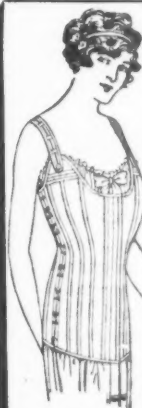
Within two or three years these chocolates have become the popular favourites—it's real goodness that has put them at the top of the tree.

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SOLD BY MOST HIGH-CLASS CONFECTIONERS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY.

And in the Salons at the Corner Houses, the Macons Lyons and in every LYONS TEASHOP.

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Healthy Women

especially Nurses and Mothers, must wear "healthy" Corsets, and the "Natural Ease" Corset is the most healthy of all. Every wearer says so. While moulding the figure to the most delicate lines of feminine grace, they vastly improve the health.

The CORSET of HEALTH
The Natural Ease Corset, Style 2.

8/11 pair POST FREE

Complete with Special Detachable Suspender.

Stocked in all sizes from 20 to 30. Made in finest quality Drill.

SPECIAL POINTS OF INTEREST.

No bones or steels to drag, hurt, or break.

No lacing at the back.

Made of strong, durable drill of finest quality, with special suspenders detachable for washing purposes.

It is laced at the sides with elastic Lacing to expand freely when breathing.

It is fitted with adjustable shoulder-strap.

It has a short (9 in.) back in front which ensures a perfect shape & is fastened at the top & bottom with non rusting Hooks & Eyes.

It can be easily washed at home, having nothing to rust or tarnish.

These Corsets are specially recommended for ladies who enjoy cycling, tennis, dancing, golf, &c., as there is nothing to hurt or break.

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THE QUIVER

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And if friends drop in unexpectedly to lunch, tea, or to supper, the "Skipper" comes to your rescue.

And "Skippers" are the best fish packed. There is no spiky bone, no waste in a whole tin of "Skippers."

"Skippers" are caught in Norway at the best season of the year, and are packed in virgin olive oil or choice tomato.

Their flavour, too, is so deliciously delicate, so different from the coarse taste of many other fish in oil. Turn the handle of the cupboard—turn the key on the tin, and then you have the most glorious tea or supper dish that ever satisfied a healthy appetite or tempted a poor one.

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on any preserved food means
the best of its kind.**

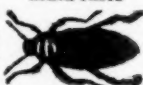
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If you have any form of stomach trouble such as indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis, flatulence or palpitation read the following letter, for it may be the means of helping you out:—

"For many years I had been a martyr to stomach and bowel troubles, and had tried heaps of medicines, but all to no purpose. Four months ago I was advised to try Bisurated Magnesia Tablets: I did so and after the first dose experienced wonderful relief. There has been no return of the complaint and my health in general is better than it has been for years."

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This letter is but one of thousands that have been written relative to the real, genuine benefits that accrue from the taking of Bisurated Magnesia—a preparation which has become increasingly popular the world over during all the years it has been before the public. The reason for the striking success of Bisurated Magnesia is that it hits digestive disorders through the cause: the presence of harmful acid in the stomach, which it neutralises instantly. The wonderful relief

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MARK THE TROUSSEAU WITH
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Iron Jelloids

1/3 Three times a day 1/3
OF ALL CHEMISTS

THE QUIVER



For nursing mothers
Mellin's Food increases
the flow and improves
the quality of breast
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The hand-reared baby

Mellin's Food relieves anxiety when Nature's food is not available. Mellin's Food assures bright healthy babyhood—prepared as directed it contains the same substances as breast milk.

Mellin's Food is entirely free from starch and is easily digested from birth. It contains vitamins which are essential to nutrition, and being a fresh milk food it safeguards baby against rickets and other infant ills.

Mellin's Food

Send for Mellin's Book on Baby Welfare—sent free together with free sample of Mellin's Food. Address the Sample Dept.,

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Eat more
Good
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**The Family Doctor
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Good toffee does good by stealth, and that's how all the best kind of good is done.

Good toffee pleases the palate and then satisfies by nourishing.

By all means let the youngsters 'eat more good toffee' and if I may venture to suggest the very best, my preference is for

**Mackintosh's
Toffee de Luxe**



Egg & Cream-de-Luxe
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Sold loose by weight at 8d. per $\frac{1}{4}$ lb., and in "Baby" Tins at 1/3 each, "Tall" Tins 1/3 and 2/6 each, and 4lb. "Family" Tins.

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completely overcome DEAFNESS and HEAD NOISES, no matter of how long standing. Are the same to the ears as glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable. Worn months without removal. Explanatory Pamphlet Free.

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Here is an old friend who for 40 years has CURED YOUR HEADACHES, COLDS IN THE HEAD, CATARRH AND HAY FEVER

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THE QUIVER



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THEY make up so well, and from first to last the colour never changes. Quite the most charming of fabrics for summer washing wear—the most economical, too, with their wonderful wearing qualities.

The Pattern Folder will help you to choose material for prettiest frock, smart suit, morning dress, or for the children's wear, and you have the guarantee of the Dyers and Manufacturers—it covers the cost of making as well as of material!

"GARMENT REPLACED IF COLOUR FADES."

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Its quality of deepening greyness to the former colour in a few days, thus securing a preserved appearance, has enabled thousands to retain their position.

2/- Sold everywhere. 2/-

Lockyer's gives health to the Hair and restores the natural colour. It cleanses the scalp, and makes the most perfect Hair Dressing.

This world-famed Hair Restorer is prepared by the great Hair Specialists, J. PEPPER & CO., LTD., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and can be obtained direct from them by post or from any chemists and stores throughout the world.

SULPHOLINE

This famous lotion quickly removes Skin Eruptions, ensuring a clear complexion. The slightest rash, faintest spot, irritable pimples, disfiguring blotches, obstinate eczema, disappear by applying SULPHOLINE, which renders the skin spotless, soft, clear, supple, comfortable. For 42 years it has been the remedy for

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Sulpholine is prepared by the great Skin Specialists, J. PEPPER & CO., LTD., 12 Bedford Laboratories, London, S.E.1, and is sold in bottles at 1/3 and 3/- It can be obtained direct from them by post or from any Chemists and Stores throughout the world.

Quickly removes the effects of Sunburn.

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SOFT Rubber Cushions, encased in Velvet, easily fixed into any shoe. Protects stocking heel from wear.

A PERFECT CURE
FOR SHOES LOOSE
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30 years of age and not an
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At 1/3 and 3/- per box, post free.

Book of Herbs gratis and post free.

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NERVE AND HEART WEAKNESS

You need not go through life handicapped with such wretched disabilities as **Blushing, Nervousness, Shyness, Weak Memory, Defective Will Power, Want of Confidence, Trembling, Twitching, Depression, Insomnia, etc.** **YOU CAN BE CURED completely, permanently in 7 days of all Bashfulness, Nerve and Heart Weakness. Guaranteed Cure** for either sex. No one need suffer now. The cure is **very simple** and private, and will not interfere with any business or household duties. **It has cured thousands** after Doctors, Physical Culture and Suggestion have failed. **Write a letter** or **p.c. at once**, mentioning *The Quiver*, for full particulars, which will be sent **free** privately to anyone.

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PRIME BEER

Is best made from **MASON'S EXTRACT OF HERBS**. One Tablespoonful of this Extract makes a Gallon of **DELICIOUS BOTANIC BEER**.

Two bottles, post free,
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Obtainable from
Chemists, Grocers &
Stores.

NEWALL AND MASON,
Nottingham.

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IT'S**

MASON'S

Beginning with a Mistake

A YOUNG mother seldom realises the strain maternity puts upon her. Almost always she tends to over-carefulness and self-sacrifice in diet, not believing that her needless worry, and her too-anxious application to the sewing-basket, have as bad an effect on her milk as the eating of sour grapes.

For the little one's sake a mother should, at frequent intervals, relax all tension of mind and body, and she should also, as a point of duty, enrich and maintain her supply of good nourishing milk by taking, between meals, a breakfastcupful of thin gruel made with new milk and Robinson's "Patent" Groats—a food which has no equal as a bracing and invigorating standby for nursing mothers.

Robinson's ^{PATENT} Groats

Send 3d. in stamps for Booklet.

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THE QUIVER

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Fashion's Favourite at Barratts' Factory Price.

Ladies, before you pay expensive shop prices write—entirely without obligation to purchase—for this splendid Patent Model Shoe. It has all the dainty charm only obtainable in the very highest-class footwear—yet it costs you only Barratts' Factory Price if you order by post. Write for a pair, compare them with any shoes for which you or your friends have paid the middleman at least one-third more. If you are not delighted with your bargain return them unsoiled to Barratts and they will return your cash.

This Beautiful "Footshape" Shoe will go well with any Costume.

The patent leather in the uppers is excellent quality, a deep, glossy, intense black lasting surface on a supple, easy, hard-wearing leather. English oak-tanned solid leather soles are stitched to welts on the hand-sewn principle, with solid leather insoles. The heel and blocked toe are built up with solid leather also. The style is essentially ladylike, the Cuban heel firmly fixed under the gracefully-arched instep, and the fitting at the heel and round the middle of the foot is like a glove, lying close to the foot without gaping when you walk. Dainty in appearance, suitable for any occasion.

No Fit—No Pay. Barratts Guarantee Perfect Satisfaction with fitting and quality or return of your money. 13 sizes (all comfortable widths), 2, 2½, 3, 3½, 4, 4½, 5, 5½, 6, 6½, 7, 7½, and 8 (size 8, 1½ extra). Your "Footshape" got by running pencil round the foot while it rests with normal pressure on paper will do if uncertain of your size, or a good-fitting old shoe.

Order now from W. BARRATT & Co., Ltd., 76 Footshape, Northampton, Eng.

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Style 2315

Order Now—This Way

HOME: State style 2315, enclose cheque or money order for 21/-, and post to Barratts. OVERSEAS: With Cash on Delivery orders, send 10/- deposit only. Pay when shoes arrive. Where C.O.D. is not in operation enclose full amount. Postage overseas extra.

DIRECT BY POST

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Post Free
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*Cephos will keep you free
from Headaches - Rheumatism -
Neuralgia & Influenza!*



It acts like magic and never fails to give relief. In fact, it is a scientific remedy which is used daily by physicians themselves. Unlike many ordinary headache powders, "CEPHOS" does not contain any poison, and cannot therefore affect the heart.

Obtainable from Boots The Chemists, Taylors' Drug Stores, and all other chemists at 1/3 and 3/- per box.

If your chemist does not happen to have CEPHOS in stock send 1/3 or 3/- in stamps or P.O. to

CEPHOS, LIMITED, BLACKBURN,
and they will send it to you Post Free

Write to-day for FREE SAMPLE, mentioning "The Quiver."

The Russian Famine's Terrible Toll

AGONISING SCENES TOO AWFUL
TO BE DESCRIBED.

**Immediate and Generous Help Wanted at once to
Check the World's Greatest Tragedy of Infant Suffering
and Mortality.**

Remorselessly have suffering little children in the famine-stricken areas of Russia been driven to a death too horrible to contemplate. Their bodies have been tortured with the gnawing pains of hunger, their hearts wrung with anguish as they saw friend after friend succumb to the inevitable, and realised that **THEIR OWN END** would be soon—but none the less horrible. And the terrible Death Roll is daily increasing. The mere contemplation of the coming Burning Hunger of Summer, and the awful epidemics which will be engendered by the Heat, makes one shudder. The world is witnessing a tragedy of infant suffering such as it has never seen or imagined.



Those who have visited the Famine Areas and seen the haunting look in the big staring eyes of the starving little ones, can never forget them. They seem to follow them wherever they go. Will you not rescue one or more of these victims of the most terrible visitation the world has ever seen, clinging to life to the last, whilst the dead and dying lie around them? Can you think of this terrible agony and fail to participate in this the greatest rescue work the world has ever known?

CORPSES PILED IN COMMON GRAVES.

So terrible is the Death Roll that in almost every district of the Famine Area there is a continuous procession of the dying people carrying the dead to the common graves—ghastly yawning pits, which day by day receive innumerable fresh victims.

Hour by hour child after child is dropping into the yawning grave. This endless stream of corpses keeps falling, falling, falling, into the open pit. Will you not help to stem this stream? Will you not stand in front of the grave and snatch those little ones from the brink, out of the very hands of Death? You can buy them back. You can buy them back NOW.

THESE LIVES COST ONE POUND. NOW MANY LIVES WILL YOU BUY?

ONE PENNY HALFPENNY keeps a child for a day—only one penny halfpenny! This tiny sum makes all the difference to a little sufferer between Agony and Happiness! One pound feeds a child for twenty weeks.

With swollen bodies, emaciated limbs, maddened by hunger and despair, these wretched people have been eating clay and grass and refuse. And the— (details are too horrible to print).

"I have been through Hell," is the customary comment of British travellers.

WHAT THE "SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND" IS DOING.

The "Save the Children Fund" gives relief to suffering CHILDREN, snatching them from an appalling death. The "Save the Children Fund," under British control, has undertaken to feed children in the famine areas of Russia with plain but wholesome, hot, nourishing food. The Fund has **SEVERAL HUNDRED KITCHENS** working in Russia, and every kitchen means life to many starving little ones. All that has been done is, however, but one iota of what **MUST** be done.

IMMEDIATE ACTION ALONE CAN SAVE THE LIVES OF RUSSIA'S STRICKEN LITTLE ONES!

It is a true but terrible fact that unless we are sent more money immediately the doors of many of our Kitchens will have to be closed. The children will come to them, crying piteously in their despair, and **WILL BE TURNED AWAY**. No more bread, no more hot soup, no more rice and cocoa—not a broken scrap, not a mouthful of food. Their agonising cries will fall on deaf ears; in vain will their little hands be held out. The waiting, clamouring children will be driven away.

They will stagger off along the roads to the wretched hovels, where they will fall down to die. For hours and hours, for days and days, they will linger on. How slowly the hours of suffering will pass!

Children's arms are extended to you—their wail for food—their tiny voices are almost hushed by death. Listen! their call is in the air. Every moan of wind in the trees is but the echo of the waning voice of a dying child. Is your conscience clear? Even now babies are dying—even as you read these words tiny toddlers are succumbing—every hour boys and girls wilt and die just like roses from Nature's garden. Can you ignore the small child's voice that says, "**HELP! and HELP QUICKLY!**"

YOU CAN HELP IF YOU WILL

You are not asked to give to a fantastic cause—your money is wanted to stave off starvation—is. will feed a child for a week—£1 will save a life!

The Save the Children Fund, The Russian Famine Relief Fund, The Society of Friends' Fund, realising how stupendous the task of Relief is and the need for Co-operation, have agreed to work together under a **Joint Committee** of representatives of each Fund, with Sir Benjamin Robinson as Chairman.

If you have given before—please give again.

If you have never given—give **NOW**—if you never give again. Every hour's delay means another **DEATH**.

You cannot bring back those who have perished, but now with an open heart and willing spirit you can play your part in the



To such desperate straits have the people been driven in some districts that they have eaten the straw with which their houses were roofed—and the raft of their homes have been used for fuel. Now, foodless and without shelter, they huddle together or wander forth to die! Suffering unparalleled in its intensity is the lot of hundreds of thousands. It beggars description and defies imagination! Those who have witnessed it say that they have been through Hell. For Mercy's sake, give, give again, and continue to give.

greatest Humanitarian Crusade which the mind of man has ever conceived on behalf of suffering dying people.

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LINE YOUR TIN well with greaseproof paper. Bake briskly in hot oven, try with a clean skewer, and don't bang your oven door.

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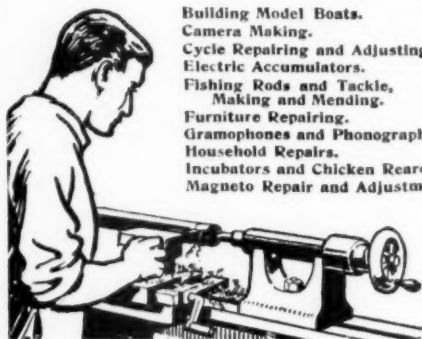
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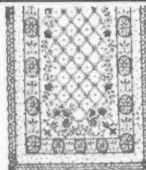
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The Quiver Contents

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| PAGE | PAGE |
|---|---|
| A Dinner of Herbs. Story by ANNE MERWIN. <i>Illustrated by Norah Schlegel</i> . . . 771 | A Holiday in America. How Best to Do the Trip. By AGNES M. MIALL. <i>Illustrated from Photographs</i> . . . 833 |
| Why do Women Fail in Business? By MARIE HARRISON. . . 781 | Between Ourselves. By THE EDITOR . . . 839 |
| A Storm in a Soul. Story by AUSTIN PHILIPS. <i>Illustrated by H. Collier</i> . . . 785 | The Man who Failed. A Mining Camp Story. By MAY WYNNE. <i>Illustrated by E. S. Hodgson</i> . . . 841 |
| Wild Animals of Britain. Should they be Preserved? By C. S. BAYNE. <i>Illustrated from a Photograph</i> . . . 791 | Child's Suit for Seaside Wear. Simple Work of a Useful Nature. By ELLEN T. MASTERS . . . 845 |
| The Man in the Brown Cloak. A Ghost Story. By ANNE WEAVER. <i>Illustrated by J. Dewar Mills</i> . . . 797 | All About Ices. Cookery Pages for July. By M. STUART MACRAE . . . 849 |
| A Change in Pets. How Living "Dolls" are Ousting Lap-dogs in the Hearts and Homes of Wealthy Women. By IGNATIUS PHAYRE. <i>Illustrated from Photographs</i> . . . 809 | Brightening the Villages. A Scheme for Bringing Art into the Country. By ENID A. GUEST. <i>Illustrated from Photographs</i> . . . 852 |
| The Studio Baby. Story by CHRISTINE CASTLE. <i>Illustrated by Elizabeth Earnshaw</i> . . . 813 | Beside the Still Waters: "Singing and Serving." By the REV. JOHN A. HUTTON, D.D. . . . 855 |
| Mind Healing. A Simple Statement on Psycho-Analysis. By W. KINGSOTE GREENLAND . . . 817 | Musk and Clove Carnations. Gardening Pages for July. By H. H. THOMAS. <i>Illustrated from Photographs</i> . . . 858 |
| NINON. Serial Story. Chapters XI to XIII. By MARGARET PETERSON. <i>Illustrated by P. B. Hickling</i> . . . 821 | The New Army of Helpers. Conducted by MRS. GEORGE STURGEON . . . 861 |

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The Editor's Announcement Page

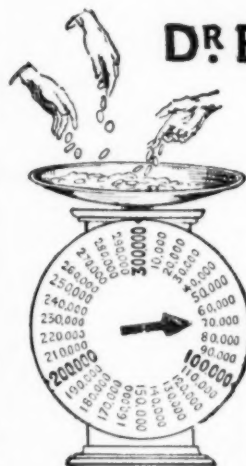
"Robin Hood"

By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds

My August Number will be a Special Holiday Story Number. I am giving the first instalment of a new story by Mrs. Baillie Reynolds, entitled "Robin Hood," and dealing with life in the Canadian North-West. There will be other stories by Austin Philips, Ethel Talbot, James A. Andrews, etc.

A feature of the number will be the account of a walk round the Sea of Galilee. The writer, the Rev. H. S. McClelland of Glasgow, attempted this recently, fell into the hands of the Bedouin, and nearly lost his life. He has written the story of his adventures for *THE QUIVER*, and a thrilling story it is. An article describing the amazing position of things in Berlin; by one who has recently been there, is entitled "Where Thrift is Extravagant."

The Editor



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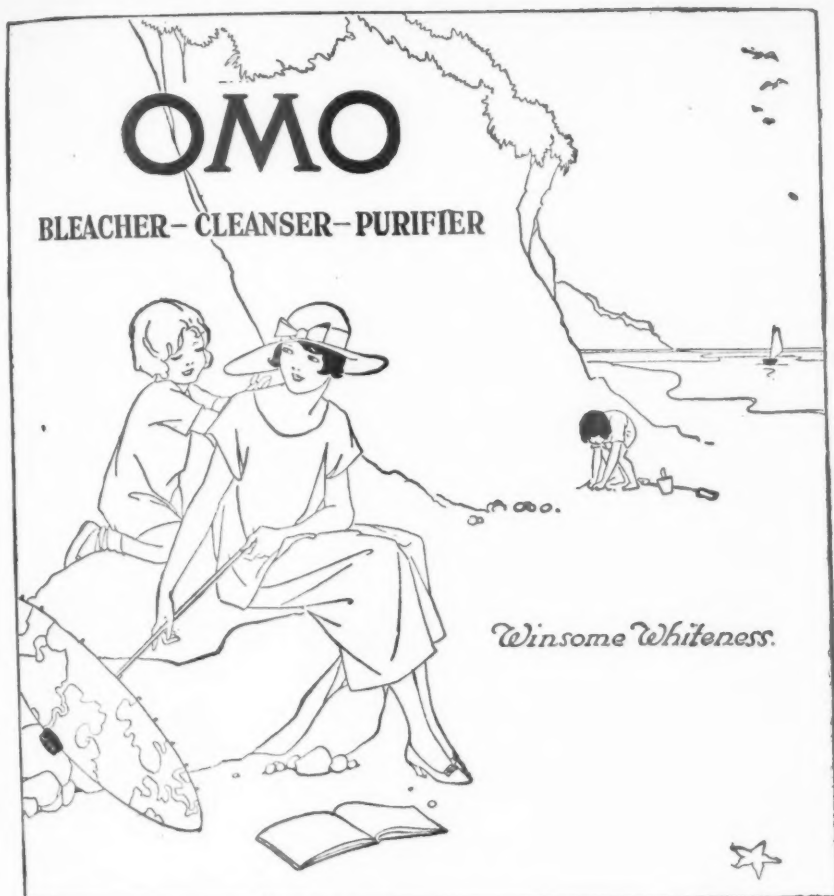
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The Quiver

Poison Gas

Poison gas ought to be prohibited by the rules of war: yet how few clean fighters there are!

I mean that quite a host of people seem to make a practice of besmirching their neighbours—spreading little scandals, drawing ugly inferences, backbiting: in a word, using poison gas.

If you must fight, fight cleanly. Make your accusation, show your proof, demand redress. But don't go about looking for scandals; don't manufacture grievances and magnify them. Don't pass on idle tales and doubtful reports. Don't whisper, shake your head, insinuate.

Remember that everybody respects the lion. But no creature on earth is more detested than the snake in the grass.



"“Oh, Gervase,” she cried penitently,
“am I very wicked?””—p. 790

Drawn by
H. Collier

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A DINNER OF HERBS

by *Anne Merwin*

LADY FAULKNER ended her letter with a "Cordially yours, dear Iris," and signed her name, but her whole expression was anything but "cordially yours." There was a grim look of decision about her mouth, and her eyes were quite cold and steely.

"Why I should put myself out to give Iris Gore's girl another opportunity to marry well, I don't know," she told herself. "I have washed my hands of Mildred twice already, and here I am relenting and giving her a third trial."

She closed the envelope with a splash of sad purple wax, and pressed her gold seal ring on to the blob with unnecessary force. Then she rang and gave the letter to be posted.

"Iris Gore can never say that I haven't given her girl equal chances with mine." She rose as she spoke, jammed her garden hat a bit farther over her sunburned face, reached for her gloves and shears, and said, "Yes, I'm ready," to a pair of impatient Irish terriers, who had waited for her while she wrote the letter. At that the terriers both ran for the garden basket, and Mimsie got it first, whereupon Denny let her keep it, as a gentleman should, and they all went out into the garden together.

Grubbing wholeheartedly among the herbageous borders, her ladyship soon laid aside her vexation. The long sunny afternoon stretched ahead of her. There would be no one to tea except herself and the dogs. The asters were coming on this year better than last, and the delphiniums that she had cut ruthlessly down to their very roots, under the wrathful nose of her head gardener, were blooming blue and tall again.

"Ha, ha!" she said gaily to the dogs, "that's the time I proved him in the wrong."

Denny wagged his stumpy tail vigorously, while Mimsie got in a big sweep of wet tongue over the cheek of her mistress.

"Stop it, Mimsie!" and the dog sprawled out on the turf, and pretended she hadn't meant it.

Lady Faulkner, a simple soul, kind at heart, ever with a willing ear to lend to all in trouble, was in some respects a very contradictory person. She had made, because her mother told her to, the best match in the county. This marriage had turned out well. Lord Faulkner,

being snatched by his people from an elderly chorus lady who had just brought him to the verge of proposing, had found his nature-loving, rather indifferent fiancée a great change and relief. Immediately on their marriage he began to make very real love to her. The young bride took to it kindly. Their honeymoon waned, only to discover to them a new moon rising that was every bit as beautiful as the honey one had been. And so it went on. Lord Faulkner was devoted and stayed devoted. Lady Faulkner was interested in her husband and stayed interested and loved him with all her heart. In a vague way she laid the success of her marriage to her mother. At least, when her mother preened herself complacently she helped with the preening by agreeing that her marriage was all that could be wished. So when her own two daughters grew to marriageable age, she cast about her for suitable husbands for them. For Angela she chose young Arkwright, and that had turned out well. And for Joan a fair-haired, rather rich young parson, and that had been, if anything, even better. Lady Faulkner never knew of a short three-cornered conversation, with Angela, her father and young Arkwright for the corners.

"Your mother," said Angela's father, "has determined on this match. No matter how you detest each other," here he winked in a most undignified manner at the two, "no matter how—oh, I say, don't let her know how gone you are on each other or she'll think that maybe you had some choice in the matter, and that she didn't arrange the whole thing, bless her."

In Joan's case sentiment had swayed Lady Faulkner in favour of the rather rich parson because something about him reminded her of Lord Faulkner, and she felt he was certain to make a good husband. She never knew that the same idea entered her daughter's mind at the same time. So the gods were good to her and she had her own way. Her daughters had theirs at the same time, which is none too often the case in the delicate art of match-making.

Having been thus blessed in her efforts for her own girls, Lady Faulkner turned her attention to Iris Gore's daughter, Mildred.

"Let Mildred alone, dear," Lord Faulkner counselled. "Enough is as good as a feast. You have married off Angela and Joan. Now let you and me be happy ever after."

THE QUIVER

"Old dear," responded his wife, linking her arm in his and smiling up at him, "Iris Gore doesn't know a thing about marrying off Mildred. I owe it to my old school friend to help a bit. Mildred is getting on. She must be twenty-four, and your wretched nephew Gerald is the cause of it, as you well know."

"Gerald! What has he to do with her being twenty-four?"

"Silly! Don't try to choke me off. If it wasn't for Gerald she'd have married long ago."

"Ah-h." Lord Faulkner tried to give the effect of enormous surprise.

"Ah-h!" mimicked his wife. "You don't deceive me, you kind, silly old uncle, with your allowance to Gerald that's just enough for him."

"I'll make it enough for two," broke in Lord Faulkner. "Oh, I say, dearest, you know they have been spoons on each other since they were in pinnies."

"I do know it, and they might as well be in pinnies now. What good has their caring for each other done them? He's a dear, lovable good-for-nothing. Yes, he is. You know it. And she—why, she has never let him think for a moment that she could be a poor man's wife. Now you would say, 'Here, Gerald, here's more money! Marry Mildred, if you like, be a nice respectable pauper all the rest of your life—and make her one.'"

"Oh, come, mummy!"

"Yes, you would. You don't see it, but that's what it would be."

"I'll get him a post—"

"When he asks for a post it's time to get him one. The only post he

ought to have is a whipping post, the lazy, handsome idler."

"But, Mildred—"

"Mildred is to marry Lord Selby."

"Oh, mummy!"

"He is quite good enough for her. She won't mind his being deaf, and he's only a bit deaf. Anyway, she can't expect to do as well as though she were only in her second season."

"Dearest, I cannot bear to hear you plan it all out in this cold-blooded way. Think how happy we have been and don't condemn poor Mildred."

"Yes, and who made our marriage?"

Then Lord Faulkner thought



"They made a pretty picture—the long, low lines of the punt, the slow, graceful bend and curve of Mildred's lithe body"—p. 775

A DINNER OF HERBS

quickly. Always in the back of his mind lurked the elderly chorus lady from whose clutches Lady Faulkner's excellent mother, aided and abetted by his own frantic parents, had so capably removed him. So he answered:

"Your dear mother. May her name be praised!" And he kissed his wife.

Then they put Mildred and Gerald and the slightly deaf Lord Selby out in the comfortable limbo of temporarily forgotten things, and devoted the rest of the morning to the new rock garden.

✂

The morning
post brought

Mildred glanced across the breakfast table at her mother.

"Aunt Helen's a duck," she said amiably. "Is it an invitation?"

For answer Mrs. Gore read the letter aloud. There was delicate mention of Lord Selby, his admirable disposition, his generous nature, his evident intention of "settling down," and a half-veiled reference to his reputed income. "He is often here. Now that he has come into the title he lives a great deal at Selby Hall and is very neighbourly." Then a good description of the weather, its shortcomings from the garden's point of view. And, "Now to come to the real object of this rambling letter, won't you and Mildred?" etc.

Then came the "Cordially yours," and only in the postscript did Mildred's mother find what she knew Mildred most wanted to know:

"For your eyes alone, dear Iris, Gerald—wretched handsome dog in the manger—is safely away on a fishing trip. I asked Lord Selby for one of the smaller streams on his Scotland estate—"

The long postscript was written on a separate sheet of paper.

"Lord Selby is a tiresome person," remarked Mildred, pouring cream into her second cup of tea. "I met him when he was John Langhorne and hadn't any income, nor had he any too generous nature that one could notice. I suppose Auntie Helen thinks—" she broke off with a laugh. "How she'll scheme to keep Gerald and me apart. She'll put him at one end of the table and me at the other, and—"

Mrs. Gore heard her daughter's laughing, careless words, and tucked the long P.S. farther under her serviette.

"It's so stupid of Gerald to try to keep other men away from you, Mildred. You've got to look facts in the face, and your auntie won't stand much more from you. Twice she's picked out—"

"Oh, darling mother, not this morning! Not when we are going to leave this stuffy flat and get out our pretty country hats and frocks, that I have frilled up all fresh and nice, just in case Aunt Helen felt inclined—"

She ran around and kissed her mother with more show of affection than was usual with her. The long P.S. slipped to the floor, and she caught sight of it. "What's that?" she cried. "More of the letter?"

Her mother stooped and got it quickly in hand. "Aunt Helen wants my recipe for the tomato preserve." It was true, but not the truth. So now and again may one skim swiftly over the thin ice of honesty that often lies just skin thick over the abyss that awaits the liar. Lady Faulkner did want the recipe for tomato preserve. At least six months ago she had asked for it, and for six months Mrs. Gore had been forgetting to write it out.

Tea was over when Mrs. Gore, followed by

Mildred Gore's mother the letter signed "Cordially yours." Mrs. Gore read it and her face brightened.

"I must say," she leaned back in her chair and sighed comfortably, "that Helen Faulkner is very good-natured."

*Drawn by
Norah Schlegel*

THE QUIVER

her tall daughter, got out of the car at Faulkner Court. Lord Faulkner greeted them.

"Don't bother about any tea," said Mrs. Gore. "I know we're awfully late."

Lord Faulkner laughed. "The trains on this branch line are specially arranged to keep our servants busy," he told them. "We are always serving relays of meals to people too late for luncheon, too early for dinner, or too something else. For years we have not had a guest who hasn't arrived in a famished condition."

"Don't mind him," said Lady Faulkner, coming up, "there's a nice little special table all arranged."

"There always is," joked her husband, and they started for the lawn.

People were playing badminton, and Mildred cast a quick eye over the two courts. Lord Faulkner caught the glance. He wondered sympathetically if he should not, in a casual way, let Mildred know that the man she was so unconsciously looking for was probably at that moment by the side of a salmon stream in Scotland. But he felt sure he didn't know how to convey this information quite casually enough, and decided to leave it to his wife. He looked at Mildred. The girl was pretty, he told himself, perhaps prettier than she had ever been, for when she was off guard, as she was now, there was a wistful look about her; and he liked the way that she settled her mother comfortably and poured the tea. Before she poured her own she reached into her hand-bag and brought out a small folded paper.

"Here's the recipe," she said, handing it to Lady Faulkner.

"What recipe, dear?"

"The tomato preserve," answered Mrs. Gore for Mildred, and the keen ear of Lady Faulkner caught an anxious note in her friend's voice. "Mildred has copied it out for you and would bring it herself. You remember you asked—"

"Oh, that was good of you, Mildred. I have asked your mother a dozen times."

"But the special postscript the other day fetched it."

Mrs. Gore's eyes, over the rim of her cup, telegraphed warning.

"I am a great one for postscripts," said Lady Faulkner. Then, suddenly turning, "But here is Lord Selby."

"The curtain rises," said Lord Faulkner to himself, "on the first act of the new drama by the well-known amateur Helen Faulkner. Jove! That's rather clever of me, and there isn't a soul I can tell it to, except Helen, and she wouldn't appreciate it."

Then Lord Selby waved a telegram in his hand and called out:

"A wire from Gerald. He appreciates that salmon stream, and I don't."

Lord Faulkner, who had turned to Mildred, saw her face change. The wistful look fled and the "on guard" look came.

"How jolly!" she said, smiling at Lord Selby.

Mrs. Gore and Lady Faulkner sighed with relief, for it had been broken to Mildred, and casually enough to suit anybody, that Gerald was safely out of reach.

"What was the postscript about, mother?" Mildred was standing by her mother's dressing-table, very straight and tall in her white dinner gown. Mrs. Gore was pinning an obstinate jet and tulle ornament in her soft grey hair. She frowned at Mildred.

"Of course, if you don't want to answer me," Mildred said, "or if you want to tell me it's rude to ask, why, all right. Only, mother, you and Auntie Helen are such transparent plotters. It was hardly worth while my writing out the tomato preserve, was it? Why has Auntie Helen taken the trouble to tie Gerald to Lord Selby's salmon stream?" She looked keenly at her mother. The jet and tulle ornament was leaning to one side, and the hand that held it trembled. Mildred lifted her mother's hand gently and fastened the ornament. Mrs. Gore looked obstinately into the glass and would not meet her daughter's eye.

"Is it Lord Selby, mamma?" Mildred put the question quietly.

Mrs. Gore's lip quivered. Mildred was going to be nice and she was relieved. She nodded.

"We must look at facts," she said. "This is the third time, Mildred, and I must say I think Helen has been more than patient with you. I was surprised when she wrote this time. Truly I was."

"But Lord Selby isn't in love with me, and I—"

Mrs. Gore turned. Her lips no longer quivered. Her mouth was firm. Mildred wasn't going to be as nice as she had hoped. Backed by Aunt Helen, Mildred's mother could and must take a firm stand.

"I don't think that love has much to do with it," she said. "You've had your chance at love, and what have you done with it? Gerald Faulkner has no idea of marrying as long as that indulgent uncle of his makes him an allowance. He has hung about you and kept other men off, and that's all he has done. Who is going to propose to you, I want to know, with him glowering about and interrupting every time you are a minute alone with a man? Aunt Helen said she'd prevent that this time, and that's why she got Lord Selby to give Gerald some fishing. And that was in the postscript, if you want to know. Oh, Mildred, I don't mean to be cross and vulgar and say nasty things, only when I know a man is making love to you—and only making love—when I know he hasn't a penny, and you won't look at any other man—"

Mildred put up her hand.

"Don't get so excited, mother," she said, "and you must let me correct one statement you have made. Gerald doesn't make love to me. Gerald isn't that kind. I suppose I shall marry some day. It's the only thing I have been brought up to do. I ought to be grateful to Aunt Helen for going to so much trouble on my

A DINNER OF HERBS

account, and I am. I know I have been a heavy drag on your poor little income—"

"Oh, Mildred, how can you say that?"

"I have been, and am," said Mildred. "We must look at facts, as you say, and that's the biggest one of all. It's really the reason why Auntie Helen is working so hard to marry me off. Well, I won't make any trouble, mumsie," she suddenly stooped and kissed her mother. "I'll be a nice little lamb led to the altar. Lord Selby's little lamb. I don't see why he wants to marry me, though."

"But he does want to, or at least he told Helen he had made up his mind to settle down and she feels sure he will propose to you. He takes the responsibilities of his new position very seriously. It seems there was a girl—oh, someone quite beneath him, but he was going to marry her—only he came so unexpectedly into the title, and—"

"The wretched man!" cried Mildred.

"Oh, it wasn't he! It was the girl. She wouldn't. So he says it doesn't matter so much—I mean—"

"She broke off in some confusion. "A marriage has been arranged," you mean. How old-fashioned it sounds! And the girl wouldn't marry him? Didn't she care?"

"Oh, my dear child," Mrs. Gore became emotional, "she cared awfully. And Helen says he is frightfully cut up. She's an innkeeper's daughter, not at all educated, and quite mad about him. He'd got her to say yes—hadn't told her, you know, about the title. Then she found it out in a paper, and she just sent him off."

"So, failing the innkeeper's daughter, perhaps he'll take me?"

"There's the dinner gong," Mrs. Gore's voice evidenced her relief at the interruption.



Faulkner Court was a delightful place to visit. There were heaps of interesting things to do. At the end of a few days Mildred had done them all. She had rushed from one thing to another, giving herself no time to think. And at night the healthful outdoor exercise with which she had filled many hours of the day brought her quick forgetfulness in sleep.

On a quiet, sunny afternoon she went down to the thatched roof boat-house (it was at the foot of the lawn), and on a delightful little balcony she settled herself in a comfortable chair, determined to come at last to some decision as to her future. It was odd and queer here at the Court without Gerald. She felt it would be odd and queer to settle down anywhere without Gerald.

"It's fearfully stupid of me," she told herself, "because Gerald is the laziest boy that ever lived. I know quite well he would never give up anything for me. Or," she added, "for any other girl. That's some satisfaction. It's beastly of me to hang to poor little mother like this, when by being just a bit civil I could probably marry and be off her hands for good."

There was the sound of someone moving in

the boat-house beneath her. She looked over the edge of the balcony and saw the doors open and a punt come slowly into view. In it was Lord Selby. They had become fairly well acquainted during these few days. If it hadn't have been Aunt Helen's and her mother's heads cocked toward one another every time he appeared, Mildred would rather have liked him. He was a great deal nicer than when he had been John Langhorne, though he was a bit absent-minded, and it was not always complimentary to think that it might be the innkeeper's daughter that brought that far-off look to his face.

He looked up and caught her gaze. "Come out for a bit, do," he called. There was no reason why she should not, every reason why she should, the best reason being that Mrs. Gore and Lady Faulkner were sitting on a seat under the big yew tree, and that Mildred and Lord Selby were under their close observation. Mildred knew without seeing it that her mother was holding her knitting suspended till she should hear her daughter's answer. So she called down to Lord Selby:

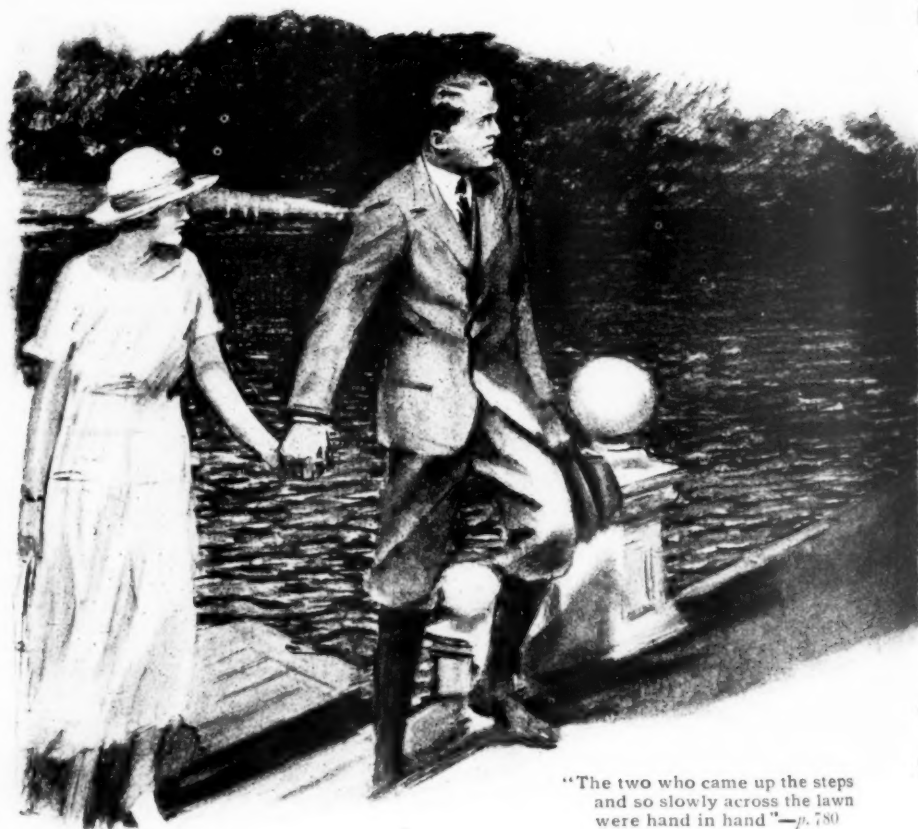
"How jolly! I'll come if you'll let me punt." And, under her breath, "I hope they're satisfied!"

She caught, as she gave a flying glance over her shoulder, a complacent smile on Lady Faulkner's face, and saw her mother begin to knit fast. Then she went down the steps to the landing-stage.

"Take a scarf, dear?" cried Mrs. Gore. Mildred thanked her mother, sweetly declining the scarf, and stepped into the punt with the aid of Lord Selby's extended hand.

The two ladies watched them. They made a pretty picture—the long, low lines of the punt, the slow, graceful bend and curve of Mildred's lithe body as she leaned her weight on the pole or brought it up, dripping, for another plunge. Lord Selby's white-flannelled figure was stretched on the blue cushions of the punt. Mildred's mother spoke hopefully to Lady Faulkner, and Lady Faulkner said that things were looking fairly well, and she thought she would go in and take a nap. And the punt was shut from their sight by a bend in the river. No one guessed how Mildred was hating Lord Selby at that moment. She hated him for asking her to come in the punt; she hated him for wishing to "settle down," for being alive and in the world at all, and, above all, for taking this punt, the one with the blue cushions that Gerald always had favoured and in which they had spent many idle hours, drifting up or down this lovely reach of the river. Any friendly feeling she had had for Selby vanished now that they were alone together. She pushed him from her consciousness, and swiftly there came to her mind the time when she and Gerald had taken their tea to the little island a mile farther down the river. The spirit lamp had exploded, and her dress had caught fire. Gerald had seized her quickly, roughly, and then the fire was out, and they were looking with white, frightened faces into each other's eyes. Then

THE QUIVER



"The two who came up the steps
and so slowly across the lawn
were hand in hand"—p. 780

Gerald had hidden his burnt hand, kept it out of sight till she found out and cried over it, and she had punted the boat home. Just as now she was punting, only then it had been Gerald's head that lay on the blue boat cushions and Gerald's eyes that met hers; and even then it had been silence between them—always silence.

"I believe I'll let you get us along, after all," she said, and she changed places with Selby.

Then she curbed her wandering thoughts. She brought her mind back to the present, and she forced it to the future. The man who was standing so near her, good-looking, clean-cut, a well-bred Englishman with a fortune and a title, might in time be her husband. Surely life was offering her full coffers for empty ones. She would rouse herself, she would smile, she wouldn't hold aloof any longer; and the punt swiftly glided through the water, and she looked up and began to talk to Lord Selby.



In the Highlands of Scotland there is a pretty white inn that nestles down among the moun-

tains. In the little garden of this inn one hears the tumbling rapid waters of the river Awe. At the garden gate one morning Dougald, the old gillie, was waiting. They had started early every morning, he and Gerald, for the past week for the stream on Lord Selby's estate, and many and fine had been the salmon that Gerald had landed, aided by the proud old gillie. They were congenial spirits, these two, and old Dougald had dropped more than one vague hint as to his preference for a master who would take notice of the fine salmon in his own streams. The new Lord Selby had scarcely won his way to the hearts of the people of his Highland home. Gerald had enjoyed hugely the sense of temporary ownership of the water he was fishing. He had declined any additional hospitality, though Lord Selby had begged him to make use of the grim old house that stood just above the loch. He found his bedroom in the inn, overlooking the sweet-scented garden, most attractive, and had settled down quite comfortably for an indefinite stay. This morning he had waited for the post, and the post was

A DINNER OF HERBS



late. It finally came, however, and he seized his letters hastily, stuffed them into his pocket, and went out to Dougald. They walked down the road at a good pace. The air was like wine, and as they crossed the little bridge the water underneath sang the song of the mountains, a melody all its own, and Gerald recognized it. He felt happy, buoyant, a big man-child of Nature, as he strode, with Dougald beside him, past the square, severe manse shut off from the road by a stiff green hedge. The minister's children were playing on the other side of the hedge, and he boyishly waved to them. Mists were rolling down from the top of hoary old Ben Cruachan, broad bands of mist that left the sunshine laughing between. Gerald and old Dougald felt veils of this mist flung across their faces. Oh, it was a good world to live in, and nothing mattered. Prince, pauper, mendicant and dependent nephew all had a right to live and be happy. Gerald, who was the least introspective of them, felt vaguely that he was on one of those irresponsible heights to which Mother Nature lifts one now and then.

After a stiff climb they reached the stream, and just as it came into sight a huge salmon leaped. Dougald made haste, the salmon coquetted, then sulked, got obstinate, and finally was drawn, a glittering weight, within reach, and turned over to Dougald's tender mercies.

It was after this excitement that Gerald felt in his pocket and remembered his morning post.

He flung himself on the bank and began to open his letters. The first was from an old friend, sent from his club.

"... Envy you, old chap, up among the heather and toying with Selby's salmon. Met him the other day at Faulkner Court. Quite a decent chap. Jolly party at the Court. Your cousins are home with their respective husbands. Mildred Gore looks lovelier than ever. She arrived on the scene the week-end I was there. Lady F. hinted to me that Selby was the picked man.

"What an old woman's letter this is. I shall be telling you the latest fashions next. Full trousers, buckled at the ankle. The tie is worn mostly under the left ear—"

"Ass!" muttered Gerald. He frowned and opened the next letter. It was a few lines from Mildred, and from its date he could see that there had been some delay in forwarding:

"Going down with mother to the Court. Dear old Court! Dear old river! For two pins I could get quite sentimental. I can do it so easily—on paper, and to my own grandmother, if I had one. Will probably see you then soon. Be sure and claim the punt with the blue cushions, or that piggy-wig of an Angela will get it first.—Flippantly yours,

"MILDRED."

This letter made him smile. It was Mildred to the life. He had had dozens of these brief epistles, each so different in tone, yet each was Mildred. She loved the Court, as he did, as they all did. She was one of them. The worst of it was that Aunt Helen was always trying to get her to marry someone. He picked up the first letter and read again:

"Lady F. hinted to me—"

The frown came back to his face. That was the worst of Aunt Helen, dear soul! Always "hinting" about some man and girl. There was Angela. Aunt Helen had "hinted" about her. Then Joan, and now Mildred. This was not the first time she had hinted about Mildred, but the other times he had been there and had put a stop to it. Selby! A slow suspicion crept out of the salmon pool at which he was staring and dangled its unwelcome message before his eyes. These were Selby's waters. Dougald, down there, was Selby's gillie. Aunt Helen had "hinted" for the hospitality that Gerald was so enjoying. Aunt Helen would "hint," or already had, to Mildred, to Selby, to—everybody. A very black look came to Gerald's countenance. All the uplift that Mother Nature had granted him that morning was swept away in a whirl of wrath. The song of the mountains that the waters sang fell upon deaf ears.

He tore open his last letter, and a cheque fell out.

"Herewith as usual, dear Gerald, the wherewithal. From Uncle Gerald."

The wherewithal! The familiar cheque, the familiar words. The cheque meant his living,

THE QUIVER

the "wherewithal," as his uncle so tactfully put it. But the "as usual" stared up at Gerald with a strange appearance. As usual! Well, it was usual; it had been for years. Ever since dad died and left him and the mother penniless. Then, after college, the mother went, too. The cheque grew a bit larger. Gerald was a man by this time. The cheque was enough to cover a bit of a trip abroad; it paid for decent chambers on his return. It settled his club dues, and to do him justice Gerald tried to make these dues most moderate; it clothed him, it fed him. He was looking at his uncle's signature, "Gerald Faulkner." And he was Gerald Faulkner the second, and the first Gerald paid the way for the second. And this cheque in the second Gerald's hands meant that he did not work, he earned nothing. This was not in payment for any services; it was a gift, a willing gift, the latest of so many, so very many gifts. And the reason for it was that he was one of the Idle Ones, those who take and do not give, for whom a generous relative sometimes feels a responsibility, but from whom mothers drag their daughters and fathers warn their sons. How had it all come about, how was it that he had leisure to be up in these hills, living at the white little inn, tipping Lord Selby's gillie? The cheque was the answer, Uncle Gerald's cheque. And why was it that Aunt Helen was setting Mildred's cap for Lord Selby? Uncle Gerald's cheque was the answer to that, too. For if these cheques had stopped long ago, something would have happened. He would have gone to work at something. Aunt Helen would not have arranged to get Mildred to the Court, where she would be with Lord Selby while Gerald fished Lord Selby's salmon stream in safe seclusion. He would have been working, all the hateful beginnings of work would have been over. He would have been settled somewhere, with a fat screw coming in regularly. He could have said to Lord Selby, "Get off my preserves," instead of other people saying to him, "Get on Lord Selby's preserves until he has got Mildred properly engaged to him." He hated the cheque in his hand; it meant weakness and bondage, dependence, and then—came the revulsion. Habit reassured itself, his suddenly aroused dissatisfaction cooled, his pricked and goaded self-respect sank back into the ready arms of his alarmed self-esteem, and was promptly soothed and comforted. Some day he would say to Uncle Gerald, "This has gone on long enough, sir. I cannot let you—"

Gerald carefully put the cheque away in his note-book and the letters in his pocket, and ran down the bank to Dougald. As he picked up his rod and began casting, he was composing beautiful sentences that he would say some time to the donor of his entire income since his childhood, fine sentences that contained words like "most appreciative," "more than a father," "eternally grateful," "no longer necessary." Then a salmon, even bigger and more glittering, more desirable in every way than the last,

leaped in Lord Selby's stream, and Gerald Faulkner did as his Aunt Helen had planned he should—forgot all about Mildred, the Court, the owner of the stream, everything except that here was a ripping bit of sport at hand. The gillie looked on admiringly. "He's a rare steady hand," he told himself. "It's a peety the young laird canna bide a bit o' work with the feeshing. Maister Faulkner will be working a' day at it, and no grumble."

Early that evening Gerald, in the little writing-room at the inn, enclosed the cheque, with a deposit slip, in an envelope addressed to his bank. His letters lay on the writing-table before him. He didn't read them again, but the contents of each came vividly back to him. Longer than the others lingered the words of Mildred's letter: "Dear old river"; "the punt with the blue cushions"; and "Flippantly yours."

Gerald smiled. Yes, they always had been flippantly each other's. Good friends, but flippant, irresponsible ones—non-love-making ones, who gave with a glance of the eyes, but took back with an idle, jesting speech, who kept each other in the romantic shade of unacknowledged longings. Silence had been safe, so the man had been silent. Flippancy didn't commit a girl, so Mildred had been flippant. But with all this there had been moments, only a few though, when through that outer crust of self-protection a ray of honest sunlight had penetrated. Once Mildred's dress had caught fire, and he had put it out, and she had cried over his burnt hand. Gerald sighed uneasily. He told himself that it was jolly comfortable here at the white inn. Good food, good bed, ripping air, good gillie; the cheque in the envelope would more than pay for it all, except the gillie, and he was thrown in, as it were, by the gods that were good to Gerald Faulkner. But were they good, or were they laughing up their sleeves? Mildred, the punt with the blue cushions that Mildred had looked to him to keep for her; Selby, with his confounded Hall close to the Court; Aunt Helen and Mildred's mother, with their respective heads bobbing towards Mildred and then towards each other, "picking out"—that's what people were saying, "picking out" Selby for Mildred. Well, he couldn't interfere. But, after all, couldn't he? Mildred would hate to marry Lord Selby, he felt sure of it. And then suddenly he didn't feel sure. Suppose she shouldn't hate it?

He sat for a long time, quite still. Then his hand reached out quite mechanically for a time-table. Mechanically he rose and went into the office. In half an hour a heavy cart, the only thing available, drawn by a heavily pounding farm horse, was bearing him towards the station, where the night express could be flagged. And heavily crawled the moments. For more than salmon or anything in Scotland, Gerald wanted one thing. He wanted from his flippant friend, Mildred, the assurance that she had no intention of marrying the man whose

A DINNER OF HERBS

salmon-stocked stream was being left far behind among the darkening hills.



Mildred had talked a good bit to Lord Selby. Pleasantly, charmingly, and with every intention of doing what her mother and Aunt Helen would approve, she had brought her conversational powers to bear upon the man they wanted her to marry, the man upon whose face the innkeeper's daughter had brought that sullen look. At first Mildred's efforts met with very little response. "He is about as cheerful as a young Charon ferrying me over," she thought.

"Last summer at this time," she said aloud, "I was in North Devon."

"So was I." Lord Selby's face had suddenly lighted up. "Glorious place, North Devon."

Mildred stared at him. "I have hit upon something that interests him, have I?" she thought.

Then it transpired that Lord Selby could talk. Fluently and vividly he spoke of North Devon. To the rhythm of the punt pole's swing he described to a silent Mildred the glories of North Devon in general and of a bit of its coast in particular. The girl on the blue cushions had unexpectedly become the best of companions. She knew and loved North Devon.

"There is a little inn high up on the roughest part of the coast," Lord Selby prattled on.

Mildred's expression of interest did not change, but in imagination she was again in her mother's room, and her mother was telling her of the girl who wouldn't marry Lord Selby—hadn't the girl something to do with an inn?—now that he was rich and had a title.

"Women are queer," Lord Selby was saying. There must have been something that connected this remark with Devon, but she had lost it. "Awfully queer."

Mildred opened her mouth to make a suitably feminine response, but Lord Selby stuck the punt pole hard on the river bed and pushed with an extra vigour, and went on:

"One won't marry you because you have got money, and the rest won't marry you unless you have." He dragged the pole up and plunged it again savagely.

"Perhaps the 'rest' wouldn't know how to get on without money."

"A man can work and earn it, can't he? I worked before I was Lord Selby, jolly hard, too; but I got enough money to pay for my living as I went along, and didn't owe a penny."

"Did you keep an inn?" Mildred asked.

"No," answered Lord Selby quickly, "but my aunt keeps more than one, and I dare say she'd have taken me on."

He scored one. For his aunt, a titled and august personage, had opened a series of tea-shops, to which everyone was flocking, sure of a good tea, a moderate fee, and no tips. And Mildred had forgotten it.

They were glaring politely at each other, when Lord Selby broke into a good-natured grin.

"I say, I beg your pardon. I'm a quiet chap usually, but when I do talk I jabber along and don't know when to stop. The thing I really wanted to ask you was—well, Lady Faulkner and your mother have been good enough to say that you wouldn't say 'no.'"

"Oh, but I should say 'no,'" interrupted Mildred. Faced with the fatal question her heart beat unpleasantly fast. "I am sure I should say 'no.'"

"I told them I didn't think you'd like it much, but I thought if I asked you very nicely——" He broke off, and waved his hand to someone on the towpath. "Look who's coming," he said, and turned the boat towards the bank.

Mildred didn't turn. This hateful person who was proposing so casually to her mustn't think she was too ready. So Aunt Helen and her mother had let him think she wouldn't say "no." "If I asked you very nicely——" Well, she would wait till this person he was waving to had gone—wait till he asked her again nicely, and then she would answer again nicely. "No, no, no!" she would say. And after that the deluge from her mother and Aunt Helen. But would she? came the soberer thought. Wouldn't she, like the coward she was, say "yes"?

The man that Lord Selby had waved to had been watching the punt and its occupants as it went under the old stone arched bridge. They hadn't seen him, for Lord Selby had been talking hard and fast, and Mildred had been looking absorbedly at him. Gerald Faulkner, on the bridge, shut his teeth together on words that sounded strong and useful, and dashed down the bank and on to the towpath. He walked behind some low willows for a bit, and then stepped boldly into view. But the two in the boat showed no sign of noticing anybody or anything. He could see Lord Selby's face, but his eyes went oftener to Mildred, and then there was a mingling of anger and what might be fear on his countenance. Lord Selby leaned forward toward Mildred. Gerald broke into an undignified hurry, which brought him so noticeably near the punt that Lord Selby at last saw him.

"Hope I'm not intruding," Gerald called, as the punt turned its nose into the bank. He hoped also that he didn't sound as breathless as he felt.

"Glad to see you, old chap. What's the matter with the salmon?"

Then Mildred turned. She turned slowly and said:

"Why, Gerald, I thought you were in——"

Gerald stepped into the punt. He slipped down by Mildred and took her hand. The hand turned icy cold, but he hung on.

"Couldn't stay away, even in bonnie Scotland. You can't, can you, Selby? You can't stay long away from the girl you love."

THE QUIVER

There was a sound as of rushing waters in Mildred's ears. She was conscious of her icy hand in the clutch of one almost as cold. She saw Gerald's eyes mastering her, frightening her, and making her, oh, so crazily happy. And suddenly she laughed and clung back, and her hand got warm and warmed the one that held it.

"You silly boy," she heard herself say. "Lord Selby will think that you and I are 'Arry and 'Arriet on 'Ampstead 'Eath."

Gerald leaned over her. "I don't care what Selby thinks." Then he called over his shoulder, "Do I, Selby?"

Gerald's face was close to Mildred's, but she turned her trembling mouth away. He reached out and took the pole from Lord Selby.

"Be a good chap and cut away, will you?"

Lord Selby grasped Gerald's hand and wrung it. He reached his other hand across to Mildred and wrung hers, too.

He climbed up the bank and then turned. There was a wistful look on his face. "Good luck to you!" he cried.

"You can't go back on it," Gerald found voice to say this after an awkward pause.

"Neither can you."

"I have been a lazy slacker, Mildred."

"And I have been a greedy, ambitious—"

"But we needn't. We could be—different."

"We *must* be."

"No one will like it."

"Except us."

"But we'll like it."

"Awfully."

Her eyes were full of tears, and her voice broke. He crept quite close to her, holding tight to the fold of her gown.

"Why shouldn't I—make good?" he asked.

And she, knowing that the devils of self doubt were torturing him, put her arms about him and said defiantly:

"You? You can do anything."

"I'll make you believe that," he told her.

"I do believe it."

"No, no. You don't now, dear, you can't. But you are going to."

Lord Faulkner came under the bridge in a queer little boat that was a cross between a small skiff and a smaller gondola. He affected this boat a good deal. No one knew how to make it go but he. There was an arm-like arrangement high up on one side, and he made little short forward strokes with a long scull that rested on this support, and the boat went along somehow. No one would go with him in it, but that hardly lessened his pleasure. It was the only one of its kind on the river, and he gloried in it. He passed the punt where Mildred was talking earnestly to Gerald, and he recognized Gerald. "Young beggar," he called him under his breath. Then he spied Lord Selby walking along the bank, and he slowly grinned. "Bravo, Gerald!" Then he looked over his shoulder. Through the arched bridge he could see his wife's motor launch coming

toward him. He could even hear the asthmatic puffs of the engine that was always breaking down. He turned his hybrid gondola, and it swung nose up stream. Then he sent it forward with short, awkward strokes of the long scull.

Lady Faulkner and Mrs. Gore sat in the comfortable cane chairs of the launch, chatting pleasantly. "Have you seen them?" called his wife as he came near.

"There's a punt I could have sworn was ours down there by those willows, but it isn't Selby. Let's go on and have our tea. They're sure to show up later." He wiped the perspiration from his forehead, as he glanced at his wife's unconscious face. She gave an order to the old boatman. The launch turned, and the asthmatic engine puffed it towards the landing-stage.

"There's Lord Selby," cried Mrs. Gore as they went up the steps to the lawn. "Where's Mildred?"

Lord Faulkner faded into the background. He wasn't going to help Selby out. But he heard him say:

"I'm so sorry, Lady Faulkner, but I'm obliged to leave for North Devon suddenly. A telegram." He pulled a worn, old, torn paper from his pocket.

Lady Faulkner rose to the occasion and expressed proper regret. The formalities of leave-taking were brief and insincere, and Lord Selby strode away, anxiously consulting his watch.

"After this, dear Iris," said Lady Faulkner severely, "I wash my hands of Mildred."

Mrs. Gore sniffed audibly and applied her handkerchief to her tear-filled eyes.

"I can't blame you, Helen," she replied. "Such chances as you have given her! And this time Gerald safe in Scotland, too."

Lord Faulkner made an odd sound in his throat.

"It's going out in that silly old boat of yours," said his wife crossly. "Your throat always gets queer after you've been on the river."

Lord Faulkner choked again.

"It's going to get queerer than ever this time," he said. "Look, there's our punt just coming in."

They looked. The two who came up the steps and so slowly across the lawn were hand in hand and very white of face. Lady Faulkner stared and stared and then said, "Good heavens!" She turned to her husband and spoke softly. "But I didn't know, old dear, that they really loved each other like that!"

Then she went forward with both her plump hands held out in welcome.

"I couldn't—Auntie Helen," said Mildred brokenly. "When it came to the pinch—I couldn't."

"Of course you couldn't, dear child. Better a dinner of herbs, you know; better a dinner of herbs. Eh, Mildred? And you, you bad Gerald. How'll you like a dinner of herbs?"

"Ripping!" said Gerald, and kissed his aunt fervently.

Why do Women fail in Business?

by Marie Harrison

AN American woman who came to England a little while ago to study commerce said to me one day:

"Ever so many of your countrywomen are in business, and appear to be doing pretty well. Why is it that one finds so few at the top of their trade?"

Why?

She used the word trade in its widest significance, of course. Her words set me thinking. For some years women have enjoyed political freedom. Professions closed to them for centuries have been opened. But apart from those professions in which work is highly individual, so winning quicker recognition, there are few occupations in which one finds women who have made triumphant successes of their jobs.

My work as a journalist brings me into contact with women who are working in all kinds of professions. I listen eagerly for any account of exceptional achievement, of women who are departmental heads, of women who are directing big companies, of women who are experts in export trade, of women whose names are recognized as those of authorities on some branch of business.

Where is the Self-made Woman?

Occasionally I hear of some woman who has made a name for herself in business, and it is a little disappointing to discover that she began her business career with the enormous advantage of inherited wealth or fame. I want to find the brilliant business woman who, now controlling a great store or an office or works, began life as a messenger girl at five shillings a week. But where is she?

The comparative failure of women in business is due, I think, not merely to the prejudices of employers, but to the inability of the ordinary woman to endure continuously hard work.

Let me begin with the employers. Most employers I know have rather nebulous views on what is still called the woman question. I do not think they feel any antagonism towards women in business; on the other hand, they certainly do not regard women as captives in the commercial world who must be set free for development. Very rarely do you find the man whose love of justice is so instinctive that he goes about the world giving people chances to prove their merit; most of us, more especially women, have to make our own chances. At the same time it is very often extraordinarily difficult for a woman to get that preliminary chance out of which other chances are evolved.

The Employer's Part

A woman who is kept always at copying work or at typing or at routine work in any shape or form cannot show what she can do. If, therefore, she happens to be working for an employer who by deliberate policy excludes women from higher positions her talents may remain hidden for the rest of her life, and at forty she may still be doing the work she did at twenty.

This is a tragedy for the girl, and may be disastrous for the employer. It does not make for efficiency to have on any staff men or women who know that their possibilities have not been explored. Moreover, the employer may be a serious loser if he has on his staff a man or woman who can perhaps do brilliant things and is not allowed to do them.

Therefore, to some extent the prejudice of employers does account for the apparent failure of women in business. A woman artist can strike out on her own, but a woman in business cannot strike out on her own without capital; she is dependent on the view taken of her by her employer for her chance to prove herself, and if she is

THE QUIVER

unlucky in her employer she may never get that chance.

The unsympathetic attitude of employers, then, accounts for a certain number of cases of clever women who hold inferior positions in business, but, frankly, I believe that women themselves are largely to blame for the fact that so many of them are still at the bottom of the tree.

A Queer Case of Failure

I should like to give a little story which will illustrate the point. Some little while ago a woman who had shown herself to be singularly clever in business was asked by her employers to undertake a mission for them in Central Europe. She was an excellent linguist, had a very charming personality, and had travelled. Also, she was an enthusiastic business woman, and the board of directors of the company for which she worked were quite satisfied that in sending Miss A—to discuss business with men in Central Europe they were acting with wisdom.

Miss A—went, under the most pleasant conditions, let it be noted. She travelled first-class, had a sleeping car, and had been provided with a cheque to cover the cost of such essentials as travelling rugs, and so on.

Miss A—stayed exactly one week in Central Europe, and then, without the permission of her employers, returned home. She made illness the excuse, and her employers were bound to accept it. Knowing the value of Miss A—in their office she was not reprimanded, or severely cross-examined, as most women would have been, but the directors, talking over the matter, determined that never again would they send a woman on any important mission.

"Women are clever, often brilliant, but you can't depend on them," one of the directors said, and with that the matter was closed.

Couldn't Stand the Loneliness

I was rather fortunate, for the purposes of this story, in hearing later what Miss A—had to say on the matter.

"Well," she admitted frankly, "I couldn't stand the loneliness. My business took only three or four hours a day; for the rest of the day there was nothing to do. I don't know the languages of Central Europe, and outside of business circles I had difficulty in making myself understood. I know it

was dreadful, but I felt so horribly lonely I just made up my mind to come home."

Is this an unusual case? I hope so. It was a queer experience to find a woman whom one had always regarded as level-headed and unemotional less able to restrain her feelings than a girl in a new school, sick for home and mother.

But there was the confession. And who can doubt the influence of such a betrayal of trust? Women in big positions too often forget that women are watching them no less than men. It brings discouragement to every woman to know that one of her sex has proved herself unequal to her task; it makes employers determined to keep women out of responsible positions in future. The inefficiency of one highly placed woman in business may mean the repression of hundreds who are not given a chance because of a prejudice built on one woman's failure.

Sick Leave for Love Affairs

I know many other cases similar to that I have quoted, though less flagrant. I know women who immediately ask for sick leave if a love affair goes wrong, who demand an afternoon off in order to meet an aunt at the railway station, who expect a short holiday whenever they feel indisposed, who ask for a fortnight in order to nurse a sick mother.

I know it is extraordinarily distressing to a woman of loving impulses to refuse the demands for her services which come from all sides. The protective instinct of woman makes her long to help the sick and the suffering. But it is not reasonable to suppose that employers will look kindly on the woman who is a ministering angel in office hours, at the expense of the office. I know that many employers find it extremely irritating to be met with frequent requests for leave of absence in order to attend to some domestic emergency. Generally such leave is given. But do the women who ask for it get promotion?

Children and Business

"What about Mrs. B—?" an employer queried when discussing with a colleague some possible promotions.

"She's very good," was the reply, "but I don't advise your giving her a post of responsibility. She has two little children, and I have frequently had to release her on their account. It would be awkward if at a time we particularly wanted Mrs. B— we

WHY DO WOMEN FAIL IN BUSINESS?

had to let her go home because her children were ill."

That is the kind of conversation that sometimes takes place in offices.

Now, what is the remedy?

Any woman who wants to devote herself seriously to business ought to make arrangements that will prevent her from being called upon suddenly to leave work and take up some domestic duty. This sounds hard, perhaps, but women working in a world made and controlled largely by men must, for the present at any rate, accept the conditions which such a world imposes. If there is no younger sister, no relative of any kind who can be counted on to give real help in an emergency, then an arrangement ought to be made with a neighbour or friend. An employer is then at least guaranteed immunity from outside demands on the time of his employee.

The Habit of Dependableness

To be temperamentally dependable, however, is something that can only be obtained by force of character. The girl who gets a big chance has to prove herself big; she must be above little lonelineses, little desdependencies. People in high positions are often lonely. That is one of the prices one pays for success. Women fail in business because they have not the capacity of men to concentrate on business when everything else in the world seems to be going wrong. Generally, that is a time when women want to run away from work and seek sympathy from their friends and rest and consolation in the country. But men, from necessity of soul as well as from necessity of circumstance, know that work has simply got to be done, and they do it.

Not long ago I was talking to that wonderful actress, Sybil Thorndike. She told me that nearly all producers experience the greatest difficulty in finding young actresses who really know and love their work and are willing to give themselves up to it. And then Miss Thorndike made a very wise remark. She said: "I am afraid that the trouble with these young people is that they have too many interests."

Isn't that one of the most convincing explanations of the failure of women to do big things?

When Pleasure interferes with Work

Young actresses who dance, after the fall of the curtain, right through the early hours

of the morning bring tired bodies and tired minds to their work. Business women who engage in a host of unnecessary household duties before and after office hours have no freshness while they are at work. To be intensely interested in a number of hobbies, pursuits or pleasures is to utilize energy. A man gives most of his energy to his work. He finds that he must if he is to get on. A girl gives her energy to her hobbies, her friends, her pleasures, and has not a sufficient reserve to enable her to be superlatively good at her job.

Women fail at business also because they endure monotony less cheerfully than men. There is monotony in love, in religion, in art, in almost every form of human experience. Every job has its dull patches. Woman, with her quick, imaginative temperament, finds these dull patches tedious; she is less able than man to concentrate on her work when it is exacting; she gets slack, hurries through a dull piece of work, hoping to make up for it by doing something brilliant another day. But there are times when a dull piece of work, done accurately and faithfully and intelligently, may be more valuable to an employer than a brilliant piece of work done easily and with no tears. That is something women in business have not yet learned.

Women with a Grievance

Women fail in business because of their habit of nursing little grievances. Men dislike a woman with a grievance almost more than anything else in this world, and the temptation to have a grievance is very difficult to resist at a time when women are conscious that they must still fight for their rights. Well, let it be a real grievance. Any sane employer will always listen to a serious complaint, but a man gets annoyed with a woman who is always fussing about something, and who wastes his time with a long story about the discomforts of the office furniture, or of a neglect to consult her when arrangements were made for the staff holidays.

Thoroughness Wanted

Women fail in business because they are not always thorough in their work. I do not mean in routine work which is at once noticeable if badly executed. I am thinking rather of that superior work which demands wider knowledge than is strictly necessary at the moment. It is always an immense

THE QUIVER

advantage in business to know just a little more than is necessary. There are many young men who do give their spare time to the study of things which may eventually be useful to them. But I do not think you will find many women, except perhaps in the teaching profession, who will give up night after night, for instance, to the acquisition of a language which may some day be valuable. That incapacity to look ahead is one of the most serious failings in women who are in business, and one which they seldom recognize as such. Perhaps it is the secret hope of marriage and the end of professional or business duties which makes them feel it would be a waste of time to study in the evening. I don't know. I do not want to do my sex an injustice, but in those callings where extra study is immensely useful I don't find women working with the energy of men, and the number of those who do any sort of extra work is very small.

Ought to be an Ideal Worker

Given the imagination of woman and her often superior charm of character, allied with a man's capacity for concentration, his dependability, his endurance; his real enthusiasm for his work, and you surely get an ideal worker. The old-fashioned suffragette believed she had nothing to learn from man and everything to teach him. Modern woman has not altogether escaped from this belief. The woman who succeeds in business is the woman who makes the best possible use of her own abilities, and who is wise enough to adapt herself to the traditions set by men. Most of the traditions in business, anyway, have been founded and continued because of their value, and it is folly to disregard them. I am inclined to think

that when women use their own abilities to their fullest powers of development, and are not ashamed to adopt the standard of efficiency which men have set up in business, they may even beat men at their own trade.

A Word to Parents

A final word to parents. The employer, as I have indicated, is sometimes an obstacle to woman's progress in business. More often it is the woman herself who is her own obstacle. Occasionally, however, it is the parent.

Parents who are unable to assure their daughters of an independent income ought to make it as easy as possible for them to earn their living. No daughter, working hard all day, ought to be expected to help in household duties on her return. She needs as much playtime and relaxation as any man, and though it may be amusing and a healthy diversion occasionally to set a table for a meal or to cook a dinner, it is neither healthy nor diverting to be compelled to discharge these duties as a matter of course. Parents should remember that the obligations to an employer fall as heavily on the shoulders of a daughter as on those of a son. Few mothers care to interfere with the work of their boys, but how many mothers have the same scrupulous regard in respect to the paid work of their daughters?

A little more sympathy from employers, a greater earnestness on the part of women, deeper understanding from parents, and I think we shall hear less of the failures of women in the business world. It is because these points are so well understood in America that American women excel in business; is there any reason why English women should permanently be their inferiors?



What is Your Opinion?

I invite the opinions of my readers on this debatable subject. I shall be pleased to award a Prize of One Guinea for the best letter sent in by a reader. Write on only one side of the paper, and address The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4. Please mark your envelope "Women in Business." Latest date, July 31st.

A Storm in a Soul

by
Austin
Philips

"ARE you ready, Olivia?"

"Yes, mother!"

"Then do come along, darling. The curtain goes up at two-thirty; and I wouldn't be late for the world!"

The summons—anxious, impatient, indeed, almost angry—came up with unconscious cruelty to Olivia Richardson in her bedroom, and the girl gave a final survey—despairing alike and most critical—at her own charming image in the glass. Then, nimble of foot, enchanting to look at in her light cool frock and her big black hat with a hint of her red-gold hair just visible, she went hurrying down the staircase. In less than another minute mother and daughter were being borne through the ancient West Country city towards the famous old Theatre Royal with its memories of Garrick, Foote, and Kean.

Indeed, half Belboro seemed bound thither, either by tram, car, or carriage; not within memory of the living had the city seen such Thespian event. Sandwich-men, posters, and notice-boards, all alike were announcing it: the famous Ursula Umfreville was returning to the stage.

Ursula Umfreville—the great Shakespearean actress—who had had the world at her feet and had retired voluntarily at forty! Town and country—which last she had long lived in—were rushing to glut their curiosity and combining to do her honour at immensely heightened prices commensurate with her fame.

Olivia's mother, Mrs. Richardson, yielded in her eagerness to none.

"You don't know how excited I am!" she kept saying as the tram carried them down the steep hill and into the centre of the city. "I saw her in *David Garrick* when I was first engaged to your father—and how wonderful she was! And to think that she should be acting in Belboro with you—with our—Gervase. You ought to be—I expect you are, darling—the proudest woman in the town!"

Olivia made no answer. She had started palpably. She had winced, indeed, most visibly. But Mrs. Richardson, living in the past, filled to the fullest with old memories, mercifully did not notice. At the end of a silent five minutes the tram set them down at the corner of the narrow side-street in which the Belboro Theatre Royal stands.

The crowd was amazing. Immense queues were waiting, but the Richardsons (despite the vast difficulty in obtaining seats, for hundreds of places had been bought up by an exclusive "lady" of Northern manufacturing origin, who had released them solely to the "county") had been given seats of the best. As they passed into the entrance hall, two eager women, daughters of a well-known local doctor, rushed up and caught Olivia's hands.

"Aren't you excited?" they cried in eager unison. "I should be. Fancy Gervase Egerton playing 'lead' with Ursula Umfreville. What a glorious chance for him. If he succeeds I suppose she'll get him 'on' in London, and he'll give up being a solicitor, and you'll be the wife of a famous actor. It's simply glorious for you. The whole town is talking of it. You're the very luckiest girl in all the world!"

Olivia knew a frightful pang of anguish, nodded friendlily, managed somehow or other to utter something appropriate, and then passed with her mother up the carpeted, easy-falling stairs. They took the seats specially allotted to them in the very centre of the front row of the dress circle. Half the audience recognized them, and turned its eyes on the girl's beautiful face.

She was perhaps at that moment the most envied person in that old West Country city; a vast percentage of its women ached to occupy her place. Yet to-morrow—the day after—within a short week, at any rate—she would be the most envied no longer, but rather the most criticized and pitied; as she was already the most unhappy in all this crowded spot.

THE QUIVER

The fact that she and Gervase Egerton had broken off their engagement—a fact known by no one at this moment—must shortly be made public by both of them. It would cause immense amazement. No one would divine the actual reason. Not a soul would realize that the secret of the rupture was just jealousy, begotten of Olivia's pride and love.

Jealousy! Yes. But not jealousy of the actress, Ursula Umfreville, now a woman of nearly sixty, but rather of Gervase's future and of what his success to-day must mean.

The theatre was fully filled now; the orchestra were emerging through the trap-door underneath the stage. The conductor took his seat. Amid a hush of expectation the overture—a lengthy one—was started. Olivia lost herself immediately—lost herself without being conscious of it; thought chasing thought within her brain.

She was recalling what had happened, the swift dramatic changes of a fortnight, the gulf between herself and her *fiancé*, the tragic alteration in her life. All these things had come since the appearance of Miss Umfreville in Belboro. The famous Shakespearean actress had inquired for Gervase Egerton. She had written asking him to call on her. Until then he had known her but by name.

Gervase's father—"handsome Jack Egerton," as he had been known universally in the profession—had been the *jeune premier* who had played Romeo to Miss Ursula Umfreville's Juliet when the great actress had made her first success. He had played with her other parts also. He had died young, of phthisis: his constitution weakened by his struggles before fame came to him; and he had been buried at Belboro, his native city, where his parents then still lived.

Handsome Jack Egerton had been married. His wife was a provincial. She had been very fond of her husband and wildly jealous of the barrier which the stage had interposed inevitably between him and herself. When she had inherited a small legacy from an aunt, she had sent Gervase to the Cathedral school, and had articed him to a prosperous firm of solicitors. Gervase, who had played cricket for the county, and had renounced the game of games because it interfered with business, was now shaping splendidly. He had just been offered a partnership. But, lack-

ing capital, he was several hundred pounds short of the premium which it was essential that he should, as purchaser, put down.

The actor's gift, though, was in him. He had taken leading parts in the local amateur society, to which Olivia Richardson had likewise formerly belonged. They had played much together. They had fallen deeply in love with one another. But—immediately upon their engagement—Olivia's attitude had changed.

She was red-haired, ardent-natured, passionate. Her capacity for love was very great. She wished to give everything. She expected everything to be given her. She relinquished acting. She made Gervase do so also. The secret hidden cause of this was . . . Fear.

She was afraid in her heart—horribly, terribly, incessantly afraid—lest the parental talent should assert itself and drive him to London and the stage. He had the power to succeed there. All he lacked was the impulse. Olivia would not share him with the theatre. With a woman of her stamp it must be all.

Gervase, though, was everything she wished him till this woman had visited the town. Then, in an hour, the whilom actress had dropped Discord's apple in their lives.

She, Miss Umfreville (so, at least, she had asserted), had come with one single intention—that of visiting the grave of John Egerton. She had sought out his son. She had taken to him instantly. He had told her of his hopes. He had also told her of his difficulties, and of the fine chance of partnership which he lacked the last few hundred pounds to purchase. Olivia had accompanied him to dine with the once world-known actress who, possessing most magnetic personality, had seemed full of heart and sympathy; in fact, most extraordinarily kind.

Then, by post next morning, had come this awful blow.

Miss Umfreville announced her intention of "coming back" at the local theatre which belonged to a great admirer of her past Shakespearean career.

And she wanted Gervase Egerton to play the part of the lover. It would mean—so at least Olivia held it—the ruin of her—Olivia's—life.

Gervase would do brilliantly. Good acting had been born in him. He would come into the limelight at a bound. His

A STORM IN A SOUL

head would be turned. Surely he would leave the law for London and make his profession the stage.

Olivia's one course had seemed quite clear to her. She had taken from the outset a strong stand. Herself she gave all. In return she must equally be given. And she saw no peace and no happiness if Gervase relinquished the law.

She had told him, frankly and openly, that if he acted with Miss Umfreville their engagement must be considered as ended. She had not told him wherefore—women tell the whole truth so rarely; and pride had its privileges and claims. She had said, simply, that he had promised her to give up his acting, and that he was going back on his honour. Refusing to listen to argument, she had left him before he could explain.

In the morning she had received this letter, putting his side of the case:

"DEAREST OLIVIA,—I am sorry you feel as you do about Miss Umfreville, because I feel bound to oblige her. There are reasons—extra special reasons—why I must do as she requests.

"She was a very great friend of my father. They began in the same travelling company; they acted in London, in Shakespeare, together for several years. When he was ill (he caught pneumonia and developed consumption, as I think I told you) and when he was quite without money she sent him enough to go to Davos, but though he accepted, and gratefully, it was then far too late. I know she's an old woman. I know, too, how I shall hate playing lover to her—and how you'll hate to see me. But it's up to me to do it. I'm *going* to do it. If you *must* give me up, why you *must*, dear. Because my duty lies plain."

Olivia had pondered and pondered. In her heart she had known he was right. But she loved greatly—and therefore was jealous greatly—and she gave loose to her pride. Furious that he withstood her, wanting to wound because wounded, she wrote him these passionate words:

"DEAR GERVASE,—I don't see the necessity. Other people could equally well act the part of the lover. You won't go back on your word, you say. But you *have* gone back on it. You promised me you would give up acting. There is nothing for it but to part.

"I won't send back the presents with this

letter, because—to the family—we must seem to have *drifted* out of our engagement; but this—my final decision—is going off at once. —Yours sincerely,

"OLIVIA."

When she had posted the letter she had climbed the stairs to her bedroom. There, loving very greatly, she had wept out her stricken heart most tempestuously. A fortnight had gone by. As yet her people knew nothing. She had hidden her grief—at fearful cost.

It was of these things that she was thinking as the overture ended, and, stunned by its cessation, she came to herself with a start. She looked round, feeling, somehow, that the whole audience's eyes were on her. The feeling, of course, was an absurd one. All eyes were bent towards the stage.

The curtain rose. But not on Gervase and Miss Umfreville; part of the programme was a concert, and she had to sit it through. The daughter of a marquis sang beautifully. A famous violinist, and a still more famous pianist—both lifelong friends of the great actress, who had enjoyed in the past her hospitality—played superbly in turn. They played again, separately and together. Then, at last, came the turn of the whilom great actress, the *pièce de résistance* of the day.

Olivia leaned forward, her hands gripping unconsciously at the plush-covered arms of her fauteuil. She set her teeth. She pressed her lips together. She needed all her pride, all her character, to hide her breaking heart.

The curtain rose within five minutes on a famous one-act play.

It was Gilbert's *Comedy and Tragedy*, in which another actress—younger and no less famous than Miss Umfreville—had also once chosen to return.

The great artist entered. The house fairly rocked and shook. She was playing Clarice. Sixty she must be, certainly. But she looked and spoke like five-and-twenty. Olivia, who had come loathing her, jealous of her *part* all expression, sat and regarded her spellbound.

Miss Umfreville began quietly, restrainedly, though showing wonderfully and vividly the strain and stress of the part.

Clarice is an actress, married to D'Aulnay, a nobleman, who has resigned his commission in the King's bodyguard and become an actor, that he may marry her. They have lived a year united. Now all

THE QUIVER

Paris learns that they have parted. Clarice, to-night, is giving a party, to which is invited the Duc d'Orleans, who has long besieged her in vain.

Pauline—Clarice's sister—has come to see her, to reproach her for allowing the royal *roué* even to enter the house. Clarice merely laughs at her. Pauline goes away in despair.

Then D'Aulnay, Clarice's husband, played by Gervase Egerton (the part once filled by his father), enters at the garden gate. He and Clarice embrace each other ardently. They have not really quarrelled. They have only pretended to do so, that D'Aulnay may make an opportunity of forcing the Duc d'Orleans to fight a duel for making love to Clarice.

Gervase Egerton was splendid. He rose to his environment and its class. Together with Miss Umfreville he held the audience spellbound. Olivia felt proud of him—extraordinarily. She knew, though, suffering unspeakable. She was conscious she had lost him past repair.

Clarice's guests are heard arriving. The coach wheels crunch the gravel drive. D'Aulnay and the actress tear themselves asunder, and the husband slips into the garden. The Duc d'Orleans is announced.

The guests, in a minute or two, drift off into the card-rooms. The duke is left alone with Clarice.

He makes most violent love to her. The garden doors open wide. D'Aulnay enters. He confronts the duke. He compels him to accept his challenge. The two go out into the garden, there to duel to the death. Gervase was superb. He rivalled the duke (a London actor); and Miss Umfreville's anguish wrung everyone. Few eyes were dry—even those of the audience the most *blasé*—when she clung to, and kissed, D'Aulnay ere he went.

The guests re-enter. To hold them in the *salon* while the two men duel in the garden, safe from interruption, Clarice improvises bravely, going through a gamut of parts. She passes from comedy to tragedy; and from tragedy to comedy and back again; then at last the strain becomes too great. She can endure no more. She rushes to the double-locked doors that give upon the garden, crying passionately: "*D'Aulnay, come back!*" The guests applaud her to the echo, convinced that she only acts a part.

At that same moment D'Aulnay enters, wiping his sword on his handkerchief. He

is unhurt. The duke is wounded mortally. D'Aulnay takes Clarice in his arms.

The curtain descended, to go up again many, many times. Miss Umfreville was called and recalled. She led on Gervase—almost tenderly. Bouquets and flower-baskets were handed. A speech was clamoured for—and granted. The audience slowly filtered from the place.

Olivia was walking in Hades. She had lost her Gervase for all time. Never had she loved him so much. People surrounded her to congratulate her. They were mapping out her *ex-fiancé's* future. He was to go to London immediately under the sheltering ægis of Miss Umfreville, and she—Olivia Richardson—was to be "a famous actor's" wife. As for Miss Umfreville, she had been glorious. There was no one on the stage who could touch her. Why she had retired was sheer mystery—madness in the midst of her career.

Olivia reached home somehow. Her mother, all unintentionally, drove another knife into her heart. "I suppose Gervase will be round presently," she said as they entered. "He will want to tell you everything and to have you glory in his triumph. I expect he will be late, though. No doubt Miss Umfreville will keep him to dinner with all her London friends."

Olivia escaped to her bedroom, pleading reaction and fatigue. She lay there, stricken, torn, and anguished, heart throbbing, pulses hammering, brain aching, proud of her man as she had never been proud, wretched past all words at losing him, yet convinced that she never could have shared him with such a profession as the stage. As for Miss Umfreville, she loathed her; she was jealous of the elderly actress from the crown of her head to her soles. Was it Chance; was it Destiny; was it Fate most implacable and cruel which had brought the vain old woman to the town?

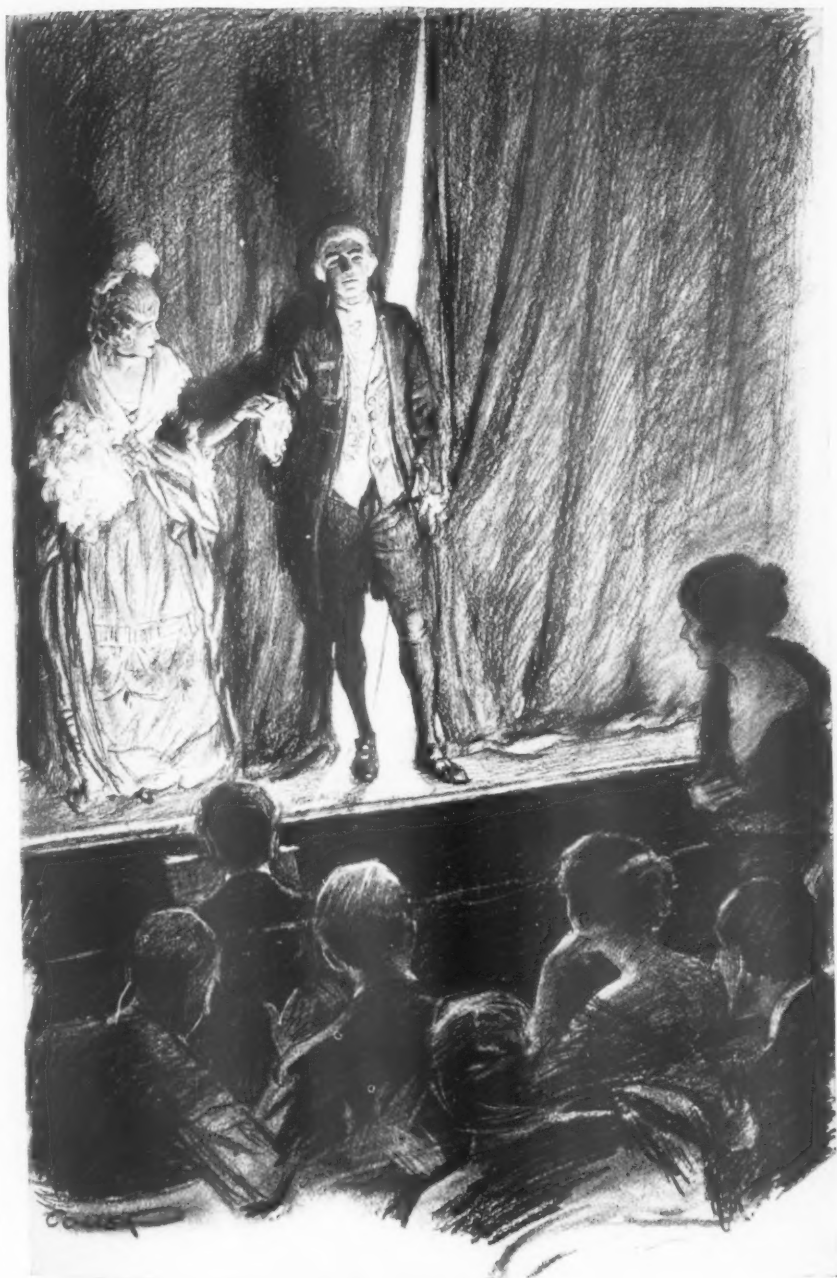
She did not go down to dinner. She lay sleepless on her bed until nine. Then a young sister, coming up to her, gave her the shock of her life.

"Olivia," said the girl, who was just thirteen and at the Belboro High School, and so had not been at the theatre. "What do you think has happened?"

"How can I tell?" Olivia's voice was indifferent, as though the whole world might perish now that her life was blighted.

"What is it, Daphne?"

"Why, poor Miss Umfreville!"



"Miss Umfreville was called and recalled.
She led on Gervase—almost tenderly"

Drawn by
H. Collar

THE QUIVER

"'Poor' Miss Umfreville?"

"Yes. She's dead, Olivia!"

"Dead?"

"Yes. Father's just telephoned to mother. He's heard it at the club!"

Olivia raised herself slowly. She was looking at her sister, shaken, mazed. Certainly she had felt against Miss Umfreville a resentment violent to enmity, had felt it indeed so poignantly that it even bordered upon hatred. But death is the great leveller of prejudices—and what she could so loathe she could admire. She was just managing to say how shocked she was when a maid came into the room.

"Mr. Egerton has called, miss. He wants to see you at once."

Olivia nodded and controlled herself. She slipped on a dressing-gown forthwith. She was eager to know the news, fearing the interview inexpressibly, hoping, somehow, that the issue might prove happy, although hardly daring to think that such event might be.

Charming in her *négligée*, her red-gold hair hanging in a great rope behind her, she went into the room where Gervase was. Amazingly—and although she had broken with him—he took her in his arms instantaneously, took her in them closely, and kissed her as tenderly as ever in their lives!

"Darling," he said very gravely and rather breathlessly as he released her. "I've got something to tell you!"

"About Miss Umfreville?"

"Yes. She was found dead in her bedroom at the Dolphin soon after she got there from the theatre. The news is known already over the whole of Belboro."

"Yes. I have just heard it. Poor woman. I'm sorry—really, really sorry—more sorry, much, than I can say!"

There was a pause—quite a considerable one. Then Gervase coughed prelusively as though about to say something. But Olivia, knowing this, hurried to break the silence first.

"I'm sorry, too, for *you*. It's really bad luck for you, Gervase. You'll miss her influence in getting on the stage in London!"

"On the stage in London?"

"Yes. I heard you were going there. All Belboro says so. . . ."

"How like it! And how foolish! I'm going to stick to the law, darling. And, oh, Olivia, look at this letter; then perhaps

you'll realize how good Miss Umfreville was. It was found in her bedroom. She seems to have only just written it half an hour or so before she died!"

Gervase Egerton held out a paper. This is what it said:

"MY DEAR GERVASE,—This is a line to thank you for your kindness and chivalry to an old woman, who is—perhaps—less vain than you may sometimes have imagined. I know—I saw, though you tried so hard to hide it—how you loathed playing lover to a sexagenarian actress, but it was really for your own dear sake.

"I wanted to help you to purchase that partnership you had set your heart on, and to get married to that very nice Olivia whom you told me had broken with you, but who I know wants you, really, and will very certainly forgive me—when she hears and understands.

"I shan't see you again. I am going to the Riviera very shortly. I don't suppose I shall ever come back again. My heart is weak, exceedingly, and the doctors think little of my chance.

"I enclose a cheque for £300—the result, approximately, of those shockingly heightened prices at the theatre. I wish you all good luck. May success come to you—it *will* come because you will work and deserve it. God bless you and look after you.—Yours always affectionately and most truly,

"URSULA UMFREVILLE."

"P.S.—When you, too, have succeeded, and when your own chance of helping someone comes to you, remember the old Quaker's words:

"'I shall pass through life but once. So if there is any kindness or any good thing I can do to help my fellow-beings, let me do it now—for I shall not pass this way again.'"

Olivia read the letter and re-read it. Her great blue eyes were wet with tears.

"Oh, Gervase," she cried penitently. "Am I very, very, *very* wicked?"

"Wicked?"

"Yes, darling, wicked. I misjudged her—utterly. I believe I actually *hated* her. Forgive me. I behaved abominably. But it was because I cared so much for you. I suffered—you can't *think* how I suffered. I thought she was taking you away from me—and there is always jealousy with true love."

Wild Animals of Britain

Should They be Preserved?

By

C. S. Bayne

LAST spring I had a letter from an enthusiastic North London scoutmaster asking me, as a naturalist, to give him such information as would enable him to introduce his scouts and cubs at first hand to the more important wild animals of Britain. He added that birds were not wanted, but asked especially for the names of those streams near London on which the best colonies of beavers could be seen. So I presumed that he used the term animal in the popular sense of mammal.

Hunting the Hyena in Hertfordshire!

It appears that one of the coveted decorations of scout and cub is granted for a knowledge of the "haunts and habits" of a certain number of wild animals, five for cubs and twice that number for scouts, and knowing none himself he had paid a visit to the British Museum to collect useful hints. There, in an authoritative work on "The Mammals of Great Britain and Ireland," by J. G. Millais, F.Z.S., he had found exciting pictures of wolf and bear and many pages of letterpress devoted to these and other animals, such as lion, leopard, lynx, hyena, and elephant, and he had gone home with visions of leading his troop into the primeval forests and deserts of Hertfordshire and Essex and tracking these interesting and somewhat dangerous creatures to their lairs. He had dreamt of the adventures they would be able to tell, had seen himself hailed at the next jamboree as a pioneer, and had thanked his stars that nobody had thought of it before.

It was with the greatest regret that I disillusioned him by replying that the only mammal he could be sure of finding in its natural haunts on a Saturday afternoon was that wild and ferocious quadruped inappropriately called the rabbit.

I added for his comfort that by the exercise of that patience for which scouts are famous, he might, without leaving London, make some interesting first-hand studies of rats and mice, but as these were specially favoured and almost semi-domesticated

creatures he might perhaps not consider them "wild."

I suggested also that if he went into the woods or along the margins of stream or pond he might quite often see squirrels and water voles, and sometimes stoats and weasels, that in the fields he might now and then catch a glimpse of a hare loping off to a safe distance, and would certainly find many evidences of the activity of moles, though he would be lucky if he ever saw one of these creatures except in a mole-catcher's trap.

The truth is that this country has become so civilized that there is little room in it for any mammal other than man, the rat, and the mouse. A few manage to eke out a precarious existence, but of these, as might be expected, the majority are nocturnal in their habits. By prowling by night and sleeping by day they escape many kindly attentions on the part of sportsmen, whereas most of the diurnal species have been persecuted to extinction. Even the fox, however much evidence you may have to the contrary, is extinct. The foxes that rob our hen roosts are not natives; they are imported or are descended from individuals imported for the purpose of affording amusement to the small minority of people who can indulge in fox-hunting, to which end they are carefully preserved.

Why not Rhinoceroses?

Now if this is a justifiable practice, the question naturally arises, why stop at foxes? As Mr. J. G. Millais has clearly shown, many noble beasts that formerly roamed freely over the English countryside have long since been extinguished by our hunting forefathers. If, then, we preserve pheasants for the benefit of gunners, fish for anglers, hawks and ravens and such like "vermin" for ornithologists, and if we import and preserve foxes for the sport of fox-hunters, why should we not import and preserve elephants and rhinoceroses for the benefit of big-game hunters? Why should the big-game hunters be penalized? Why should they be forced to spend a fortune

THE QUIVER

before they can have the pleasure of slaying the creatures they say they love?

You must not think that this is just a silly fancy on my part, or a ponderous attempt to be funny! Unfortunately, even if it were funny I should have to admit that the idea is not original. It has been seriously, not humorously, but quite seriously suggested by no less an authority than Sir Harry Johnston, the famous hunter and explorer, and not in an ephemeral article in an equally ephemeral periodical, but in an important work on "British Mammals." True, his plea is not the joy of slaughter, but the final touch of picturesqueness which those noble creatures, either singly or in herds, would add to the English landscape.

But we may take it that that is merely a ruse to allay the senseless fears of the wielders of the franchise. Once the reform were accomplished, the big-game hunter would enter into his own.

Adding a Zest to Life

But the benefits would not be confined to him. Lions, leopards, wolves, bears, and the rest roaming freely throughout the country would add a real zest to a game-keeper's life, and would convert certain effeminate pastimes into royal sports. We should have lions careering across Wimbledon Common to the infinite danger of bourgeois in knickerbockers and red jackets, so that caddies would have to be armed to protect their employers at the really critical moments of their lives. We should have hippopotami wallowing in the upper reaches of the Thames, and relieving the monotony of their existence by indulging in an entirely new version of the ancient sport of punting.

We should have herds of elephants and wild boar crashing through the New Forest and hyenas lurking in its bracken to enliven the leisure of enthusiastic nature students. And motoring at last would be raised from the slough of boredom for everybody but the man at the wheel. Motorists would not only enjoy to the full the roving picturesqueness in the fields, but would experience all the excitement of the hunted and other novel thrills.

Naturalists claim that there are in Great Britain and Ireland eighty-two species of wild mammals. That sounds quite a respectable total, but it includes ten subspecies, so actually there are only seventy-

two. Of that number, however, twenty-two belong to the whale family, which, of course, inhabit British seas, but never come ashore except by accident. Seven of them are seals, which are also creatures of the sea, though they may frequently be seen resting on the rocks at remote parts of our inhospitable coast. Fortunately for themselves these British seals do not have skins that are suitable for the making of sealskin coats, otherwise, of course, they would have to be relegated to the list of extinct mammals.

The Elusive Bat

If we deduct these twenty-nine denizens of the sea we reduce the total to forty-three. Of that number twelve are bats. To most of us all bats are alike; they are all *the* bat. The more observant among us may, perhaps, distinguish between large bats and small bats, but even they are most likely to conclude that the small bats are juveniles. That is the extent of our interest in these strange creatures, yet there are actually twelve different species of them, each with its own peculiar features and habits. They are so small, however, and are so mysterious and elusive in their comings and goings that they have escaped the kindly attentions both of the amateur collector and of the sportsman. Further, they have aroused neither our resentment nor our cupidity. They have not destroyed our poultry nor our pheasants, and their skins are of no commercial value. So they have been allowed to live and multiply in peace.

The fact that they do an infinite amount of good by destroying an infinite number of insects ought to be in their favour also, but, unfortunately, we are not in the habit of reasoning thus. For example, mice, voles, and rats do an infinite amount of damage, and owls destroy mice, voles, and rats in enormous numbers, but instead of encouraging the owls we kill them or in other ways prevent them from multiplying. So the mice, rats, and voles, relieved of this natural check to their numbers, go on increasing and laying waste the land.

There are three species of mouse (the house mouse, the field mouse, and the wood mouse), four species of vole (the bank vole, the field vole, the Orkney vole, and the water vole), and two species of rat (the black rat and the brown rat). Of these the first six are so small and so retiring in their habits that, with the exception of the house mouse,



**Study of a
Fox Cub**

*Photo:
Frances Pitt*

THE QUIVER

which forces itself upon our attention, they are practically unknown to all but a few naturalists. Indeed, so little are they known that the name field mouse is generally applied to them indiscriminately, and also to two species of shrew (the common shrew and the pigmy shrew), which are mouse-like in size, colour, and general appearance, except that they have long, sensitive snouts, and are not rodents but insect eaters.

These minute creatures are, of course, beneath the dignity of sportsmen, otherwise the latter might again become useful members of society. But ratting is a recognized sport, and if it were only practised thoroughly and systematically its devotees would render a great service to the country. For the rats are undesirable aliens and ought to be exterminated.

The Terror of the Countryside

Further, the brown rat, not content with its more or less tolerated, semi-domesticated life of luxury, is fast becoming the terror of the countryside. For example, it is invading the rightful domain of that charming, inoffensive, snub-nosed, furry creature, the water vole. This animal is the true water rat, and it is quite harmless, for it lives entirely upon water plants. Being inoffensive itself it is much preyed on by other creatures, including the alien brown rat, from whose attacks it ought to be immune, but, unkindest cut of all, it is actually confused with its fierce invader and treated accordingly by ignorant people. This attractive little creature is one of the very few wild mammals we may see commonly in this country by daylight, so it ought to be encouraged. To give it its proper status, the old name water rat should be abandoned, and it should be known in future only as the water vole, a name with less revolting associations.

In my own mind I prefer to class the water vole with the dormouse and the squirrel. This, of course, is an outrage to strict biological classification, but they are all rodents, so their relationship is not so very remote. The dormouse is really a link between the mouse and the squirrel. It is a delightful little creature, with a warm, brown, furry coat, a bright eye, and a quaint little head. It climbs about the hedgerows as the squirrel does among the trees, and it is quite common in some parts of the country. Unfortunately, however,

it is seldom seen, because it has found that life is more tolerable if it sleeps by day and comes abroad at dusk.

At first sight it is very remarkable that there should be so many squirrels in the woods everywhere. You may say that it isn't in the very least, because they are such pretty and fascinating creatures that nobody could have the heart to kill them. But charm is no protection to a wild animal; on the contrary, it is a real danger to it. We may safely say that most women would shriek at the mere suggestion of killing a squirrel, but there are not a great many who would hesitate, two days after its death, to wear its skin round her neck. Fortunately for our native squirrel its skin is not sufficiently tough for the making of fur coats. But there is a danger looming ahead. Some misguided persons have introduced grey squirrels to our woods, and these, being larger and more powerful animals, are driving out our aboriginal red squirrels. When they have accomplished this, they themselves, being the fur-coat squirrels, will be quickly extinguished to provide a barbaric decoration for ignorant town-dwellers.

Ignorant People Kill Useful Animals

Even utility is no guarantee of safety to a wild animal. Besides the bats we have several mammals that are really useful, including the mole and the hedgehog. The mole devours injurious grubs, its tunnels act as a cheap system of surface drainage, and the mould of its hills is an excellent top-dressing for the fields. Yet, though as a rule it keeps well out of sight in its runs, it is destroyed in large numbers by the same ignorant people who kill owls, and, what is more, its skin has commercial value.

The hedgehog feeds chiefly on beetles and slugs, so we might expect that it would be allowed to live a peaceful life. But from time immemorial this creature has been persecuted. Country louts throw it into a pond to see it uncurl, owners of dogs allow their pets to destroy it wantonly. Farmers say that it sucks milk from cows, though they have never seen it do so, and gamekeepers declare that it eats pheasants' eggs. Someone once found a hedgehog in a pheasant's nest with a broken egg beside it; so clearly all hedgehogs ought to be exterminated! On the other hand, they have never found a rat in a pheasant's nest. The rat is much too clever to be caught in any

WILD ANIMALS OF BRITAIN

such place. So, obviously, the rat does not eat pheasants' eggs, and consequently gamekeepers leave it alone!

The tale is even worse when we come to the nobler species. There is the wild cat, for example. This is not a wild form of the domestic cat; it is a distinct species. It is a larger animal, and, of course, fiercer, and its tail ends abruptly instead of tapering to a point. The domestic cat was brought here by man from Egypt or Persia; and the wild cat has been a free inhabitant of the country since the remotest times, but it is now almost extinct. Indeed, we only know it exists by the fact that dead specimens are brought in occasionally from the remotest parts of the Highlands. The excuse for killing it is that it preys on game, which, of course, is man's prerogative. But there are two other reasons. One is that there is in most men, dating from the hunting period of our evolution, a vestige of an instinct to kill, which was once useful but is now almost senseless. The other is that the creature is scarce. There are many people who would give much money for the skin of the last of a species to be killed in the country. If we could only persuade those worthy citizens that rats were scarce, every rat in the kingdom would be under a glass case within eighteen months. But alas! rats are plentiful, so they are allowed to multiply in comparative peace.

Hunting Imported Foxes

Meanwhile, the sportsmen who might be doing good work by ridding the country of these pests provide themselves with artificial excitement by importing and preserving foxes. Wolves would, no doubt, provide a nobler sport, but then wolves are dangerous, which brings us to the astonishing truth that the sportsmen of England hunt the fox because the fox cannot hit back. It cannot hit back except perhaps by demolishing other people's poultry. But what are other people's poultry to the only rightful owner of anything? He can easily give compensation if the stupid people can prove the damage was done by a fox; but woe betide the wretch who does tuppence worth of damage to his property and cannot pay the guinea fine! And so the imported fox continues to be hunted, and our new-laid eggs continue to be new-laid before they leave China. But the aboriginal English fox is extinct

We have six other carnivorous animals, namely, the otter, the badger, the polecat, the pine marten, the stoat, and the weasel. They all belong to the weasel family. Two of them, the polecat and the pine marten, are almost extinct, and in a few years three of the others will also be nearly qualified for the place of honour in the skin-collector's cabinet. The badger is the only one of the six that has any security. Since badger baiting was made illegal, the badger has lived a life of comparative tranquillity. But this is not the fault of the sportsman. It is simply because the badger is nocturnal in its habits, and spends its days sleeping in an underground fortress, into the labyrinths of which it can only be followed with the aid of an army of navvies. So instead of badger-digging the sportsmen play golf with the aid of one caddie, and the badger peacefully performs its mission of usefulness, destroying reptiles, mice, slugs, snails, insects, and especially the grubs of wasps. Not everywhere, however, for the mere fact that it is wild is enough to condemn it as a destroyer of young rabbits, pheasants' eggs, and even of fox cubs.

The polecat and the marten are also nocturnal animals, but they are not able to entrench themselves so efficiently as is the badger, and as they prey largely on rabbits and other game they have been mercilessly persecuted, till now only a few pairs remain in the wildest and remotest corners of the country. In fact, we only know of their existence when we see their dead bodies.

What is the Poor Gamekeeper to do?

This having been successfully accomplished, what is there left for the poor gamekeeper to do? He is paid so much per head for the "vermin" he destroys, so, of course, he must kill something. The true meaning of that word "vermin," so far as the gamekeeper is concerned, is "creatures that are more skilful than man in the hunting of game," but as that would include the fox and not the hedgehog it is modified in most dictionaries. The stoat and weasel, however, come well within the definition, and as they have both violated the sanctity of rabbit and pheasant they are accursed races. So the gamekeeper boldly sets himself to achieve their abolition with the zeal of a priest pursuing heretics, and he nails the mangled remains of his victims to his table and receives his recompense from a grate-

THE QUIVER

ful and equally ignorant landowner. Yet the staple diet of the weasel consists of mice, voles, and young rats; in other words, its activities are almost entirely useful, and whatever damage the stoat may do to game and poultry it pays for fully by its destruction of these over-plentiful rodents, and especially full-grown rats. It would be too much to say that the gamekeeper destroys the stoat and the weasel in order to preserve the rat, but whatever his reason may be the result is the same.

The otter is a large weasel that has taken to an aquatic life. Eels are its favourite food, but as it will also eat any kind of fish it has incurred the enmity of anglers. So, of course, it is persecuted. But, for the most part, the fish it eats are of no value to the angler, and where it does take an occasional trout or salmon it does more good than harm by devouring its favourite eels, which would otherwise be free to prey on the spawn of both fish.

Otter-hunting

In some parts of the country the otter is preserved in order that it may be hunted. Otter-hunting consists in setting a dozen dogs and as many men and women as you please to kill one otter for the fun of the thing. At first sight that seems rather unsportsmanlike, but it may be that our more civilized sports, in which equality of power and chance is the first consideration, are simply degenerate. But in any case, what a compliment to the otter! Is it reasonable or is it just that an innocent creature, which when thus attacked can keep a whole stupid countryside and all its dogs engaged for the best part of a day before it succumbs to the overwhelming odds, should be allowed to be wantonly destroyed without a finger being lifted to help it? Does it appeal to the British sense of fairness? We have heard of a man being awarded the V.C. in similar circumstances, but the otter's reward is a stuffed skin, if, indeed, the dogs leave any to stuff. At present it is preserved to be killed for the fun of the thing. Would it not be nearer the mark to preserve it for the good it does, and to extend the principle to the stoat and the weasel, and even to the wicked hedgehog and mole?

And surely somebody could be found generous enough to spare a few rabbits and pheasants to save for the country the wonderful grace of the shy pine marten, and even a few more to provide for the

fierce polecat and the fiercer wild cat. Londoners could very well dispense with the luxury of roast pheasant, for either all the birds that reach the metropolis are composed entirely of old leather, or nobody in London knows how to cook them, so they are all wasted. Foxes are preserved for fox-hunters, hares and rabbits for gunners. Wild cattle and deer are preserved because they look well in a park, and there are large tracts in the Highlands where aboriginal red deer and imported roe and fallow deer are allowed to run wild. Is it too much to hope that a sanctuary may be found there also for the few real hunters that are left to us?

It is not my intention to suggest that these creatures should never be killed. Even rats have to be sacrificed sometimes, otherwise in a few years they would people the earth and there would be nothing for them to eat but each other. And as the natural enemies of the weasel tribe have long since been extinguished, it would no doubt be necessary before long to make arrangements for keeping their numbers within reasonable bounds. But though they have increased in recent years owing to the gamekeepers having been called to nobler duties, they have not, so far, been able to affect the plague of rabbits that are batten- ing on our growing crops.

Unrecognized Services

The chief trouble is that the men and women who may be said to live among them are not aware of the services they render. In justice to the animals, therefore, and in the best interests of the country, our first aim should be to induce Mr. Fisher to establish evening classes for landowners in every country town, where they and their gamekeepers and tenant farmers might be taught natural history of their own fields and woods, and this should be instilled into them with all the thoroughness with which the mysteries of plain-stitch are driven into the heads of little girls. So long as these benighted people are allowed to run wild they will only be a danger to themselves and to the community. Their favouritism towards the rat costs the country, themselves included, many millions a year. But when they have learnt the truth they will not only save those millions, but they will inaugurate a new era of peace in the country and multiply enormously the interest of their own lives.

The Man in the Brown Cloak

A Ghost Story
By
Anne Weaver

THUD!

Jim Arbuthnot, yawning at his office writing-table, started suddenly. Something outside on the landing had slumped—yes, that was the exact word!—*slumped* against his door.

Followed the sound of chairs hastily pushed back, of another door opening—the door of the general office adjoining his. There was an exclamation or two, subdued voices on the landing, and then . . . silence.

Mr. Arbuthnot, who had half-risen from his chair, subsided again. But after a moment curiosity and idleness prevailed on him to touch his bell.

It was answered by his head clerk, a stiff, grey personage, whose respectful attitude towards his young employer was mitigated by a certain grim indulgence.

"What was that noise, Edwards?"

Edwards permitted himself a tolerant smile.

The noise, he explained, was caused by one of the young women from the top floor who had fainted on her way out to lunch. He added, with the air of having made a point in a well-worn argument, that those upstairs rooms must be very trying in this hot weather.

"What have you done with her?" Mr. Arbuthnot asked in a voice of concern. He was young enough to feel in sympathy with youth cooped up in midsummer in a cramped City office, but in spite of his youth he wasn't interested enough to inquire which of the two girl typists belonging to the firm upstairs had selected his door to faint against.

He had passed them on the stairs often enough, but beyond a vague recognition of the fact that one was good-looking and the other wasn't, they had aroused no further emotion in him.

Edwards supplied him with the information without being asked.

"Oh! she came round all right," he said, "and I advised her to rest a bit in the caretaker's room. It was the tall one, if you know which I mean, sir. Strapping young

woman; accustomed, I expect, to more air than she gets in Henderson's place, poor young thing."

"Those offices upstairs are rotten little holes," remarked Mr. Arbuthnot thoughtfully. "And they're asking me to put up another partition. It will make the place stuffier than ever."

Old Edwards shrugged his spare shoulders.

"I don't consider any of the rooms in this house really healthy, sir. Too old, too dark and too low. Though while there's firms that'll rent the floors as offices, and pay a good price for 'em, well! it's a matter of business, I suppose, as your late father used to say. But that top floor was never anything but a lumber-room till last year; and a lumber-room it should have been left, I say. Indeed, with all due respect to your late father's ideas, sir, I've always held, from the time he bought the property, that the whole building should have been pulled down."

"Edwards, you're a Goth," Jim Arbuthnot commented. "It's the only picturesque building in the street; 1580, isn't it? A good ripe age for a house."

"A sight too old, I'm thinking," said Edwards. "If houses were Gorgonzola cheeses, now . . ."

On which cryptic suggestion he took his departure.

Left alone, Mr. Arbuthnot yawned and stared at the calendar above his writing-table.

For nearly a year now he had spent the best part of each day under that remorseless reminder of the passing of what he considered a weariful waste of time. For over eleven months he had conscientiously performed duties which Edwards could have performed almost equally well and would have enjoyed performing.

That was the amazing part of it.

And there was at this moment an excellent and apparently normal young man sitting in just such another office as this, attached to the huge works of the Arbuthnot Dyers up

THE QUIVER

in the North, who was longing to leave those glimpses which his leisure hours afforded him, of purple moorland and peat streams and pink foxgloves glowing on tree-shaded banks, to hurry down to grey, smoky London and step into Jim Arbuthnot's shoes.

Undoubtedly there *were* people who enjoyed this kind of existence. His own father had been well content with it, but the thing was, to his father's son, inexplicable.

Young Jim had been through the works; he had spent several years in learning the technical side of the dyeing industry; and now, in accordance with the wishes his father had expressed on his death-bed, he had been making a year's trial of the management of the London office.

Three more weeks of glorious, wasted summer weather would see that year out. He was then free to retire with a clear conscience, leaving the entire management of the business in the hands of the tried and capable men whom his father had advised him to employ in such a case.

Old James had hoped that his son might grow through habitual association to take a personal interest in the industry. The famous dyeworks, built up by himself, had meant his world to James Arbuthnot, senior. Unconsciously, perhaps, a certain element of romance, hidden deep beneath the rugged surface of his North-country reserve, had found an outlet in his work.

He would unquestioningly have accepted the theory that "a primrose by a river's brim" was a yellow primrose and "nothing more," but the very degree and shade of that yellow would have flooded his mind with a wave of associations. He had invariably consulted Nature's schemes of colouring for any new experiment in the way of blends, and he could have told you the history of every single process of dyeing down through the ages to the old Tyrian purple.

Young Jim had honestly tried to put himself in sympathy with his father's views; but he had failed, and both men had acknowledged the fact with equal honesty and regret.

James Arbuthnot, senior, had never understood his son any more than he had understood his wife; but he had borne neither of them any grudge for the fact that he had always been a little outside the family circle of three. He had not, perhaps, quite realized that he *was* outside it.

Didn't he provide the money that gave them both scope for their whims and fancies?

If Providence had seen fit to send him a wife and son who preferred to ignore practical matters and to dabble enthusiastically in all the modern crazes of art, poetry, spiritualism, psycho-analysis and the like, James was too good a man to blame Providence and too just a man to blame anyone else.

He had adored his wife consistently until she died; and there were not a few people to say that his own death was hastened by that blank which her loss had left.

He had known, when he married her, that she was of a different mental and physical calibre to himself—a fragile, whimsical bundle of nerves and fancies. No doubt that very difference had attracted him; and, anyhow, women were things that no sane man should theorize over or try to analyse.

By which it may be seen that James Arbuthnot had been a "one-woman" man, and in this, at least, his son bade fair to run true to stock. Young Jim, at the age of twenty-seven, had flirted with a hundred theories but with no woman. He was aching now to get away from the City, to mix with the world's thinkers, to travel, to study. But the women whom he might meet and talk with *en route* he looked upon merely as pleasant, impersonal, sexless companions.

On his way to lunch this morning he turned aside, as he often did, into St. Paul's to spend a few moments out of the bustle of the commercial centre of London. He wasn't a conventionally religious man, but perhaps those intervals snatched from his work unconsciously represented something in the nature of worship, a daily form of devotion.

The wide, dusky spaces of the great cathedral seemed to soothe and uplift him; the high distant windows glowing like dim jewels through the gloom never failed to thrill him with their beauty as he stood silently in that oasis of peace while the sound of the traffic outside swept around the thick old walls with an all-pervading murmur as of a giant ocean wave.

He had never yet found anything here to remind him of the business world which he detested, of the petty annoyances and the irksome routine which were gradually rasping his sensitive nerves and making him irritable; but to-day, all unexpectedly, a

THE MAN IN THE BROWN CLOAK

personal echo from that world reached him. Sitting by the door as he came out was the typist who had fainted this morning on his landing. She was leaning wearily back on a stone slab set in a carved recess; and her face was turned to catch the faint breeze which drifted in from the sunlit steps.

Jim Arbuthnot was a little surprised afterwards to realize that the sight of her hadn't annoyed or jarred on him. Perhaps this was because he also suddenly realized what an unusual type she was to find in an office at all. She was a finely built girl, broad-shouldered, slim-waisted and deep-breasted, with the pure oval face of a country-bred Madonna—a face that should have had rich colour in the cheeks and the serenely cut lips.

Instead it was pale and tired looking, and the lips curved in a dejected droop.

Jim was a creature of impulse. The sight of her forlorn attitude impelled him to stop and lift his hat.

"I'm so sorry to hear that you fainted this morning," he said. "I hope you're feeling better now?"

The girl's grave beautiful eyes met his with frank recognition. The head of the Arbuthnot Dyers was entirely too personable a young man for any woman to have often seen without remarking and identifying him. She had thought him possibly rather bad tempered, however, and now his pleasant smile dissipated the idea.

"Thank you, yes. I'm afraid I made rather a fool of myself."

"Have you an electric fan in your office?" he asked solicitously. "You really ought to have—up there under the roof."

He felt, all of a sudden, that it was most essential that those rooms on the top floor should be provided with an electric fan. No girl had a right to look so pale; certainly not, when—pale, or charmingly flushed as she had become when he spoke to her—she was as attractive as this girl.

"No." She shook her head, smiling faintly. "But I don't think it was altogether the heat." His courteous, friendly manner invited confidences. "The work rather worries me."

"You're not used to it?"

Of course! he had known it. She wasn't a London girl; she wasn't an indoors girl at all. The soft white shirt which opened at the base of her fine throat should have

been laundered by a country stream; she should have been wearing a wide-brimmed garden hat tied under her chin with a blue ribbon instead of that neat, swathed turban fitting closely over her thick brown hair. Her next words shattered this vision.

"Oh, yes, I am. I've worked in an office for two years now. I was in a big engineer's place before I came here; but . . . somehow . . . it was different."

"You need a holiday, I expect," he suggested.

"Perhaps that's it," she conceded; and restored his shattered flight of imagination with the yearning note in her voice as she told him quite simply of the little farm in Surrey where she and her invalid elder sister went every year for a fortnight, and which always kept its best roses and the topmost blossoming of its hollyhocks for their visit. Then her lip quivered and her eyes grew moist.

"You'll think me an awful cry-baby," she said; "but that really is part of the trouble. I was to have taken my holiday next week; and now Mr. Henderson has asked me to put it off. There's a press of business, and we're understaffed at present."

"Isn't that bad luck?" Jim's comment was warmly sympathetic. Vaguely he remembered hearing from Edwards that the firm on the top floor were always having trouble with their staff. Clerks and typists perpetually gave notice or were sacked. Mr. Henderson was perhaps a difficult employer; yet Jim, who had spoken to him once or twice, had gathered the impression of a nervous, worried man rather than of a definitely disagreeable one.

It was rumoured that his younger brother, the other partner in the firm, was not too satisfactory and caused him a good deal of anxiety. Young Arthur Henderson was said to bet pretty heavily, to be generally extravagant. He arrived at the office late and left early.

Jim found himself thinking a good deal about the girl during the afternoon, and later, at dinner, in his luxurious bachelor flat. It was a very great shame that such a girl should have to work for her living; it should be enough for her to exist, like the roses she loved. The natural vocation for her type was marriage—marriage and motherhood. He could imagine her in that capacity—strong, serene and tender.

It was noticeable how quickly his

THE QUIVER

imagination had begun to run riot on the subject of this young woman whom he had spoken to for the first time. Even more noticeable how easily the next opportunity of speaking to her presented itself.

The law of natural selection works in its own queer way. No soulful, intellectual damsel had ever made Jim Arbuthnot's pulse hurry one whit the faster; but this big, straightforward, uncomplex creature, when once his attention had been definitely focused upon her, held it riveted.

She was feeding the pigeons in St. Paul's Churchyard with the remains of her luncheon sandwiches when he next saw her.

He had been quoting some half-forgotten poem to himself as he walked up Ludgate Hill—the voice of some exile's longing

"To see the golden lamps flame out as dusky twilight falls,

To watch the wind-swept pigeons circle, drift-wise, round St. Paul's,

To feel the heart of London beating. . . ."

There she was, standing just above the steps, surrounded by a crowd of birds that swooped and fluttered.

Whatever the heart of London might have been doing at that particular moment, Jim Arbuthnot's heart beat at an absurdly accelerated pace. His steps quickened too, and he joined her as if it were the most natural thing in the world.

She was a little shy this morning, not quite as easy to talk to as she had been on the last occasion. Conventionality, in the shape of an elder sister, had had her say; had insisted on the fact that a casually made acquaintanceship between a young man in Mr. Arbuthnot's position and a young woman in hers, was not a very dignified thing. Consequently Miss Mostyn, who felt distinctly reluctant to relinquish it, tried to make amends in her manner for the dignity which she felt to be lacking in her conduct.

It was difficult, however, to keep up that polite aloofness with a person as ingenuously frank and friendly as this particular young man.

She felt quite sure that Elizabeth would say that she ought not to walk back to the office with him, but how was she to help it, since they were going the same way? And before they arrived there her good resolutions had melted. She had told him quite a lot about herself and Elizabeth and the two little rooms in Hampstead which they called home.

He learnt a great deal more about her in the next fortnight. Elder-sisterly lectures, delivered late at night, have a knack of growing dim and faint next morning; and it was such a relief to talk to someone who understood the conditions under which her daily life was led; someone to whom an office was not a terrifying, unknown country ruled by alien and incomprehensible tyrants!

Yet, even to Jim there was something disturbingly vague about the difficulties with which it seemed that Mary Mostyn had to contend.

In the office of Henderson Brothers that united spirit which tends for success appeared to be entirely lacking. It might almost have been thought that in their head typist, this honest, single-minded young woman, the firm had their sole loyal hard-working employee. With the rest, from the accountant and the clerks down to the very office-boy, discontent, slackness and rebellion stagnated and simmered.

"I don't know what it is that they all want," Mary Mostyn said, her clear eyes clouded and puzzled. "The salaries are quite good; the work wouldn't be too hard if we weren't so often understaffed. I'll own that Mr. Henderson is inconsiderate and quick-tempered at times; but it's only when he's worried. Otherwise I've always found him very kind. As for Mr. Arthur"—she shrugged her shoulders—"well, we all know that he's flighty and unreliable, but he doesn't seem to count for much, anyhow; nobody grumbles about him—even when he lets them down—to anything like the extent that they complain about Mr. Henderson. If you can understand what I mean, it's just the injustice of the feeling in the office that depresses me so! I've tried to understand why they all seem to hate Mr. Henderson so, and I can't; and though they're nice to me, and I like them, it's horrid to sit there and know that all round me they're whispering and shrugging and slacking. . . ."

Jim Arbuthnot agreed that it must be perfectly beastly.

"But perhaps if this new partition goes up," he suggested consolingly, "you'll have a corner to yourself and things will be pleasanter for you. I promised Henderson I'd come and see what could be done about it on the first opportunity."

To himself he added more emphatically than ever that the office of Henderson



"The fear in the girl's face was as nothing compared with the stark terror in his"—p. 303
1499

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills

THE QUIVER

Brothers, wholesale cloth dealers, was clearly not the place for a girl like Mary Mostyn to waste the summer of her youth in.

She struck him as anything but neurotic or weakly impressionable. The fact that she could recognize the unwholesome mental atmosphere in which she worked, while still keeping her judgment clear and unbiased, was proof enough of this last.

What a girl! Jim glowed with the pride of discovery . . . and with something deeper. None of your hysterical, illogical females, but a sturdy, honest, well-balanced mind and spirit! He liked her almost motherly concern for the employer whom she loyally declared that she had always found "very kind." As if any man wouldn't want to be kind to a girl of her sort . . . one in a thousand!

Jim Arbutnot, at the end of a fortnight, was well on his way to realize the fact that he, like his father, had met the "one woman."

A late appointment kept him at the office one night long beyond his accustomed hour. The whole building was deserted when he finally locked his door; and hearing the caretaker overhead, he thought he might as well have a look at Henderson's place as he had been asked to do and see whether the idea of another partition were feasible.

He ran upstairs, got the keys from the caretaker, and went in, turning on the electric light by the door. The top floor office consisted of two rooms, of which the larger and outer one had already been divided off by a partition along one side. Both rooms were low, with long windows overhung by the roof; and the walls were panelled in worm-eaten oak which did nothing to relieve their sombreness.

In the outer one Jim lingered a moment. That was *her* table, nearest to the window and almost hidden by the big mahogany coatstand. Beautifully tidy it was, that table, with its neatly stacked sheaf of paper, its tray of letters, its clean blotting-paper and its array of pencils and clips and rubbers beside the typewriter, carefully covered over.

Jim thought of his own table downstairs, which every night Edwards painstakingly reduced to order, sharpening the pencils and tearing off the blotting-paper which was decorated with meaningless hieroglyphics and irrelevant sketches. (Lately, however, Mr. Arbutnot had remembered to see to

that blotting-paper himself. He had quite a pretty talent for drawing, and a certain Madonna face had reproduced itself under his idle hand with a marked persistency.)

He passed on into the inner room—Mr. Henderson's private sanctum—a rather comfortable-looking apartment with a handsome writing-table in the window and a leather arm-chair with its back to the door. The gloom was relieved here by a gaily-coloured rug in front of the fireplace and one or two artistically framed advertisements upon the walls.

But it was a very small room; obviously the partition was needed for the other. The electric light from the larger room, penetrating through the open door between them, lit it dimly as Jim's eyes travelled round it and came back to that door through which a glimpse of the table at the far end of the other room could be seen.

The whimsical thought came to him that if he were Henderson he would keep his door open and move his table to where he could see that distant one and the brown head bending over the typewriter. If the sun ever came through that window—which he doubted—it would turn her hair to gold. . . .

All of a sudden the dreamy, fatuous abstraction of Mr. Arbutnot's expression altered—hardened into startled alertness.

Was the light playing a trick upon his vision, or *was* there someone seated at that window? A girl—not with brown hair, but with black—a girl whose pale thin face was bent over a big leather-covered book?

There was something about her and about her whole dress that was outlandish and unusual. Over her black hair, which was brushed straight up from a high forehead, she wore a queer three-cornered cap, and the bodice of her red stuff dress was long and tight fitting, cut low and laced down the front.

Jim Arbutnot stared, blinked hard, and made a movement to retrace his steps towards her, when a sensation as odd as the girl's appearance—a tingling, hair-lifting sensation—held him rooted to the spot. He knew—though *how* he didn't know—that someone was entering the outer office.

From where he stood the farther door was out of his sight; but the girl by the window raised her head, and across her pallid face there passed a gleam of surprise and fear. Her staring eyes followed the unseen figure; it was coming towards him. Jim

THE MAN IN THE BROWN CLOAK

Arbuthnot involuntarily drew farther back into the inner room.

Afterwards he remembered that there had been *no sound of approaching footsteps*; yet, as he himself had walked across the uneven flooring outside, it had creaked audibly to his tread.

Then a man appeared in the doorway—a figure even more surprising than that of the girl. Jim caught a glimpse, under a broad-brimmed felt hat, of a haggard, desperate face, sinister and evil for all its youth. Utterly unconscious of Jim's presence, the stranger stared past him into the room, drawing about him the long cloak beneath which high boots, splashed with mud, were visible.

Jim turned to follow his gaze, and to his amazement discovered that the room had yet another occupant.

An old, bald-headed man in a long dark garment that looked like a velvet dressing-gown was bending over a recess in the panelling of the farther wall; and as Jim's eyes lit on him he turned with a quick, furtive movement, revealing an unmistakably Jewish cast of features with a patriarchal beard that flowed like white silk over the breast of his velvet gown.

There was no question but that neither the girl nor the old man had been in the office when Mr. Arbuthnot had first entered it. How had they come here? What in the world were they doing here, masquerading in these amazing dresses with their white, tragic faces and the silence of their oddly sinister movements?

The old man, like his visitor, seemed not even to see Jim Arbuthnot. The fear in the girl's face was as nothing compared with the stark terror in his as he shrank back against the wall; and the younger man advanced, still with that stealthy soundlessness. . . . A cold draught of air went with him, fanning Jim's cheek as the man passed; and the deadly malignity in his face made a horrible impression upon the watcher. All of a sudden the hatred it blazoned forth woke an answering chord in Jim himself; it seemed to him that the old man, laying a clawlike hand on the panel door of the recess, was the epitome of all that was grasping, cruel and relentless; that on that venerable head was accumulated the well-earned hatred of not one man but of many; that not only self-preservation but justice demanded that he should cumber the earth no more. Jim's own hands were clenched

in tense expectation, as the man in the brown cloak drew nearer, crouching a little. The old man raised the other arm to ward his visitor off; his mouth opened. Jim expected to hear a shrill, terrible cry issuing from those shaking lips, but no sound came; and in that instant the younger man swung his arm free from the enveloping folds of his cloak and leapt upon him. There was a gleam of steel as he struck once, and then again, and the old man flung his arms wide and crumpled up, backwards, to lie in an unsightly heap upon the floor, a red stain slowly oozing up through the snowy beard and glistening thickly and hideously upon the dull velvet.

Then the other turned, wiping the sweat from his damp forehead with the back of the hand that still held the dagger; and there in the doorway stood the girl in the red dress, peering in upon him, silent—as were all the actors in the terrible little drama—but with white lips and horror-filled eyes that seemed to madden the murderer. Swiftly as a snake strikes, he was across the room; and the dagger, its gleam dulled with the stain of his first murder, rose and fell again, buried to the hilt in the girl's white breast.

Jim Arbuthnot broke through the dreadful constraint, the obsession, as it were, of inexplicable hate that had held him, with a hoarse, gasping cry. . . .

The dim-lit room seemed to sway around him as he plunged forward to seize the murderer and found himself brought up sharply against the frame-work of the open door, his outstretched hands clenched on . . . nothing.

There was no one there.

Murderer and victim alike had vanished. Instinctively he recoiled from the threshold across which he had seen the girl fall; it seemed incredible that his foot had encountered only the bare boards, that in his blundering haste he had not trodden on a fold of her red gown.

Slowly, fearfully, his eyes travelled round the room. That crumpled body in the far corner was gone, too. The panelled wall showed blank and smooth, no cavity yawned there.

He passed into the outer room, feeling dazed and shaken with the violence of that storm of emotion which had swept over him and almost sick with the horror of what he had seen. Yet dimly he was beginning to comprehend that what he had felt and what

THE QUIVER

he had seen, had nothing to do with the world of to-day; that he had witnessed a phantom reflection of a centuries-old tragedy—the culminating, frenzied scene of months, perhaps years, of hatred, cupidity and revolt. . . .

If this scene were enacted every night in these old rooms for those whose senses, like his own, were attuned in some degree to catch the echo of its passing, was it a wonder that unrest and ill-feeling seethed among its daily occupants? *Unrest?* Good heavens! He remembered his own feeling, and the blood rushed to his forehead in horrified dismay as he realized the tense, gloating expectancy with which he had waited for that first blow! There had been more, far more, than unrest or ill-feeling let loose under this low roof a moment or two ago; there had been definite and hideous danger.

Jim Arbutnot was very thoughtful as he locked the door behind him and gave the key to the caretaker.

She was a little, clean, round woman with a cheerful smile and a shining face that looked as though repeated applications of yellow soap had brought about a polish impervious to London soot.

"Those are gloomy rooms in there, Mrs. Smith," he remarked tentatively.

"They are, sir, terrible gloomy. Them windows is too small, and all that dark wood . . ." She shook her head. "Stuffy I calls 'em," she said.

He lingered, wishing to draw her out on the subject. "Mr. Henderson wants me to put up another partition," he said.

Mrs. Smith shook her head disapprovingly.

"They don't want no more partitions in them there rooms," she said decidedly. "A fair job they are to clean up as it is! Them old floors—a body can't see whether they're clean or not, for all she scrubs. I've taken me pail and brush to 'em"—she pointed backwards with her thumb—"and scrubbed for hours, I have; but them floors—well! They never look no better."

Jim laughed and bade her good night. But the smile faded from his lips as he went down the dark, echoing stairs. Obviously Mrs. Smith was no more susceptible to psychic influences than his calm and beautiful Mary; yet the idea of that worthy little woman scrubbing away in solitude at the blood-soaked floor of that inner room made him shiver uncomfortably.

To one thing he had very certainly made up his mind. There should be no partition put up. Henderson had only taken the rooms on a yearly tenancy, and the term expired almost at once. He would give Henderson notice, and as soon as the second-floor tenant could be also got rid of he would have the whole building pulled down, regardless of its very great age and picturesque appearance. The interests of hygiene would serve him well enough as an excuse; he did not feel that he could relate what he had seen and felt to anyone; they would only laugh incredulously. But he did not intend that anyone else should run the risk of the same gruesome experience.

Mary Mostyn should be the last typist to sit in that window from which a white-faced girl in a red dress had once watched her father's murderer creep stealthily past. It was perfectly horrible to think that she had ever sat there at all.

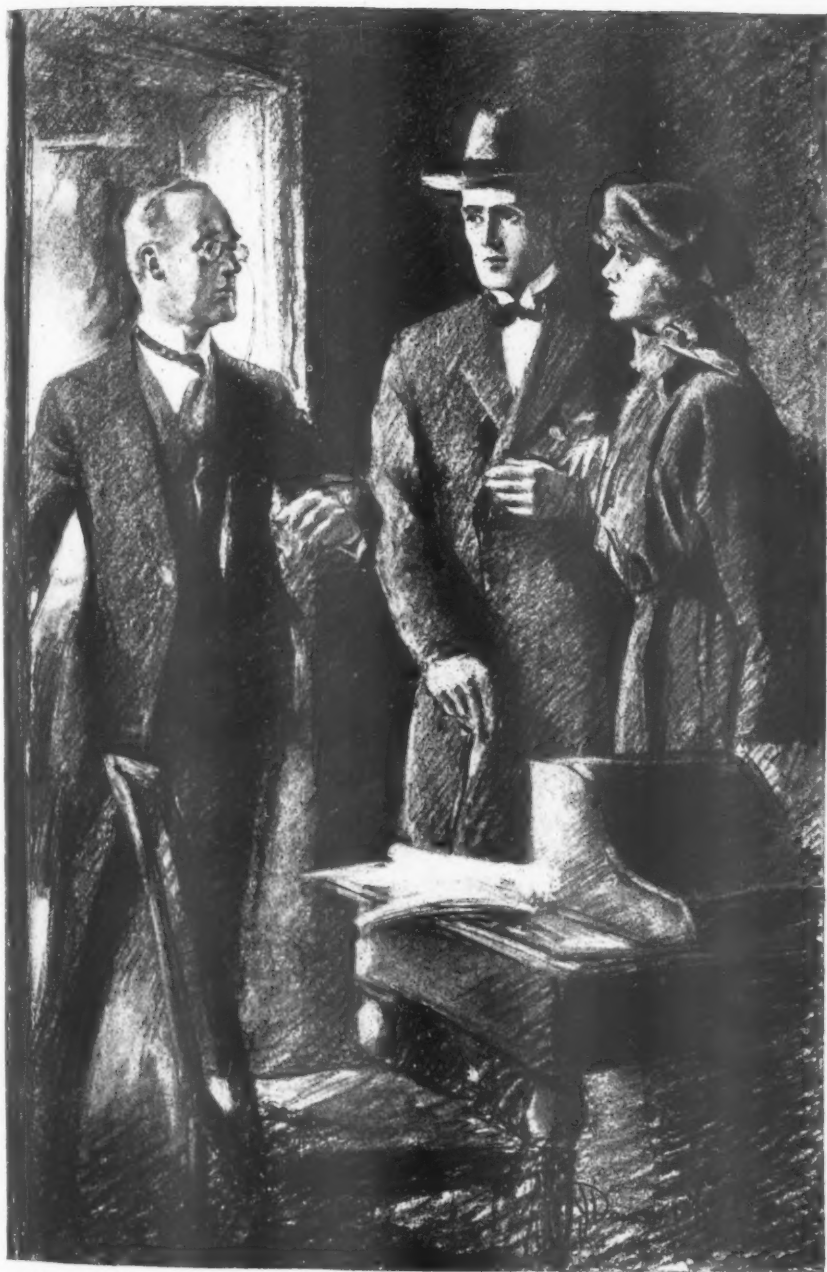
But Mary, if he could help it, should never so much as even enter an office again when he had once found the opportunity to point out to her that there was another post which she could fill beautifully and appropriately if she so chose.

The next day was Sunday, and she had invited him to tea with her sister and herself.

It was his first introduction to Elizabeth, and as so often happens with important meetings, it was not a very propitious one. The elder Miss Mostyn, a frail, grey-haired woman who augmented the joint income of the sisters by embroidery, was uncompromisingly dignified. Her natural geniality was hidden under a desire to make this possibly self-important young man understand that her beloved Mary had never been intended to earn her living in a subordinate position among commonplace "City people."

If the young man had brought any self importance with him into the pretty little sitting-room, furnished from the wreck of a once prosperous home, it would have oozed miserably out of him as he subsided into a squat-legged, high-backed chair, upholstered in old crewl work, and took his Dresden china tea-cup from Miss Mostyn's slender, work-worn fingers.

All his own friendly simplicity of manner was frozen at its source. He felt embarrassed and awkward, and Mary—unhappily conscious that something was wrong, that neither her friend nor her sister were



"You see, Miss Mostyn and I are engaged," he said coolly"—p. 807

Drawn by
d. Doris Mills

THE QUIVER

making a satisfactory impression upon each other—was affected in her turn by the general feeling of strain. She had so wanted them to like each other. Already she was conscious that her own liking for him was increasing to an extent into which she did not care to inquire too deeply.

Then, just before his visit ended, Miss Mostyn, under the disarming guise of a sudden unbending, chose a moment when Mary was momentarily out of the room to deliver a bombshell.

Assuming in Mr. Arbuthnot nothing stronger than a mild, friendly interest in her younger sister, she informed him of her earnest hope and belief that Mary's office life would soon be over. There was an old friend of the family, a friend whose devotion to Mary had nobly borne the strain of her altered circumstances. She had reason to hope—"no! to believe"—Miss Mostyn flushed as she made the correction which she guiltily feared to be quite unwarranted—that Mary returned his affection.

"It is the wish of my heart," said Elizabeth Mostyn, "to see my sister once more back in her old life, beyond all need of earning her living in uncongenial surroundings."

(She might have added, "Beyond the reach of stray City acquaintances who had no letters of introduction and no serious intentions.")

Oh, yes, he was apparently a very nice and most presentable young man; but his manner (poor Jim!) had not given Miss Mostyn the impression that he looked upon her precious Mary in any other light but that of a casual—far *too* casual—feminine acquaintance. It was better that he should be made to understand that Mary had really no time to waste upon such as he.

Jim wasn't a conceited individual, in spite of having all his life been one of Fortune's favourites. He went away feeling, without any actual proof to give for it, that he had been very badly snubbed: and he pondered with a sharp pang of dismay on this confounded old friend of Mary's, and felt discouraged and depressed.

It had been arranged that on the following Monday Mary should meet him for lunch, and apparently that cheerless Sunday call had affected her spirits as well as his own. He badly wanted to ask her about that hateful friend, but found the subject difficult to approach in her present distraught mood.

Also there had been a most unpleasant

scene in her office which obsessed her thoughts. A violent quarrel had taken place between the Henderson brothers; their raised voices had been audible in the outer office. Mr. Arthur was apparently in urgent need of ready money which the senior partner had refused to advance. The younger man had flung out of the place, livid with rage, and leaving his own unfinished work for the day on the hands of his brother and the already over-driven staff.

Mr. Henderson, senior, had asked Mary Mostyn to stay late this evening to finish some important correspondence.

"Elizabeth will be worried," she said ruefully, "but it can't be helped."

"I'll see you home," said Jim firmly. And it is to be feared that concern for Elizabeth did not enter at all into his motives. He silenced her protests masterfully. It wasn't to be dreamt of, he said, that she should be walking alone through these dark old streets at an hour when the City exodus was past!

He would have said a good deal more, only . . . there are certain things that simply *cannot* be spoken, certain plunges that may not be dared, in a crowded Fleet Street restaurant under the pessimistic eye of a bilious and mouldy waiter.



There had been silence for an hour or two in the street outside. In the dark old house there was also no sound. Mrs. Smith had long ago collected her pails and brushes and betaken herself to the remote corner wherein she had her dwelling.

Jim Arbuthnot paced restlessly up and down the floor of his office, pausing at every turn to listen at his half-open door for Mary's descending footsteps. He looked impatiently at his watch. Ah, there was the sound of a softly closing door, of a light footfall. He listened, struck by something unexpected about it. Surely it was mounting and not descending? Instinctively he switched off his light as he stood in his doorway. Whoever this late comer might be, he had a feeling that Mary would not like it generally known that he had waited for her. Offices are no more free from gossip than any other place where men and women meet and mix.

Now in the gloom of the landing a man went past his door without seeing him, and disappeared up the stairs.

Jim stared after him, vaguely startled.

THE MAN IN THE BROWN CLOAK

There had been something cat-footed, stealthy, about that passing figure. He strained his ears to catch the sound of the receding footsteps; they passed the floor above and went on.

Then a sudden panic seized upon the listener. Back into his mind there flashed the remembrance of that ghostly visitant in the brown cloak, the unknown man who had once crept up those stairs in the same noiseless, sinister fashion. . . .

Swift as a flash, but equally silent of foot, Jim Arbuthnot followed.

On the top landing he was in time to see the figure ahead of him vanish into Henderson's office, leaving the door ajar behind him. Without hesitating or pausing to invent an excuse for his intrusion, Jim followed still.

The door of the inner room was open; the light from it streamed through into the outer office, which was otherwise in darkness. At first he thought that it was empty; then, as he stood full in the shaft of light from the door beyond, his eyes searching the gloom around him, something moved in the shadows by the window; a figure emerged swiftly—Mary Mostyn, hatted and gloved and paler even than he was accustomed to see her.

"Oh, you shouldn't have come in," she exclaimed in a scared whisper. "Mr. Arthur's just gone in to the chief; I'd finished and put the light out and was going when he came in. He didn't see me, and he looked awful. I expect there'll be another dreadful quarrel—they haven't even spoken yet. Let's go, quick."

She caught him by the arm to hurry him away, and it was then that Jim Arbuthnot did an amazing thing. He did it in deliberate defiance, as it were, of her low, hushed whisper. He raised his voice, raised it to a pitch that was for him unusual, even startling.

"I'm quite ready to go, if you are," he said very loudly and distinctly.

He might almost have been said to shout it. The girl's gasp of dismay was drowned in the echo of his words, whose noisy aggressiveness shattered the silence like a blow.

Inside the other room there was a sudden clatter as of something falling—a stick perhaps—of a chair scraped round.

"Who the dickens—"

It was the elder Henderson's voice, and then, as though suddenly checked and in a

different tone, "Arthur? How long have you been here? Great Scott! man, sit down. . . . You're as white as a sheet!"

The words of the muttered reply were indistinguishable. Then the door was flung wide open; Mr. Henderson, senior, peered short-sightedly out into the gloom. "Who's that?" he asked sharply. "Miss Mostyn—"

Jim put the girl aside and came forward.

"I'm exceedingly sorry," he said, and it was to be noticed that his voice had regained its natural key; it was low, pleasant and courteous. "I'm afraid I've disturbed you, but I understood that Miss Mostyn was leaving late, and I offered her my services as an escort home."

"Oh . . . ah!" The older man looked uncertainly from the girl—flushed now and standing in mute, dignified discomfort—to this intruder who was, after all, also his landlord.

Jim Arbuthnot read the query in that glance, and at once the pitch to which the whole episode had keyed him supplied him with the daring which he had lacked under the eye of the bilious waiter.

"You see, Miss Mostyn and I are engaged," he said coolly. He slipped his hand through her arm as he spoke and felt the little start which she gave; but she did not contradict him. She accepted her employer's astonished and mollified congratulations with a deepened flush and that same simple dignity.

But once outside, beyond hearing of the top landing, she paused and faced him breathlessly.

"Oh, what *made* you do that?" she exclaimed in sharp distress.

"Do what?"

Jim was not at all eager to explain his first action on entering the office. He knew just *why* he had advertised his presence in that blatant, startling fashion; even now he felt a little chill creep through him at the memory of that sinister silence which his voice had broken; of the . . . *something* . . . that had fallen, clattering, to the floor.

"Why, say *that*—about being engaged," she stammered. "It wasn't in the *least* necessary, and they'll all think it *so* odd when I tell them that . . . we aren't."

"Must you tell them that?" he asked her gently. "If you want to know why I did it—well, I couldn't help it, that's all. I've been wanting to do it, I think, ever since the day you almost fell into my office—"

THE QUIVER

"O-oh!" gasped Miss Mostyn faintly. "I didn't!"

"Almost, I said," repeated Jim firmly. "That's what I'm complaining about. You might just as well have walked right in while you were about it. Because you've been there ever since—the image of you. Don't you know it? You come between me and my work from the first thing in the morning till I leave the City in the evening; and even *then* I can't leave you behind. Your image comes with me. . . . Mary, darling"—emboldened by her silence his arm slipped round her and drew her to him—"an image is a ridiculously unsatisfactory thing to take home with one, don't you think?"

What Miss Mostyn thought was quite inaudible. Yet he took his answer from her lips and found it entirely satisfactory.



They were on a prolonged honeymoon in Italy when Jim Arbuthnot received a letter from Edwards which he did not show to

his wife. In it Edwards mentioned a curious and gruesome discovery which had been made in the course of demolishing the old house in the City.

When the worm-eaten panelling of the inner room on the top floor had been pulled down a deep cavity had been disclosed in which lay two skeletons—a man's and a woman's—dressed in queer old clothes that crumbled away at a touch. They were tumbled together in a heap of bones and rotting material, and both their garments and the flooring of the cavity were soaked and stained in sinister patches of discoloured brown.

"You did a good thing when you condemned those old rooms as insanitary," wrote Edwards. "I've always said so, and this proves it. A charnel house, that's what they were . . . nothing more."

Nothing more?

Jim Arbuthnot raised his eyebrows thoughtfully as he tore the letter into little pieces and went out to join his Mary in the glowing Italian sunshine.



Ladies at a
Baby Show

Photo :
A. J. G. I.



A Pre-war Pet—in a Lady's Handbag, specially made

A Change in Pets

How Living "Dolls" are Ousting Lap-dogs in the Hearts and Homes of Wealthy Women

By

Ignatius Phayre

AMONG the profound social changes which the Great War has wrought one may discern a few minor social "straws" which show the current of new winds of thought. One of these is the substitution of the infants of the poor for the pampered dogs and cats, monkeys and birds of those far-off days anterior to 1914.

Queen Alexandra tried hard to introduce the poor baby as a sort of living "doll," though, as everyone knows, she herself was also devoted to her Borzois and Pekinese, as well as to her birds and Persian cats—among these last being the famous Sandy, so loyal and clever and well-beloved.

But the rich women of pre-war days lavished affection upon dumb creatures to a grotesque degree. One has only to recall the "Dogs' Toilet Club" in Bond Street, with its jewelled collars, fur coats, rubber boots, pocket handkerchiefs, perfumes and toilet articles which would be incredible

if one had not actually handled them, and glanced over a price-list that took one's breath away.

It was the same in Paris where, at Madame Ledouble's palace of the canine modes in the Galerie d'Orleans, one saw even more preposterous *fantaisies*, which culminated in an umbrella that was fixed to a waterproof jacket on the back of its unfortunate four-legged wearer. One hundred pounds and more was paid for a lap-dog, or a rare breed of cat, at one of the



Post-war Pets: Babies at an Infants' Welfare Centre

THE QUIVER

Crystal Palace shows. These creatures ate chops and steaks, chicken and other delicacies off silver plates. They had well-paid servants of their own, of whom the kennel-maid is the leading type. There were—and are—canine surgeons and physicians in Mayfair and Belgravia.

Many a talk have I had with these weary and sated men, whose knowledge of certain phases of woman-nature had made cynics of them all. At long last there was the Dogs' Cemetery, with its costly marbles and extravagant inscriptions. To-day it looks as though all this folly is over in a rather depressed and sobered world, face to face with grim reality. Queen Mary and her charming daughter have had much to do with the new popularity of the baby as a substitute for cats and dogs, monkeys, parrots, and the rest.

The Queen has consistently followed her well-beloved mother-in-law's example, and has throughout imbued her children with the meaning of poverty and pain, which twin afflictions of the major part of humanity may be alleviated by wise and kindly care. For the Queen-Mother, in the long-ago as Princess of Wales, would take her little sons and daughters once a week to the children's hospital in Great Ormond

Street. In like manner we see Queen Mary and her only girl visiting humble homes in Deptford and elsewhere, thus making fashionable the cult of philanthropy in a new and democratic way.

As a result, a National Adoption Society was formed. And now any rich woman may choose an engaging little human pet upon which to lavish all the tenderness of a wistful heart. It often happens that the family of an unemployed and deserving man may number ten or twelve children. Naturally, there is overcrowding and underfeeding, so it is right and proper that a lady patron should be found for one or more of the superfluous brood. The infant's pedigree may be inquired into. He or she can be demonstrated to have a clean bill of health. It may be, and often is, a beautiful baby physically; or a clever, intelligent little tot, whom it is a great joy to dress in dainty clothes and take for a motor promenade in the park, instead of the pop-eyed Peke or the lordly Chow of other days.

This new system is a proved success. There may be an arrangement to hand the child back to its mother after a year or two of adoption. Or again, the foster-mother may take upon herself the expenses of a good education and a sensible training in



A Busy Scene at a Baby Show: Well-to-do people are adopting babies instead of lap-dogs

A CHANGE IN PETS



A Pampered Pet—with Toilet Accessories

Photo:
Alfred

Before the war fabulous sums were spent on pet dogs, their food, clothing and equipment. There was a "Dogs' Toilet Club"—and a cemetery for their last resting-place!

the domestic arts and sciences with a view to service in town houses or on country estates.

But, you will ask, have we still *rich* people among us? We certainly have; the rich, like the poor, are always with us. I learn from one of the biggest agents in Mount Street that a quite fabulous offer of half a million pounds was lately made to them for a really first-rate landed "place," preferably within a hundred miles of London, on the west or north-west. It was to be a county seat of historic importance, with topiary gardens, stately woods, Tudor timbering, and other paraphernalia of ancestry and antiquity, which the *nouveau riche* could walk into, and thus enjoy the fruit of centuries' growth.

Was it not during the war itself that £50,000 was bid for a rope of pearls? The scenes in Christie's famous sale-rooms during those four years of the world's agony suffice to show us that there is still plenty of money in old England. But both money and land have changed hands. Nearly a million acres a year have passed under the hammer, or by private treaty, from our peers and squires. They have even of late formed a sort of "trade union," with Lord Bledisloe as president and Lord Clinton as chairman.

It is evident that the new rich have quite different tastes from the aristocracy they have dispossessed. Thus there is no tendency to pamper lap-dogs, or rare and peculiar cats. On the other hand, there is

a new appreciation of the human factor; and one day at an East End baby show, where a line of luxurious motors attested the presence of possible foster-mothers, I heard wealthy ladies discussing the babes with acumen and intelligence.

Who knew what talent lay dormant in these helpless creatures? Here was a baby boy who might one day blossom forth as a Stephenson or a Watt, a Lister or a Dunlop. There might be a John Keats or a Constable in this "lucky-bag" of a baby show. Here were potential Labour leaders, writers, inventors, musicians and so forth. At all events, much depended upon education and training—advantages which David Lloyd George himself never had for nascent genius which fought its way up in the teeth of all discouragement.

In a word, these new women of money resolve to lavish effort and affection upon the infants of the poor instead of upon mere dogs and cats, which can never be anything else, nor of any benefit to the community at large. Surely we have here a social change which all must welcome, alike on civic and humanitarian grounds.

I followed the destiny of one ex-soldier's babe; and, believe me, that infant "fell on its feet," as the saying goes. Instead of a kennel-maid, a competent nurse was engaged. And instead of the silken cot in which Fido lolled by the drawing-room fire there was a big £35 "pram" in which to give the new "doll" his daily airing.

THE QUIVER

The lady in this case took great joy in dressing the child. When infantile ailments appeared, there was the best advice of Wim-pole Street available, with a change of air at Bournemouth and Torquay, and Christ-mas in a villa among the pines and palms of Cap Martin, on the French Riviera, be-tween Mentone and Monte Carlo.

One likes to follow in imagination the subsequent career of such a pet as this. If the boy develops any talent, it can be fos-tered by technical training.

Thus if he have a voice—as Tom Burke



With Handkerchief Complete!

Note the tailor-made costume—with even a pocket and its contents.

had, and John McCormack—he can be sent to study in Paris or Milan. He may mani-fest a taste for drawing or painting. Or if his bent is engineering, or industry and commerce, a word from his foster-mother will put the lucky youngster in the best and most competent hands. So these new pets have every chance, from the cradle onwards, whilst the mother-heart has wholesome scope for its generous impulses.

In some cases it has been arranged that the new 'pet' will be handed back to its real mother in two or three years' time, possibly with a small allowance to help in training and education. Now, it must be this new movement which accounts for the slump which the veterinary surgeons report from their dispensaries, hospitals and boarding-houses. Rich women who are compelled to go abroad now find so many restrictions upon dogs in foreign countries, that they prefer to leave them behind, and so are charged quite a large weekly fee.

It is well known that during the war four-legged pets were carried back and forth by the aerial routes; but this was quickly

stopped when a few cases of hydrophobia were re-ported, to the great alarm of our Government. Thus on all grounds, this change in pets marks an advance.

"Open thy hand to thy brother," says the classic Book. And surely the brother is a more deserv-ing object of assistance than the furry and hairy pets which foul our city paths, and absorb time and money to the gro-tesque degree I have already dwelt upon. Dogs and cats in moderation are well enough. But too much has already been made of these, and too little of the embryo citizen

who sorely needs the "square deal" of Rooseveltian philosophy.

Thus our present Labour leaders are blamed for all sorts of economic heresies, like limitation of production, "ca' canny" in the day's work, and the like. But what chance had these men in their tender years, too often forced into mines and mills when more fortunate children were playing in the nursery?



THE STUDIO

by
CHRISTINE CASTLE

BABY

LITTLE Mary had breakfasted, and sat in her high chair with its curved shelf before her, that in time would serve as a tray for her dinner plate, but which now performed the single office of keeping Little Mary from falling out.

She kicked the underside of the shelf with her stubby little feet in a perfect ecstasy of delight, wriggled her little fat body, and pounded the upper part of the shelf with a rubber doll with an ivory ring in the top of its head. (All of Little Mary's toys were of the noiseless kind; they neither rang nor rattled, and when, as they frequently did, they fell on the floor there was scarcely a sound.)

She cooed, and gurgled, and nearly choked in her effort to express her joy, and then, failing to attract the attention that such conduct usually elicited, she subsided, and her blue eyes were veiled with a soft light of adoration as they rested upon two figures at the far end of the studio, their young heads bent over a coffee-urn and a dish of eggs. Could Little Mary's lips have formed words, two would have been wafted across the long studio—mother and father. But as it was, the dignity of speech not having been attained, the rosy lips were pressed over the ivory ring, and the entire energy of the little body given to trying to annihilate the wonderful ring that never grew less in quantity, until a glance in her direction from the corner breakfast-table aroused the ecstasy once more, and the stubby feet pounded upward harder than ever, and the gurgle changed to such screamings and crowings of joy that Little Mary was immediately caught to a ruffled bosom and her delighted outcries smothered in the softness there.

"You darling, you darling! Why do you make such a noise?"

Little Mary, not knowing that the smothering was a precautionary measure as well as a caress, screamed and crowed more

loudly as she was released, and pulled the vandyke beard of the taller figure that now bent over her and between bursts of laughter begged: "Little Mary, Little Mary, *do* keep quiet, or we are ruined!" For how was Little Mary to know that she had been smuggled into a studio building where "Children and dogs are not allowed"? True, her baby mind was sometimes given over to wondering why she made daily excursions up and down long flights of stairs in utter darkness, being entirely hidden by a cloak, but then mothers have queer ways of dealing with their babies, and Little Mary submitted to this treatment without so much as a faint wriggle to peep out from under the cloak, and was rewarded always in a few moments by a burst of sunshine and fresh air as soon as they reached the street.

It was a big, tall building where Little Mary had been installed—once a family mansion, with tessellated marble hall, a wide stairway and a heavy mahogany balustrade that swept upwards in a graceful curve—a house with "atmosphere" as well as many rooms, and under its roof dwelt men and women who wrote, men and women who painted, men and women who played and sang and taught, and a landlady who was proud of the distinction of many of her tenants, and uncompromisingly barred "dogs and children!" And why should she not, pray? Neither of these had she herself, and quiet must reign under her roof-tree—her tenants insisted that it should. Indeed, as it was, she had often trouble in securing the perfect quiet required by many of them. For example, the lady who wrote books and plays, and the gentleman who wrote editorial paragraphs for a daily newspaper, insisted that they would leave their respective studios if Senor Zavali did not cease to practise upon his violin except between the hours of eight and ten in the morning, and Madame Vilanti arrange for her vocal pupils to come between the hours of four

THE QUIVER

and six in the afternoon, and never, *no* never, after dinner, as the night hours were the ones most sacredly dedicated to the muse of the writer. But with diplomacy worthy of a better post than presiding over a studio building (rooms at moderate prices), the good woman persuaded both the literary lady and the editorial writer that the floor one flight higher up was the best, by all odds, for them (quiet guaranteed); so up they moved, to the floor where a few weeks later Little Mary found herself at home! Of course dogs and children were not allowed into the house. Pray, why should they be?



Eighteen months before there had been a dream of a studio, but in the dream-studio there was no corner fitted out for the occupancy of Little Mary. There was to be an easel, at which the tall figure with the vandyke beard was to sit and paint until all the world should see and acclaim his genius, and a drawing-board where the soft, beruffled figure—that Little Mary was learning to adore more and more every day—was to work at “black and whites” for the best illustrated magazines in the country; and there were to be sketches galore scattered about all over the walls, and a handsome rug or two spread over the floors, a studio kettle for cosy afternoon teas, books to read sometimes, and a piano and a guitar for music to while away in ideal fashion long, delightful studio evenings; but in all that dream-studio there was no high chair for Little Mary. Neither was there known in the dream-studio the joy-that-was-to-be—the music of the trilling of a thousand happy birds that sounded in the laughter of Little Mary, the dancing of a thousand golden sunbeams in the glance of her blue eyes.

Little Mary and the violets opened their eyes one April morning, and looking upon the sun-bathed world said it was good. In that quiet spot, away from the rush and hum and roar of the busy city, for a while, for just a little while, the dream-studio was forgotten. But when the golden summer days were sped there came the consciousness that work awaited to be done in the busy town, though Little Mary laughed and cooed and treated it as an extravagant joke when she was shown a pocket-book that would not stand the strain of holidaying any longer, and was prepared, after many

serious consultations being held over her bright head, for her first trip to town.

The consultation had indeed been serious—very. The vandyke beard had shaken his head and said it couldn't be done—he knew it. But the beruffled figure had been more hopeful—it had seen practical ways and workable plans for doing the thing desired. Besides, Little Mary was so good—so very good—and so precious, that how could anybody— However, the vandyke beard continued to shake his head in a most gloomy and foreboding manner. But at least he was willing to go to town.

Oh, that dear, big studio room with a fireplace, long mirrors, with three “north light” windows and one that opened to the east, and a tiny annexe where one might, surreptitiously, prepare a meal—what a lucky find; it was just the place! But dogs and babies were barred! Little Mary, however, never cried—perhaps it was a safe venture! And it was made.



The day had begun happily with Little Mary. Through the narrow window to the east a shaft of sunlight fell and just touched the arm of her high chair. The rubber doll was forgotten, again the little feet kicked upwards, there was a delicious coo, and the chubby hands opened and shut in high glee, clasping the golden fairy thing that danced back and forth, as the window curtain slightly stirred, now just touching her finger-tips, and now just slipping away from their reach.

At the breakfast table the two adored figures still sat and chattered.

And there was the jolly jangle of a bell away off downstairs somewhere, and the postman's whistle. Listen! The alert golden head was turned in the direction of those entrancing sounds. Then somebody calling up the stairs! The blue eyes of Little Mary were riveted on the door as the beloved ruffled figure stepped out into the corridor in answer to the call that came floating upward, and leaned far over the balustrade to take the letters that the landlady was obligingly handing up from ten steps below. There was a delay, a moment's chatter, and— Oh, horror of horrors, the editorial writer was passing down the stairs, and the studio door was wide open! Too late! He had seen! So had Little Mary, and the feet began their dance of delight, the rubber doll was caught by one leg and pounded up and down, there

THE STUDIO BABY



"'Sometimes I am baby hungry,' was all she said as she cuddled Little Mary close"—p. 816.

Drawn by
Elizabeth Earnshaw

was a coo and a wild scream of joy, vain of having attracted the attention of a passing stranger. The ruffled figure turned away from the balustrade breathless, almost ready to disown its own darling offspring, when the editorial writer blew into the studio from the tips of his fingers a kiss, and then went on in a stately fashion, never looking back.

The studio door was quickly slammed, a handful of letters fluttered over the floor—which Little Mary, doubtless, took for white birds flying for her amusement—and again she was caught to the soft ruffled bosom, this time to be told that she, by boldly attracting attention to her existence, had brought upon herself, as well as to the other

occupants of that studio, beyond a doubt, the dire misfortune of becoming homeless at a moment's notice! But Little Mary only tangled her fingers in the meshes of golden brown that swept her face, and gloried in her recent conquest.

But that evening there was laid at the studio door a new rubber doll, and the next evening a white woolly sheep tumbled in when the door was opened.

One morning the literary lady called upon the kindly pretence of sharing a big bunch of roses, but she so very deliberately peeped behind a screen (Little Mary being no longer trusted with an unobstructed view of visitors) and held out her arms so promptly that suspicion immediately rested upon the

THE QUIVER

real reason of her coming. "Sometimes I am baby hungry," was all she said as she cuddled Little Mary close, and allowed her to rumple her rolled linen collar in tugging at the pin of two blue-enamelled swallows that fastened it. The pin was unfastened and transferred to Little Mary's scalloped flannel dress, where she promptly proceeded to look down at it in cross-eyed fashion.

And after that other toys were found at the door, and sometimes Little Mary saw the beloved ruffled figure tiptoe up to the tall figure as she whispered she believed she "heard the footsteps of two instead of one, stealing away from the studio door."

Little Mary noticed a very soft and gracious mood possessing the beloved ruffled figure, and also observed that the tall screen was put back in the place where it used to stand, allowing her once more a full view of the door. And sometimes the door was left open—very cautiously, of course—and a glimpse of the treasure within was given those who went along the passage. Kisses were wafted to her, and offerings were brought to her shrine. But if two happened to meet, each went sturdily upon his or her way, for what business was it of theirs to look in at a studio door that was not their own! And if there was a baby in that studio—why—ahem!—of course, the fact must be reported. But none knew. Each, by his manner to the other, was ignorant of the fact. Senor Zavali was particularly brusque if by chance one happened to meet him a flight above his studio floor.

But there is no secret, howsoever guarded

....

An irate landlady climbed the stairs one late afternoon to the studio second-floor-back.

The strictest rule of her house had been broken, for the first time, *the very first time*; and there were a dozen in league with those who had dared, *had dared*, right under her *very nose*, to carry on for *weeks*, a thing that would ruin the reputation of her house! A child in her house, indeed!

The studio door stood slightly ajar. There was no response to her knock, so she pushed it a little wider open and entered. No one was within.

In the middle of the floor stood a basket of freshly laundered linen. The laundress had just made her weekly call and left the basket standing there stripped of cover. A little starched white frock was uppermost. The landlady stared at it blankly. Then she went on tiptoe and closed the studio door. Returning to the basket, she bent over it and touched, with cautious finger, a little sleeve, with frill about the wrist that stood up boldly.

Taking the tiny garment up in her hand, she went softly to the window, and in the fading early winter twilight looked upon the fineness and daintiness of the handiwork. Then, going down the now almost dark stairway, to a little back room on the ground floor, she took from a velvet-lined box, wrapped about by yards and yards of string, a thin silver spoon with the imprint of two tiny baby teeth upon it, and, stealthily groping her way back to the studio, laid it on the shelf of the little high chair.

Going out she closed the studio door softly behind her.



Mind Healing

A Simple Statement on Psycho-Analysis By W. Kingscote Greenland

We hear such a lot about Psycho-Analysis, Mind Healing, Couéism, etc., that a simple explanation for ordinary readers will not be out of place. Whether psycho-analysis is beneficial—or dangerous—must be left to the opinion of readers.

It can surely be taken for granted that no reader of THE QUIVER is wholly unfamiliar with the word psycho-analysis—that double-barrelled verbal scarecrow or good angel on our modern medical and mental horizon.

What is it all about?

It confronts us alike in the sermon and the newspaper, in the family doctor's prescription and the educational text-books. We are obsessed with it as the French are with "reparations" and the British with "rates and taxes." Escape it you cannot. American novels are built on it, studies of the child-mind are full of it, learned societies debate it, specialists in crime and insanity quarrel over it.

What, then, is this psycho-analysis, and is it worth our bothering about?

Before attempting an answer, also before inquiring what this psycho-analytic method is in general and what it can do for moral struggles up life's ladder in particular, let the real case to be treated of here be plainly set out—our goal, in a word.

The Two Selves Within Us

Most people, perhaps all people if one actually knew, are aware of two sorts of selves inside them. Without being given at all to introspection and self-examination, they have felt the internal "pull" of rival powers, impulses, forces. Some hold us back and drag us down; others push us on and lift us up. Sometimes we call them "higher" and "lower," sometimes "better" and "worse," at times "useful" and "useless." If we are literary we speak of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde; if we are religious we say it is sin versus righteousness. If we are scientific we talk of our animal inheritance and our civilized destiny.

Now to make a general truth of these pairs

and antitheses. Within the walls of man's soul (the Greeks used the word "psyche," hence our words psychology and psycho-analysis, i.e. soul or self interrogation), within this psychic field there are conflicting streams of tendency, competing instincts, variously called high and low, rudimentary and cultivated, sexual and virtuous, egoistic and altruistic. This war must stop, or at least come to some sort of an armistice of internal reconciliation, if we are ever to have peace of mind, sanity, health and life-success, to say nothing of spiritual power.

How is this reconciliation, this "stop the war," to be brought about?

This is Everybody's Problem

Such is the problem I wish to tackle here—everybody's problem. And I will put down without further ado the answer which it is intended in the end to arrive at—that answer is "sublimation"; and sublimation leads us straight into the thicket of psycho-analysis.

To say anything really worth while about a subject so wide and technical, and to say it in few words and in simple language, is obviously very difficult.

The Science and Its Dangers

The science, or more correctly the method, known as psycho-analysis arose, it must never be forgotten, in the medical world, and its first use was, and is, not to give us interesting knowledge of our own inner mind and self, but to cure our diseases. Its leading writers and practitioners are doctors and not university professors and thinkers, or scientists like Darwin. In this fact lies, of course, what are called, and justly called, the "dangers" of it, dangers due to people ignorant of medicine and surgery dabbling in it and with it. It is a branch of the healing art, a new principle in therapeutics.

THE QUIVER

and in a word consists in a belief that a very large number of modern-day complaints are due not to physical, but to mental or psychic causes. (I have no space here to guard against anyone imagining that it is another name for Christian Science. It has nothing, or practically nothing, to do with it, except in throwing light on how people come to believe in it.) It was stumbled across by Dr. Sigmund Freud in the ordinary course of his practice dealing with nervous disorders.

But it soon became evident that the new discovery could not be limited to the narrow field of health, but that it was capable of almost universal application in the service of education and morals and so of social and ethical advancement. It can hardly be doubted, indeed, that eventually it will be one of our leading lamps to guide us into humanity's ultimate haven. It is probable that all will eventually realize that what Darwin did for the understanding of the science of life, biology, Freud has done for the science of the soul, the personality, the self psychology or psychiatry, and that his discovery of a way of reaching down to that lower world of the "unconscious" where all the springs of life are hidden will take rank with the greatest in the last century.

The Unconscious Mind

The main structure of the theory is simple. It consists in the grasping of the fundamental fact that the human "psyche," or self or mind, is like a two-storied dwelling or a half submerged iceberg—known as the "conscious" and the "unconscious." The Conscious world holds all that we are aware of—our waking, knowing, thinking self; the Unconscious holds—yes, here we reach Freudianism! It holds all our previous personal life, our memories as we call them, and is the record office of our career since we were born.

But more than that.

It holds the records of our pre-natal life; and more still, very much more, it is the home and treasure-safe of our race memory, all that our ancestors have been.

Between the Conscious and the Unconscious lies a threshold, a dividing line, a psychological frontier. Across this frontier streams of impressions are constantly passing *both ways*—some hidden material emerging into the light, other material departing into disuse and forgetfulness.

On Guard

At this frontier, like a mental or psychic sentry, stands a guard called the Censor. Why? What is his function?

Naturally this underworld of the Unconscious, while holding much that is precious and valuable and one day to be needed (inspirations and genius and idealism), holds also much that is painful, useless, injurious, and most of all impression-material which, if it gained admission into the upper world, would find itself out of its element and useful place in an ethical and civilized community, seeing that it belonged to an earlier age, and a cruder and more egoistic and indulgent form of morality.

Masks and Disguises

But, for reasons that will be referred to in a moment, many of these unsuitable memories strongly desire to come up, and one of the most important of all the aspects of Freudian, or indeed any school of psychoanalysis, is that which deals with the disguises and subterfuges and masks which these imprisoned memories and traits adopt to enable them to pass the Censor without his recognizing them, like children banished to bed seek such plausible excuses for coming downstairs again and re-entering the drawing-room.

This Censor is made up of our moral and social standards, and represents all our education and training have made us into—which is a highly important point—our sense of what the family and society we live in will not allow us to think or do, even though we might like to.

When the Censor drives these ideas and impulses down—sends the children scampering back to bed—they are said to be "repressed."

Then comes night, and while we sleep, as we say, the Censor sleeps too, or at least dozes and loses his extreme vigilance. That is the opportunity of the "repressions," and they emerge and have their chance—the time of their life—and we call that innings our "dreams."

But the Censor has not entirely gone off duty, so that still the repressions have to masquerade to deceive him, i.e. us, of course, and that explains why dreams are so fantastic.

Exploring the Unconscious

The supremely important thing to remember about Freud is the fact that he attached

so much vital importance to what lies in the Unconscious, and invented a method of getting at it and exploring it. That method he called Psycho-analysis, and its chief instrument with which it works is the analysis of dreams. That analysis consists in finding out what really lies under the fantastic disguises. He and his followers hold that when that is done, then and then only do we know and get in touch with our real self and learn, to our surprise and delight and dismay, what manner of men we really are.

Now, two other equally important points. First, this Unconscious is the home of the most difficult thing to find a suitable word for, because it is the most vital of all the possessions of our personality, viz. the basic force or urge in us. Bergson calls it *élan vital*, Professor Putnam "craving," Professor Freud the questionable and rather unfortunate word "libido." The most renowned word of Freud is, of course, the word by which he designates and describes the repressed material. He declares that they are all "wishes," and the Freudian wish has been debated as hotly as evolution, or as "natural selection" and the "survival of the fittest" have been in evolutionary theories.

Mutiny in the Underworld

As has already been made clear, the purpose of this paper is not to instruct in curing nervous disorders, but to find, if possible, moral and educational guidance. At the same time it may be pointed out that according to psycho-analytic theory all those painful and puzzling maladies of our days known as neurasthenia, obsessions, manias, phobias, and a score of other symptoms and diseases and habits, including such troubles as kleptomania, discontent, nightmares, all the hideous family of sexual aberrations, and mental defects such as slips of the tongue, word-confusions and forgetfulnesses of proper names, etc., are due to these "repressions" which are not allowed any form of expressing themselves and take, therefore, to bad ways in order to do so.

Unknown to the person himself, there is mutiny in his underworld—the banished children kick up a row in the bedroom, being debarred from the drawing-room.

Stirring up the Mud?

The practice of psycho-analysis is to get at these mutineers or "complexes" and

expose them and so dissipate them. This is a very difficult and intricate art, because the patient resents the discovery of them and does not like the mud disturbed at the bottom of the pool. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to say here that almost all the criticism that has come both from the ordinary medical profession or from the average layman upon the head of Freudianism is due to the fact that naturally and unavoidably the psycho-analyst does find at the bottom of the inner psychic pool a considerable amount of so-called mud. But Freud and his school hold, together with every believer in any sort of salvation, that neither health nor peace can come to patient or sinner—and everyone of us is both—until this "mud" is exposed and dealt with.

There is no cure for the neurotic until the deep struggles with repressed "wishes" going on in his innermost self are brought out to his knowledge, though the process may be humiliating and make him declare "I'm sure I'm not that at all." Neither is there any "salvation" for the sinner till he owns up to his unconfessed and secret sins.

In this singularly interesting way psycho-analysis reinforces the church in the emphasis she lays on confession before forgiveness. The clinic of the doctor is the inquiry room of the evangelist. Was it not Henry Drummond who said that after an evening in Moody's mission in Glasgow he always felt in need of a bath?

It is to the medical experience gained during the war when dealing with cases of shell-shock, neurasthenia and a score of other battle neuroses that the general dying down of professional opposition to the methods of psycho-analysis is largely due. Also to the wider acquaintance with the actual as distinguished from the hearsay teachings of Freud and Jung and Ernest Jones, by reason of which it has come to be known—as many of us knew from the first—that what is meant by "sexual" is the whole love-life of the individual, which embraces the love of a child for its mother even more than conjugal or lover-like affection.

Turning Your Enemies into Friends

And how does all this bear on our problem—the conflict between our better and worse self? If you have an enemy there are three ways open to you of dealing with him—you may kill him outright, you may

THE QUIVER

convert him into a friend, or you may spend your life unsuccessfully trying to do either or both. If, for brevity's sake, we call the "repressed" material buried and banished in the Unconscious our enemy, the first way is not possible—we cannot "kill outright" our lower self. The third way is unhappily the usual way adopted by mankind—life-long and vain struggle. The second way is the way of psycho-analysis, and is called Sublimation. *Sublimation, therefore, is the method of turning your enemies into your friends.*

But we must be absolutely sure of our ground—man's moral and happy life depends wholly on it. Remembering carefully what Freud means by "sexual," i.e. the totality of the love-life, and also that most subsequent schools of psycho-analysis enlarge his word to include other fundamental "wishes" besides "love," take his, the master's definition of sublimation—"it is the capacity to exchange an original 'love' aim for another one no longer 'love'." And later, "a process by which an outlet and application in other regions is opened to overstrong excitations." The dictionary tells us that sublimation is a word of chemistry and means "to bring by heat a solid state into a state of vapour." Dr. Constance Long speaks of the "urge" of sublimation, that is, "that tendency in man which converts a lower aim into a higher." It is the diversion into a new channel and a fresh direction of an original tendency.

The One Task of Life

It requires but a moment's reflection to see that this is and ever has been the one task of life. It begins as soon as we begin. A child starts with only one direction for its psychic-force—self-gratification, i.e. physical comfort and security, which takes the form of bodily adherence to its mother. But nature's goal and end and aim is self-reliance and independence, and so an infant's Standard I is to learn to feed, then to dress itself. By stages this goes on till complete individual freedom is attained.

Then comes the clash between self and the outward world. The child realizes there are other wills and other desires in the world besides its own. To adjust itself to them is the most painful step in education.

Now come all the original, "animal," "lower" tendencies. What of them? Kill

them you cannot, and indeed must not—they are the raw material out of which all the artistic and virtuous elements of your personality are to be made. Virtue, goodness, righteousness, genius, health are refined, redirected, vicious or diseased or lower material. Strength is conquered weakness; unselfishness is sublimated egoism.

To turn one's psychic energy into non-egoistic paths, i.e. into social, artistic, public and communal aims and purposes, and so to the ultimate good, which we call "God," is the end of all psycho-analytic process as it is the destiny of man and the task of life. Life, the hurly-burly of things, the struggle of man with his human and material environment, is the laboratory in which this sublimatory process goes on. Experience is where we learn the one and only divine art—that art of transmuting dross into gold, rough, raw, crude, animal, self-regarding, "love" material into the finished products of health, peace, artistic creation and virtue.

Turning Evil into Good

From this it will be seen that psycho-analysis is but a new putting of what man has always known. It is progress set in scientific terms. Some raw material may be impossible of sublimation; and it must be finally kept in the psychic cellar, though, also, it may reappear in "insanity"—or grave mental or physical injury. But most of what is evil in us is capable of being put to a better and higher use. If you are naturally musical, desert the public-house and join the choir; if cruel, be hard on cruelty; if attracted to dirt, help to sweep the world clean; if jealous, be jealous for your friend's good name and for God's honour; if mean, turn it into frugality and waste nothing; if wilful and impulsive, enrich this drab age with romantic colour of personality; if animal-minded, endow cold philanthropy with the passion of personal love—in a word, and this the last, study your innermost self, analyse its passionate and crude force and aim, then purify and sublimate the aim and use the force for the reaching of it, and you will discover that by so doing you have constructed the pattern and image and ideal of what you were meant by your Creator to be, and in discovering it you will have gone half the way to attaining and realizing it, because complete sublimation is perfection.

Ninon

by
Margaret Peterson.

*"Ninon, Ninon, que fais tu de la vie,
Toi, qui n'a pas d'amour?"*

CHAPTER XI

Miss Sutley Takes a Hand

*"And lies are hard to kill. Like a poison snake
They thrust their venom to your heart and
make
All life look hideous for a dead truth's sake."*

MISS ALICE SUTLEY was nothing if she was not thorough. If it came into her head that a thing required doing and that she was the person to see it done, nothing, no amount of obstacles or advice or snubbing, would ward her off from doing it. The problem of Dick's unhappiness intrigued her. She was very devoted to Dick, and the devotion had in it so much real mother love that she was anxious to procure for Dick the thing which would bring him happiness. Even though, by so doing, she shut him farther from herself. For Ninon, she knew, had not liked her. If she worked, as she intended to work, to reinstate Ninon, were this possible, the girl would take care that Dick in the future had as little to do with his sister as possible, and this through no perverted sense of ingratitude. Miss Sutley was as opposite to Ninon as the North Pole is to the South; Ninon's withdrawal of Dick from a person whom she understood and liked so little would be quite instinctive.

"If I lived with Dick now," said Miss Sutley to herself, "I could no more help trying to make him see my point of view of the girl than I could help breathing. That is only natural."

Still, the fact remained, and Miss Sutley did not attempt to blind herself to it. Dick loved the girl and was miserably unhappy because of what stood between them. Time can work wonders. Miss Sutley waited, one eye on time, to see if matters would right themselves, but this they showed no signs of doing. Dick's letters were despondent and hopeless. Ninon never wrote at all. One of Miss Sutley's forcible resolutions descended on her. She must set herself to do what she could to rectify the tangle.

The first person that she opened communica-

tion with was Miss Susan Dobson. Dick had given her the address one day, and as Miss Sutley was a person who never listened to anything carelessly, she had made a note of it.

"As Dick's sister—in a great many ways more his mother, for there are ten years between us," she wrote, "I want to come and see you about a matter which must affect them both very deeply."

The two old spinsters met in Miss Dobson's drawing-room in the small house at Wimbledon. One calls them two old spinsters, yet there was a generation of difference between them. For Miss Dobson had accepted her spinsterhood twenty years before Miss Sutley entered the list. She had faced the loneliness and stayed her courage on a calm acceptance of fate and a belief in a God who ordered all things for the best. Whereas Miss Sutley had flung herself restlessly into pursuit after pursuit and arrived at acquiescence by far different routes. This showed in their faces, for Miss Dobson's was old and serene, if a little too firm about the lines of mouth and chin, whereas behind Miss Sutley's haggardness, showing in her still young eyes, there burnt a constant fire of restless endeavour.

Anyway, Miss Dobson, studying her with shrewd precision, came to the conclusion that here was one of her own caste and breeding, despite the slightly erratic, home-made garments in which Miss Sutley invariably arrayed herself.

"I must tell you," said Miss Dobson over the teacups, "that I know very little of my niece as a grown-up young lady. That will seem strange to you, and I must tell you more. You will excuse me if I make it as brief as possible—the telling of it is still painful to me. My brother, of whom I was as fond, shall we say, as you are of yours, made a very unfortunate marriage. At least that was my impression in those days. I have since sometimes wondered how it would have turned out if I had swallowed my pride and done what I could to help the girl, for she was very young—not yet eighteen when Ninon was born. Anyway, that is as it is. I hardened my heart against

THE QUIVER

her and felt justified when a year later my brother came to me, bringing the child with him. 'Gracie has left me,' he said. 'Will you take the child, Susan?'"

She stirred a little in her chair, her old face softened, her eyes misted with tears. "Ninon was a dear baby," she said, "a very pretty child and girl. I tried to do my duty by her, but she was not my baby. I mean, I have never had a child. Perhaps I failed most where I thought myself sure of success. At any rate, Ninon never loved me. I do not think she realized that I loved her. When she was seventeen years old her mother came back suddenly, and Ninon—well, Ninon chose to go away with her. I tried not to mind, but it hurt me very bitterly. For seventeen years never a moment out of my thoughts." She shook her head as if shaking away foolish tears. "I let her go. I did not fight to keep her. I made only one stipulation. If she went, she went for good, and she chose to go. I heard no more of her till five years after, when she wrote to tell me she was married, and older, I should say softer and lonelier. I was glad to write back and ask her for all her news. Your brother came down to see me once. It was a relief to me to see him and to realize that Ninon had married a man whom I might have chosen for her myself."

"Yes," admitted Miss Sutley. "Any girl would be lucky to get Dick. Thank you, Miss Dobson, for being frank with me. Now, may I be frank with you, and I, too, will be brief. My brother married your niece knowing nothing of her or her antecedents. They met on board ship. She was travelling with a theatrical company—he was on his way home on leave. He fell in love. He is still very much in love. It was after they had been married that a man came to Dick one day and told him some very unpleasant things about the girl whom my brother had married. Stories that my brother did not feel willing to take to her and that are yet poisoning his life, killing his happiness. It may seem very interfering of me, but, for my brother's sake, I wish to find out if these things that have been said are true."

Miss Dobson sat very grimly erect, her face a little set. "I cannot help you," she said. "Even if I would, I could not. Ninon was seventeen when she left me. I had taught her the difference between good and evil. On the day she left my house she had still the heart of a child. That is all I know."

"I see," agreed Miss Sutley. "In that way you cannot help me, but you can give me the name that her mother lived under. I can go to her."

"Her mother is dead," said Miss Dobson slowly. "But she had married again, her name was Samuelson. I think her husband was something on the stage."

"Thank you," said Miss Sutley. She rose to go. "I am sorry if I have hurt you by my mission. You must understand that there are a great many lies told in this world. I hope to

discover that these things that have been said are lies."

"Yes, lies," agreed Miss Dobson. She stood up. "Wicked lies. I do not believe that Ninon can ever have done anything shameful. Selfish she may have been, thoughtless often, but the child was pure to her finger-tips."

One would have thought that Miss Sutley had little enough to go on, but she followed it up like a sleuth-hound. Bill Samuelson she found after a fortnight's search, and summed him up in her own mind as a hopeless drunkard. This then was Ninon's stepfather. The stories grew horribly nearer the possibility of truth as one realized that.

Time, perhaps, had helped to soften Bill's hate against his stepdaughter. When he was sober, which was not very often, he remembered now the rather pathetic love that Gracie had given too late in the day to this grown-up baby of hers. His memories of Gracie had all grown vague and muddled and pathetic. He cried easily when he thought of her, and most of the hours during his long idle days he thought of nothing. He was always a little fuddled, just sober enough to ask for the next drink and get it. Not very promising material to interview. The slatternly girl who opened the door of his lodging-house stared at Miss Sutley with unfeigned surprise.

"Mr. Samuelson," she repeated, "yes, he's in. Don't know that he can see anyone, though. He's not often up this hour of the day."

"Please find out," said Miss Sutley. She sounded incisive. She also moved inside the house.

So the girl paddled upstairs and came down again. In shoes two or three sizes too big for her and down at the heels, she walked more like a duck than anything else.

"He'll see you in five minutes," she said. "You can wait in here."

She threw open the door of a tiny back-room and immediately a wave of stale air greeted Miss Sutley. She set her lips a little primly and entered and, as she sat very erect on the stiffest chair she could find, her eyes studied the drabness of the room—the various photographs scattered about. There were one or two of Gracie in some of her parts, in short ballet skirts and mincing attitudes. There was a photograph of Gracie and Bill taken on the day when they had been married. A terrible affair, Gracie in a large feathered hat, and Bill complaisant and satisfied with one arm round her waist. And then, finally, Miss Sutley's eyes found and rested on a photograph of Ninon. Ninon, posing as she had so often posed for other people's benefit, faultlessly beautiful, expressionless and quite, quite soulless.

"After all," thought Miss Sutley, "I should have done better to have left it alone. What happiness can she ever bring to Dick?"

And at that moment the door opened and Bill lurched into the room.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, madam," he said. "What can I do for you?"

Miss Sutley rose hastily. She could not, she felt, sit down with this creature in the room.

"You are Mr. Samuelson, I suppose?" she asked.

"Yes," Bill admitted. "Mr. Bill Samuelson, at your service."

"Then—" Miss Sutley began and hesitated. "There is really no need for me to ask," she went on quickly. "The pictures speak for themselves. You married Mrs. Grace Dobson. This," she pointed to the photograph, "this is a picture of her daughter, Ninon, who married my brother—Mr. Sutley."

"Ah," beamed Bill. "This morning last night's beer had left him affable." "Then we are kind of connected. Won't you sit down, mam?"

He came forward himself and sat down by the table. "Gracie's girl," he admitted. "Gracie was very fond of her, but to my eyes she was always a stuck-up piece of goods. Often been sorry I did what I did, though."

Miss Sutley did not sit down. She drew herself a little more erect. "What did you do for which you are sorry?" she asked.

"Went and stuffed that fool husband—beg your pardon, mam, but the man who married her must have been a bit foolish—up with a lot of lies. Spiteful—that's what I was. Spiteful! All to pieces through losing Gracie. She was as good a wife as any man—" Here a tear became evident. Miss Sutley had to draw him up firmly.

"Then they were lies?" she said.

Bill glanced up at her, a little shrewdness awake for the moment in his eyes. "So the young fellow, for all his side, believed them, eh?" He chuckled as over some good joke, thought again of Gracie and became at once tearful. "I shouldn't have done it," he confided. "It would have hurt Gracie if she had known. She was always that stuck on the girl's goodness. I remember her last words, 'This life is killing your heart, Ninon, and life is no good when your heart is dead.' Not that the girl had any heart to kill, mind you. That was what I was mad about. I wanted to hurt her, but it was spiteful of me, I can see that now."

"Then they were all lies?" Miss Sutley persisted.

"Of course they were. Ain't I telling you? Sin—why, she might have been a sight more human and lovable if she had known how to sin. She would never give anything to any man, Ninon, though she might lead him to expect a lot."

Miss Sutley sighed. She did not really know whether it was a sigh of relief or sorrow. Anyway, she had found out what she had set herself to know.

"It certainly seems to have been very spiteful of you," she said. "I cannot imagine what object you thought you served."

Bill looked pugnacious—his brows drawn together in a frown. Pugnaciousness always lies close behind the affability produced by drink.

"There is no call for a lecture," he said.

"I hated the girl. Ain't that reason enough, but I don't bother to hate her now. I don't bother to do much except drink, and Gracie thought a heap of her. You can tell that young fool fellow that I properly pulled his leg that evening."

"Thank you," said Miss Sutley grimly. "I certainly shall tell him. It seems a pity." She was going to have begun another lecture, but stopped herself just in time. "Good-bye, Mr. Samuelson. You have told me what I came to find out. I am going now."

Bill lurched to his feet. "Good-bye, mam," he agreed with immense gravity. The disgusting creature was only just not drunk, Miss Sutley realized. "Glad I was able to oblige."

So Miss Sutley went home and wrote her prim and precise letter to Dick. "You have been torturing yourself over nothing," she wrote. "Whether she loves you or not, of course I cannot say, but these other things are lies—inventions of drink and hate. I think, Dick, you should remember that you owe Ninon an apology. You have, to be frank, treated her very peculiarly. If she did not love you to start with, I do not fancy your line of conduct can have done much to bring her to that desired end. Remember, dear boy, when you have been in the wrong, a little humbleness hurts no one and benefits yourself."

It was strange that the two letters should have been lying on the table to greet Dick on his return from Zadaka. The English mail had come in during his absence, and the servants had placed the pile of home papers and letters on the top of Ninon's note, so that at first he had no knowledge of its presence.

He had called out to Ninon as he had run up the steps of the house, and she had not answered. The servants told him she had gone out. They did not know where or with whom. They watched him with furtive, slightly amused eyes as he asked his question, but this Dick did not notice. He felt oddly disappointed, yet he realized the feeling to be ridiculous. Ninon had not known when he would be back. Why should he have expected her to wait in all after-noon? What did she do with her afternoons? Where did she go for her walks? With a shock of remorse he realized how little thought he had given to the loneliness of her days. He sat down by the table and tried to pass the time till she should come back by reading his mail, glancing at the papers.

Alice's letter he read last of all, and then as he sat with it clenched in his hand, he suddenly saw Ninon's note. The pink scented paper, her handwriting that he had seen so rarely on any letter sent to him. A shiver of presentiment shook him. He was suddenly afraid. The fingers with which he opened her note were stiff, fumbled over their task, and then the words danced before his eyes. He found he was crouching forward, spelling the letters out almost as one who could not read.

At the finish he sprang to his feet and his face was white, set. She could not, should not mean

THE QUIVER

what she had said. There should be truth between them at this last. "You owe Ninon an apology," Alice had written. His heart, his whole manhood knelt in apology, but there were other things to be said between them. Last night she had surely loved him. His head went up, his face flamed red at the thought. She should tell him that she loved him. There should be truth between them at the end.

"She has hidden herself behind pretence," he thought. "She shall ask my pardon when I ask hers."

So one can gather that he was not as humble as Miss Sutley would have liked to have seen him.

Then he shouted for the boys again. He would have no lies now, no furtive sly side glances, but even the boy who knew most of all could tell him very little. He had taken a note in to the Mukgala early in the morning. She had read it and torn it up and thrown it away. The note had come from the Shamba of Bwana Moultray. There had been no answer, and Bwana Luck had called at the house. He had asked to see the Bwana, and for a few moments the Mukgala had spoken to him in the drawing-room. They had said good-bye on the steps. The Bwana had gone away, they had heard his car drive off, and after that the Mukgala had stood for a little, thinking, singing to herself. Oh, yes, he had watched her. Why had he watched? Sly eyes shifted a little. It was the business of a servant to watch, to know at once if he was wanted, but the Mukgala had wanted nothing. She had gone presently into her own room, and the boy who had been there sweeping she had told to go outside. For half an hour she had moved about in the room. He had heard her moving, but, of course, he had not seen what she was doing. Then she had come out and her dress was changed. She was in khaki, like the Bwana wore, and she had her hat on, and she carried a small bag in her hand. They had waited to see if she would call them, but she had not called. She had gone, walking swiftly, among the coffee trees without looking back. No, they had not followed. Why should they follow? The Mukgala had not wanted them. Often she would go out like that alone, she would stay out alone. The man's eyes shifted again. Never before had they seen her carrying a bag. Yes, and now the master questioned, certainly they had heard a sound like a piki piki going past on the road about a quarter of an hour after the Mukgala left. They had thought that it would be the piki piki of the Kabaka. Often he rode thus to the house in the morning and sat listening while the Mukgala played on the box that makes music. At this the sly eyes rested for a second on Dick's face, but the piki piki had not come to the house, it had gone straight on down the road.

The sly hints, the veiled allusions, swept over Dick's head. He was in no mood to see anything but the glaring truth. Ninon had gone. It was ridiculous to suppose that she could

have gone far. He must follow, he must find her. He stormed through the house, shouted directions, and was off again in his motor-car before the servants had had time to obey. He had no idea which road to take, where to follow, since there was no lead. He drove furiously, unthinkingly, and quite instinctively his hands steered him towards the Moultrays' place.

Behind him, on the veranda of the house he had left, the servants gathered together again, squatted down on their haunches and gave free vent to the suspicion that had invaded their minds. All this fuss about a woman! Truly the white men were peculiar in their doings. Long ago the master should have taken a stick to his wife. She had neither worked for him nor amused him. All these months she had merely eaten his money, and now that she was gone—sly nod confirmed sly nod, they had their own ideas as to where she had gone to—here was the master beside himself with rage—oh, yes, and sorrow. They had seen the sorrow working behind the anger on the white face. Truly the ways of the white men were strange.

"And if he catch her," nodded the oldest and most wise in European law, "there will yet be no beating. They do not beat their women folk, the white men. That is why, great though they may be amongst us, they have no power in their own home. For of what use is a man's strength if he knows not how to keep his women in order?"

CHAPTER XII

"The Hill of Zidoki"

*"White wisdom you white men gave me,
And what has it brought to my heart?
Hate of my father's customs!
Hate! While I play my part,
A mimic king, in a land that sleeps,
While my heart, for the sake of its dead
dream, weeps."*

THE embuga of Zidoki, the English two-storied house he had built for himself on his return from England, stood high on a lonely hill that acted, as it were, as outpost to the range of hills that lay behind. The summit of Zidoki's hill was crowned by his house. It stood out glaringly white and civilized, in defiance, it almost seemed, of its essentially native background. For the slopes of Zidoki's hill were still thickly planted with banana groves, the palisade of his enclosure encircled a small city of native huts; the great drum of Zidoki's father occupied a site of honour; the vultures, whose great grandparents had fed on the flesh of Dunfardu's sacrifices, still perched in ghoully expectation on the two gaunt trees that marked the entrance to the gate. And all Zidoki's improvements, his tennis court, his bathing pool, his wide sweep of drive that he had had designed for his motor-car, had fallen into disuse. The rains had washed the road away; the tennis court was a place where the ragged guards of Zidoki's palace practised

their rather ridiculous travesty of English drill; the swimming bath had become a foul mosquito-breeding pond of stagnant water. Only the house remained, and even the house seemed to testify in some sort of way to the failure of Zidoki's dreams, the downfall of his ideals. So English it tried to appear, so seamed over it was with native customs and habits and thought. There was an inconceivable accumulation of rubbish round the house, swept for the most part out of sight round to the back, but horribly visible on those days when the keen wind from the hills nosed out its retreat and blew it about again. Its outward washing of white was woe-

hands towards the unobtainable. At other times, when Mr. Luck's smuggled whisky had worked its evil charm, Zidoki would sit, huddled up in the state arm-chair he had had imported from London, and he would dream the wildest, most impossible dreams. Seeing himself a king such as his grandfather had been, swaying his country as he willed, taking to himself what his eye coveted, his hands desired. And through



"Bill glanced up at her, a little shrewdness awake for the moment in his eyes"—p. 823

Drawn by
P. B. Hickling

fully cracked and stained; white ants, grim forerunners of decay and destruction, were everywhere, eating their way unseen into the woodwork, visible where they ran their innumerable tunnels of red earth over walls and ceilings.

Long ago Zidoki had given up the battle against white ants; given up, too, that other more insidious, more nerve-racking battle against old customs, old beliefs, old swamping habits. There was only the one thing left in his life that could in any way remind him of the dreams and hopes with which he had first conceived and built this house, and that one thing was his love for the white woman. A love which in its utterance could bring him nothing but scorn and fierce hatred from the white men whose teaching he had so painfully acquired. Quite often Zidoki was aware of this fact himself—knew that if his secret were guessed at he would be looked upon, even by the woman herself, as an unclean outcast who dared to reach

all these dreams there moved always the figure of the white woman, but not even in his drink-fuddled thoughts did he touch her other than with reverence, do aught but homage to the fair white beauty that she gave. The soul of the white man—if one can truthfully say that there is any difference in the colouring of souls—flared up there behind the thick black crust of his nature's teaching. He loved the woman as he had learnt to know love in the teaching of that white Christ his soul had once faintly glimpsed at. Loved her and left her untouched by all that was grossly vile in his life.

Mr. Luck's motor-car stuck at ascending the last bit of hill leading to Zidoki's embuga. It nearly always did stick there. Generally there would be a little crowd of porters waiting for it, and from thence onwards Mr. Luck's mysterious loads would be carted up on the heads of a strangely silent safari. For where the ordinary porter will nearly always break into

THE QUIVER

song as he swaggers along under his head load, Mr. Luck's porters were well trained to silence. Zidoki's embuga might be 200 miles from European supervision, but Mr. Luck was taking no risks. It is illicit to smuggle whisky anywhere; it does not improve matters when it is the reigning king of a European protectorate that you are trying to oblige in this way. Mr. Luck always arrived in the dark, and slid away in the dark. Sometimes he would stay for a day or two, occupying the tastefully furnished guest chambers in Zidoki's white house, casting veiled aspersions on Zidoki's good-natured acquiescence to the stupid rules and regulations of a grandmotherly government. For thus would Mr. Luck describe the Government's endeavours to prevent Zidoki drinking himself to death.

On this particular occasion Mr. Luck had said he did not intend staying at the embuga. He had, in his own language, "other fish to fry."

He was going to deposit his goods and glide away again on the road that led from the mountains to the coast, but if you rely on a motor to transport you from place to place, you have also to be dependent on the whims of motors, and, faced with an African native road, a motor-car can be very whimsical.

Something had gone wrong with Mr. Luck's motor. For the last three miles it had wheezed and refused to change gear and come to periodical full stops. As the hill of the king's embuga came in sight, a faint shadow against the darkening hills behind, Mr. Luck turned to the other two occupants of his car and grunted his ultimatum.

"Shall have to spend the night at Zidoki's," he said. "It's a nuisance but it can't be helped."

"But where shall we sleep, Thomas?" the so-called Mrs. Luck asked. She was a meagre, savage-faced woman over thirty, and not yet forty, but with a bitterness which no old age could soften stamped on her face. She had accepted Ninon's presence in their caravan as she accepted all the other items of Luck's illegal career. No one knew why she stayed with the man, why she accepted his taunts, bore his abuse, worked and, in her way, fought for him. Sometimes if she were looking at him and thought no one else watched, one could have sworn there was hate in her eyes. Yet if Luck were ill he could have had no more assiduous, patient nurse.

Once or twice during the long day Ninon had stolen glances at the woman sitting by her side, striving to read the secret hidden behind the set, indifferent face. But she had not talked, she had not ventured to talk, and beyond mentioning the things she had bought and stating the price, Mrs. Luck had said nothing. During the halt for the midday meal, which had occurred at Zamboto, a place about one hundred miles out from Zadaka, where they had been joined by Mrs. Luck, Luck had briefly outlined what he proposed to do.

"I had very little time to work things out, Mrs. Sutley," he said confidentially to Ninon, eyeing her over his sandwich with appraising eyes as if he were trying to sum up her ultimate value to himself.

"Your proposal, you must remember, was a bolt from the blue. I am only too anxious and pleased to do what I can for you, but your presence with us means entirely revising my plans. You will not have to blame me if the trip is a little uncomfortable. We must take a more unbeaten track. The road may be bad. I know nothing of the camps we shall have to put up with."

"Please don't think of me," said Ninon hurriedly. "I am only so sorry if I make you and—" She hesitated, her eyes on the other woman's face, and Luck broke in with an artificial chuckle.

"Oh, Matilde does not mind or count," he said. "Do you, my dear?"

The woman lifted her eyes and looked at him. "It certainly does not matter to me," she agreed dryly. "I told the boys we would camp at Bwanga to-night; was that right?"

"Yes, that's right," nodded Luck. "Constant can take the motor-bike there and wait for us. I shall drive the car myself to Zidoki's. It may make us a little late—possibly midnight before we reach camp. Will you mind, Mrs. Sutley?"

But Ninon did not mind anything. Like someone who has taken a decisive step into disaster, she was feeling numbed and stupid, not wishful to arrange her thoughts in any order, anxious only for distraction which would help her to forget.

She hardly found that in the continued drive. Matilde, her head propped perilously against the shaking sides of the car, dropped asleep. She was evidently used to sleeping in strange places and positions, but she slept almost as grimly as she moved through her waking life; no softening in the lines of her set face; no weakness showing in the firmness of her close shut lips.

Luck, driving in the front of the car, his claw-like hands gripping the wheel, whistled continuously; a monotonous scarce heard sound of some music-hall refrain. Ninon tried leaning back and shutting her eyes, but the bumping of the car jerked her upright again. Behind her closed lids she could vision nothing but Dick's face as he had come to her out of the dusk the night before.

She opened her eyes again, and the hot sun-flecked earth, slipping past on either side, green-dotted with trees, red-patched with ant heaps, brought no comfort to her soul, no ease to her aching thoughts.

Then suddenly the mountains slid into sight, a black range of strength and splendour, shadowed by some strange glory from the setting sun. The mountains spoke to Ninon, for some reason or other, as nothing else had been able to do in all her small, petty life. How small, how petty it had been! She seemed to sense

that now. A thing of shallow pretence, of stupid folly. The mountains were like the grandeur of eternal life, eternal love. Slowly the sun slipped out of sight, the sky behind the hills flaming to scarlet at his going. The shadows gathered about the mountains, veiled them with soft darkness. For a minute or two against their deeper blackness the hill of Zidoki's embuga showed out, though she did not know it as such, or even, for that matter, see it. Her eyes were blinded with swift tears. They ran down her cheeks and splashed on to her open hands. The car stopped with one of its unexpected snorts of dismay and Matilde sat erect, with wide-open eyes.

It is to be presumed that in that pause, while Luck climbed from his seat and with many harsh words readjusted whatever it was that had temporarily interfered with the working of his car, Matilde noticed the painful emotion of her companion. Anyway, as they jerked and bumped onwards again, sitting very erect with eyes staring into the darkness that had by now settled down over the road in front of them, she said, apropos of nothing apparently:

"Regret is a great waste of time, Mrs. Sutley. I suppose you are hardly old enough to have learnt that lesson yet?"

"I wasn't exactly regretting," Ninon explained. "At least, not regretting that I came on this trip. I had to do that. Only all the rest of it, all my life, I mean," she spoke with sudden passion, "seems to have been so useless, so—so selfish."

Matilde nodded, mouth grim, eyes brooding on the darkness. "Yes, selfishness is a waste of time too," she agreed. "Though there are some people who seem to prosper exceedingly well on it."

They did not speak again, and a quarter of an hour later the motor-car came to a final stop and Luck delivered his ultimatum.

"We shall sleep in our young friend's guest chambers," he answered Matilde's question. "They are very artistically if somewhat overfurnished. It may amuse Mrs. Sutley to see a native aping the manners and surroundings of a white man. Not that poor old Zidoki is succeeding very well. He and his place run more to seed every time I see them."

Ninon drew back a little; she felt herself flushing. "I know the Kabaka quite well," she said. "I would much rather not go to his house if it is possible to avoid it."

"It is unavoidable," said Luck. "If it had not been for the dark she would have seen his eyes glinting at her. There had been times when a sufficiency of drink had persuaded Zidoki to put even his dearest dream into maudlin, half meaningless words. 'You could not stay in the car by yourself, and Matilde and I are too old campaigners to risk a night in the open in these parts. Besides, Matilde is quite fond of young Zidoki, aren't you, my dear?'"

"I am sorry for him," answered the woman, "and ashamed of ourselves. Don't let us argue about things, Thomas."

"Always a quick decider, Matilde," chuckled Luck. "You should take a leaf out of her book, Mrs. Sutley, it saves so much trouble. Ah, here come my crowd. Now we shall be able to follow your advice, my dear."

Shadowy forms approached them out of the bananas, resolved themselves under the motor lamps into a band of scantily clothed porters. The unloading of the car was quick, efficient and silent. Then, with the help of a few of the remaining porters, the car was run under the shade of some big bananas, covered over with its cloth, and the three white people turned to climb the hill.

Ninon was, as she had said, distressed and disturbed at the idea of meeting Zidoki. For the last two months she had seen less of him than usual, because, as she had heard, he had been living out at his ancestral home, not in the house which he sometimes occupied in Zadaka, but her memories of him were all of the courtly, well-trained boy who had sat and listened to her playing, who had offered her obvious, if silent and humble homage. She did not like the idea of his meeting her under these conditions, with such companions. Still, she could see there was no help for it, she could only nerve herself to go through with it as best she could.

Flaming torches met their arrival at the gates of the palisade. The vultures, disturbed from their slumbers, raised discordant noises and flapped great wings, hopping among the branches like some species of unclean ghouls, and though outside the palisade and coming up the hill all had been secretive and quiet, here, within the king's enclosure, there was tumult and noise, confusion and shouting. The loads had been expected, but not the white guests. The crowd surged round them, staring with curious eyes, passing the word of their arrival backwards and forwards. A runner went ahead to inform Zidoki of their coming, and suddenly with a great shattering noise the drum of Zidoki gave forth its welcome.

He was waiting on the steps of the house to greet them. Here the torches gave way to poor-spirited hurricane lamps, and in their light Zidoki, dressed in his white robe, his brown and gold cloak of chieftainship, appeared insignificant, drab. There was none of the splendour of barbarism about him. The vultures and the torches and the shifting crowd had been more in keeping with the night, and the glamour of the night. The white house looked like some badly kept, ill-cared-for dwelling: the servants grouped behind the king were dirty, untidy, slovenly in their semi-European clothes, which a native loves to assume on every possible occasion.

Zidoki could not see who the two women were behind Luck. Luck he knew well, and, when sober, he was more contemptuous of Luck than even the Europeans of Zadaka. A little of this indifferent contempt sounded in his welcome. He spoke as no native ever dreams of speaking to a self-respecting white man.

THE QUIVER

"Hallo, Luck," he said, and the faultless English coming from such a person in such a place brought a little shiver of surprise to Ninon, even though she knew the boy so well. "Had another breakdown? Want a bed for the night? You've brought your own supplies with you, I suppose?"

He did not hold out his hand. He never shook hands with Luck. He had never wanted to from the day when Luck had first suggested that he could be provided with as much whisky as he wanted if only he went the right way about it.

Luck ran up the steps and put an uninvited hand on Zidoki's arm.

"Yes," he agreed, "another breakdown, and we all want beds the night. I've brought my mem-sahib with me, Zidoki, and Mrs. Sutley is with us."

Like strings of wire that knotted under his hand, he felt the muscles of Zidoki's arm tighten. Luck had learnt what he wanted to learn. He took his hand away.

"You know Mrs. Sutley, eh?" he asked; and then in an added confidential whisper, "I'll explain afterwards; don't show any surprise now, there's a good lad."

Very slowly, very gravely, Zidoki went down the steps. There was something kingly in his carriage, but in his heart was hot burning shame. The sordidness of everything that was his, the poor battered assumption of European dignity that he had tried to attain to and failed to maintain, cut at his very soul. He hated it all, hated his mock kingship, his tawdry show of power. She had never seen him like this. He thought he could read scorn in the white face that looked away from him, in the eyes that would not meet his, and the fancied scorn whipped something primitive and cruel to life in his mind. He had tried to be a white man and he had failed. Let him then live to the full as a native. Let no squeamish, half-mastered knowledge of chivalry stop him from taking what he could by force.

Nothing of this was visible on his face, though. A black skin covers a man's soul like a mask better than any white skin can do.

"Welcome to the hill of Zidoki, Mrs. Sutley," said the king, and just for a second he held her hand warm and firm in his own.

CHAPTER XIII

Black Hands

*"'Tis said God judges in the end—At least
He will see clear—which conquered—man or
beast!"*

SHE is of more value than whisky, eh, Zidoki?" leered Luck. He sat at one side of the small wooden table, his chin in his hands, his eyes watching Zidoki. He had watched him like this for the last hour, pushing the whisky bottle across at stated intervals, helping himself, since Zidoki seemed unwilling to share in the generous temptation.

And all the time he had hinted and suggested and skirted round a proposition that he intended sooner or later to make. There was only one passion in Luck's life—his desire for money. He had no sense of honour, no morals of any sort, no qualms of any description. In this infatuation of Zidoki's, in this entanglement of the white woman, he saw only a chance of profit to himself. He had not come to the point at once, because he intended the profit to be large, as large as he had yet extracted from Zidoki, and he had worked for so many years among natives that to deal openly about anything would have been impossible to him.

Zidoki lifted heavy eyes to look at him. To-night there was something about his face that would have reminded anyone who had known him of Dunfardu—heavy-lidded, cruel-mouthed, shifty of eye. Luck had known Dunfardu, but he was too wrapped up in his own schemes to pay any attention to fancied resemblances.

"Eh?" he said again. "What will you pay me for the woman, Zidoki?"

"Is she to be bought for money?" asked Zidoki. "Is she yours to sell?"

"Oh, well, come now, Zidoki. Selling is a hard word." Luck's hand reached out for the whisky—he helped both glasses copiously. "It is for my friendship, my thought of you, that you pay. There are very few men that would take the risk I am taking."

"Yes, there are very few men," agreed Zidoki; his lips curled in a sneer. "And how much is it you ask, Mr. Luck?"

"I don't think five thousand rupees too much," answered Luck. "Five thousand rupees and Matilde and I clear out to-night without another word said." He leant forward, tapping his fingers on the table. "The woman has run away from her husband, Zidoki. She knew I was coming here. She asked me to bring her."

A flush, visible as a glow of fire, showed behind the dark skin. Zidoki's lips twitched. "She asked you to bring her?" he repeated.

"She most certainly did," Luck nodded. "Am I likely to burden my travel with another woman if I hadn't been asked? But she said, 'Help me,' and I hadn't the heart to refuse." He chuckled. "They'll not think to look for her here, Zidoki."

Zidoki pushed back his chair and stood up. "Five thousand rupees, eh?" Luck reminded him. "You've got it here, I expect. You are like a wise Irishman—you keep your money in a stocking, Zidoki?"

"Yes, I have it here," the other answered. "It shall be yours."

He seemed to be speaking in some sort of a trance. His eyes stared out in front of him, his mouth twitched, his hands were clenched on the whip of hippo hide that he held.

Luck heaved a sigh of relief, and rose too, stretching his lean person. He had been afraid that the thing swayed in the balance; once or twice he had even seen failure in front of him, and he wanted the money, only his own crooked soul knew how much he wanted the money.



"I have brought you your five thousand
rupees," said Zidoki"—p. 831

Drawn by
P. B. Hickling

THE QUIVER

"That is all right, then," he said. "Matilde and I will creep away. The sooner the better, eh, Zidoki? You had better get us out of the way as quickly as possible."

"I will send the money to you here," said Zidoki. He did not once glance at the man he was speaking to. "You will wait for it here, Mr. Luck."

And on that he had gone, striding with great eager steps, his face fierce with hot emotion.

In her little room at the end of the passage, where Luck and Matilde had their rooms, Ninon heard his quick steps, saw the door shake as his hand sought for and found the handle. She was on her feet in a moment, facing the door, unnamable terror choking the cry that should have risen to her lips. It was as though every nerve in her body throbbed instinctively to danger. She did not put her fear into thoughts or words, it was just there. She was quite satisfied that there was good reason for its being there. The solitary lamp on the table that stood near her bed cast but a poor illumination over the room. It left her tense standing figure in shadow; showed up, as if with some malignant purpose, the opening door, the figure that stood there, glinted on the black face, threw into relief the white eyeballs of the staring, eager eyes.

Zidoki came in quickly, shutting the door behind him with a little rasping sound. He came forward into the room, beyond the circle of lamplight. The two of them stood in the shadows staring at each other, and, with the lamp behind him, he could define her white terrified face, the hands that clutched at her heart. She was afraid, horribly, terribly afraid. Something fell from Zidoki, the evil of his fathers shrank away. In spirit he was back again in the old cool, softly shaded church in England. The church in which he had first learnt to dream, to love ideals, and a great shivering shook him. The passion that Luck's skill had fanned to life leered at him from his own soul; the hideousness of what he had thought to do mouthed at him from the shadows behind where the girl stood. He had to moisten dry, hard lips before he could speak.

"You are afraid," he said. It was almost a whisper. "Of what are you afraid, Mrs. Sutley?"

She could not see his face, had only the memory of what she had seen in the doorway. The hysteria of fear shook a sob from her.

"Of you," she panted, "of you. Your black face, black hands. Oh, they are horrible, horrible, and I have nothing here to kill myself with before they touch me."

He should have laughed at that. Dunfard would have laughed, throwing back his great head, letting the sounds gurgles in his throat. So Dunfard had laughed when he had meant to kill and take joy from the killing. But Zidoki did not laugh—he stood quite still and stared at her, and his eyes were like the eyes of a dumb animal in pain. Then he spoke slowly, jerkily.

"You have always hated my hands, my black hands?" he said.

And Ninon, not seeing his eyes, answered quickly, fingers clenched in an agony of fear.

"Yes, oh, yes. Hated them, hated you. It was difficult to be nice, only I didn't want to hurt your feelings."

"I see," said Zidoki. He looked at his hands, rubbing them a little, passing them across his eyes as though he brushed away some last faint illusion of hope. Then he looked up at her.

"I am sorry," he said. "Yet you need not have been afraid. As much as I am able to love—I have loved you. Does it anger you to know that? Then again I am sorry. You can forget it very quickly."

He turned to the door. He passed through the circle of lamplight and out again. He opened the door and went, closing it quietly behind him.

For a second she stood fear-shaken, her knees weak under her. She stumbled to a chair and sat down in it, hiding her face in her hands. Her terror seemed absurd in the face of his gentle, quiet acceptance of her rebuff, and yet she stayed most woefully afraid. Something had happened to alter his purpose, but she had seen that purpose shining in his eyes as he had stood in her doorway. It could only be postponed, not vanquished. She must go along to the Lucks' room, she must spend the night with them, whatever they thought. She was too nervous to sleep alone, she would explain that to them. She was about to rise and carry out her purpose when the door opened again. The woman Matilde stood in the opening.

"I thought I heard you cry out," she said. "I certainly heard someone come along the passage. Is anything the matter?"

Ninon ran to her, caught at her with hands that trembled. "Oh, I've been afraid," she said, "so terribly afraid. He, that native—Zidoki—has been here."

Matilde stood with one arm round her. There was something a little contemptuous in the eyes that studied the room over Ninon's head, but there was uneasiness as well.

"Humph," said Matilde. "Well, he has only frightened you, eh? He's gone away? I feel restless myself. Something is on foot, I don't know what, and Luck hasn't come up to the rooms. I don't trust Luck when I can't see him. Was Zidoki drunk?"

"I don't think so," said Ninon. "And yet he must have been to have dared to come to my room like that."

"Oh, I don't know." Matilde shrugged her shoulders. "Personally I think it was very fortunate for you that he was sober. I bet Luck has been trying to make him drunk all evening. That is Luck's way of making money. I'll stay with you." She loosed her arm and moved into the room. "You are evidently not up to looking after yourself. Zidoki is a nice lad when let alone, but no man is nice when he is drunk, let alone a native."

She would have said something more, but a sudden sound stopped her. She turned to the door, her face sharpened, her eyes almost savage.

"What was that?" she said. "Did you hear anything?"

And before Ninon could answer the stillness of the house was suddenly, horribly rent by a shriek. A shriek scarce human that ended in the whining howl of a wounded dog.

Luck had grown rather tired of waiting for his 5,000 rupees. He had tried doing several things to pass the time. He had played a game of patience—he always carried a pack of cards in his pocket. He had turned his back on thought, since thought at the moment was uncomfortable, and whistled several tunes instead, and he had consumed a great deal of drink. This delay was tiresome. Matilde and he could have been well on the road by now with 5,000 rupees in his pocket. There was nothing wrong with the car—nothing, that was to say, that could not be set right by five minutes' quick work.

But though he had drunk a great deal he was not in any sense drunk when finally Zidoki opened the door and came in to him. Indeed, his senses were so sharpened by the whisky that they sprang at once to the danger of what lurked in Zidoki's face. Had the native stood before him with blood dripping from hands and face, Luck could not have been more certain that there was murder in the air. Yet why! For Zidoki carried in one hand a sack of some dried goat skin, the contents of which jingled as he put it down on the table, and if his other hand still clenched the hippo whip, he had had that when Luck had spoken to him before.

"I have brought your five thousand rupees," said Zidoki. His voice was strangely quiet, even; he never took his eyes from Mr. Luck's face. "The five thousand rupees, Mr. Luck, with which you have tried to buy my soul."

Mr. Luck scraped back his chair and scrambled to his feet. If Zidoki was going to talk about souls he felt safer. The fleeting impression which he had got at Zidoki's entrance had been of something bestial, dangerous. Souls, he reckoned, were not dangerous; they

were a part of that silly sentiment called religion.

"Oh, come now, Zidoki," he chaffed. "What in the world should I do with a soul? Besides, I'm the seller in this little transaction. You are the buyer. Shall I count them?"

"Yes," said Zidoki, "I am the buyer. To-night I buy my freedom." He threw back his head. Luck saw with a little thrill of dismay what a big man he was, noticed the bull-like muscles on the brown chest.

"And like Dunfardu," thought Luck for the first time. "By Jove! like Dunfardu."

The likeness leapt at him as Zidoki suddenly leant forward and blazed black eyes at him.

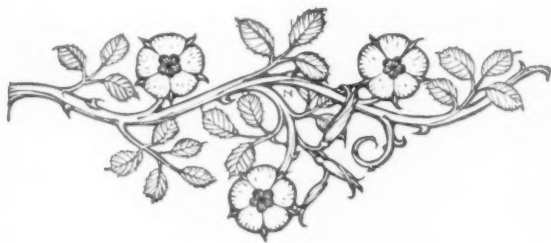
"The counting shall come afterwards, Mr. Luck, when I am dead," said Zidoki in his excellent English. "But before you count, there are two things that must be done—you must be beaten, and I must die."

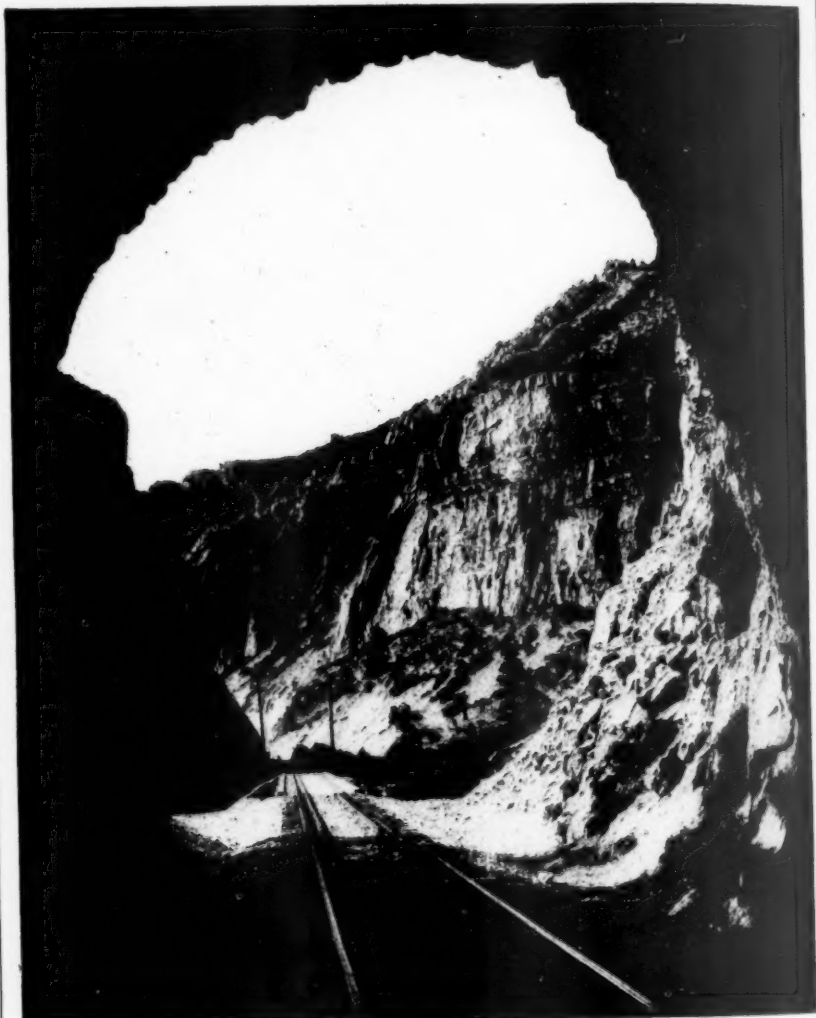
"No," squealed Luck. It was in truth a squeal, and it referred to his own beating, not to Zidoki's death. "No, no, no!"

The sounds, shrill, agonized, filled the room, penetrated to outside and absorbed themselves into the rising wind that blew from the hills. If the natives outside heard they shrugged indifferent shoulders, drawing closer together and whispering. What the king chose to do was no concern of theirs, and they knew it was not the king who cried. Such sounds must come from a woman or a fool. So Luck shrieked on, squirming and leaping under the merciless lash of the hippo hide. His strength exhausted itself, the shrieks died into moans, blood flecked his tortured lips, oozed out from the rents in his cut clothes.

He lay still and shattered, and Zidoki stood upright again, flinging aside the whip. His passion, his lust, had vented themselves thus, his manhood was satisfied. His face, as he stood there, was terrible, haunted by God knows what visions, what dead, murdered hopes. Then, slowly, he slid his right hand into the opening of his white garment and drew forth a revolver, looked to see if it was loaded, lifted it, muzzle against his forehead, and fired.

(End of Chapter Thirteen)





Looking along the line from one of the tunnels in Sixteen-Mile Canyon, Montana, U.S.A.

Why not a holiday in America? Not a hot week or fortnight in New York, but a properly arranged visit to the real beauty spots of the United States and Canada.

Here is one of the wild scenes that the traveller in the Western States can view from his railway carriage window—but there are plenty of other wonderful experiences which can be obtained if he uses common sense and a little knowledge. (*See the article on the next page.*)

A Holiday in America

How Best to Do the Trip

By

Agnès M. Miall

"OH, I just lazed about New York and had dozens of iced drinks. Whew! wasn't it hot?"

So an Englishman I know summarized for me his month's transatlantic trip. Many others who go in increasing numbers from this side every summer do pretty much the same. Yet it is emphatically *not* the way to spend that most stimulating experience, an American holiday.

Do not Stay in New York

For one thing, New York, a city even larger than London and with a much hotter climate, is neither cool nor particularly healthy in the dog-days; New Yorkers themselves fly to the country if they possibly can, and so it is largely deserted by its ordinary inhabitants.

Even if it were not, New York, like every other big port anywhere, is quite untypical of the country to which it belongs. Filled perpetually with a vast tide of newly arrived foreign immigrants and visitors, it is less American than any other American city. Do they not say of it there: "New York is a city inhabited by Jews, governed by Irishmen, and occasionally visited by Americans"? Far and away the best holiday in the United States is one which only glimpses briefly at New York and fills up most of the time at spots which are more worth while from the point of view of the average Englishman.

How Best to Cross

Most British holiday-makers in America are there for only a few weeks, and have a very limited amount of money to spend. Their trip needs quite different planning from that of the wealthier or more leisured people who will be able to view the wonders of the Western States, and I purpose dealing with the two types of holiday separately.

First, as regards the voyage across, which, with the good weather that mostly prevails in the summer months, is as enjoyable a part of the trip as any.

The passenger who wants to do the holi-

day reasonably (say a month's absence on £100 to £200) must realize from the start that he cannot afford the luxuries of ocean travel. He must be content with a second-class passage both ways.

There is absolutely no hardship in this. People who declare that they wouldn't travel second-class for anything are either very snobbish, luxurious beyond middle-class English life, or ignorant of this type of accommodation on ocean liners. I can state from experience that the second-cabin standard of living is as high as that in the average English home—in some ways higher, since one is waited on on board ship in a way reminiscent of the good old days of cheap and plentiful maids.

The minimum second-class fare from an English port to New York is about £30; the minimum first-class about £51. Both these figures are for the single journey, and to them must be added the railway fare to the port of embarkation and tips on board. It is worth paying a pound or two extra for accommodation in a two- instead of a four-berthed cabin.

Some Hints Worth Noting

In summer, when the liners are always crowded, it is advisable to see to such matters as one's seat at table, the fixing of one's bath hour, and the hiring of a deck-chair as soon as possible after sailing, or one may find one-self rather "left." Second-class ships' libraries rarely amount to anything, so take your own supply of any reading matter you are likely to want on the voyage.

The traveller whose purse is limited should see that his luggage is limited too. American railways do not carry anything free of charge, and the express companies who handle one's baggage charge by the number of trunks. It is an economical plan to take only one and a suit-case. Other expensive items in the United States, to be avoided by those of slender purses, are telegrams and taxi-cabs. The latter are seldom necessary, as luggage can always

THE QUIVER

be "checked," as the term is, from station to hotel, or from one place to another.

Even the holiday-maker with only a fortnight or so to spend on American soil will want to have a few days in New York to start with. This need not be a very expensive proposition if care is taken.

The fashionable part of New York is the district around Forty-Fifth Street and Broadway. By avoiding this part and going a little farther down-town to about Thirtieth Street, the holiday-maker will be

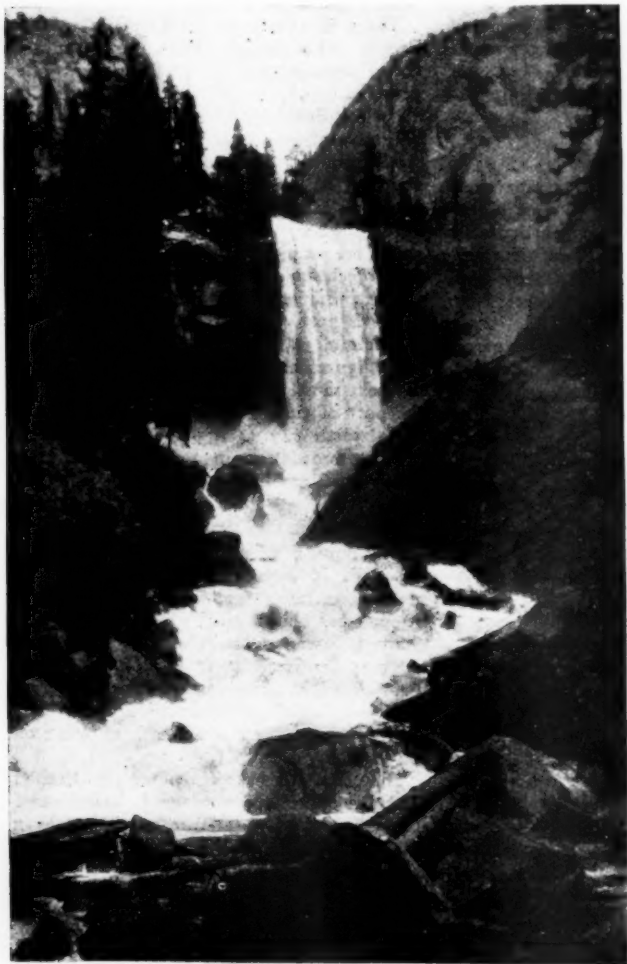
quite as central, and will find prices lower. At the time of writing the American exchange stands at about 4.40 dollars to the pound sterling, but as it may vary considerably from this figure by the time this article appears, in quoting the English equivalents of American prices I shall reckon at the normal pre-war rate.

At a comfortable but not luxurious New York hotel one can get a bedroom for two dollars (8s.), or two and a half dollars (10s.) a night. This includes bath, but *not* a

private bathroom adjoining the bedroom. In America breakfast is always charged separately.

In this class of hotel meals should cost: Breakfast, from 40 cents (1s. 8d.) to 80 cents (3s. 4d.), according to whether it is a light American or heavy English repast; lunch, say 70 cents (2s. 10d.); dinner, 85 cents (3s. 6½d.) to one dollar (4s. 2d.). Afternoon tea is rarely taken in America, and the beverage of that name, as served there, is always disliked by English people. It is far better to do without it.

New York sight-seeing trips by motor-coach are to be avoided, for the "sights" they show consist almost entirely of millionaires' fifty-thousand-dollar residences, the church where the Duchess of Marlborough (an American) was married, and other things of the same type which do not appeal in the least to English people. The best sights in the city can be seen by the holi-



**A Glorious Scene in the
Yosemite Valley, California**

It is well worth the long journey to see this wonderful valley.

Photo:
James Price

A HOLIDAY IN AMERICA

day-maker on his own account, and cost nothing. I mean such things as the magnificent American stores, in which one can pass several hours seeing everything without spending a penny; there are escorted tours all over them, and frequently free concerts of a high type. Greenwich Village, New York's Bohemia, is also fascinating.

The comparatively old and interesting down-town section, round about Wall Street and the Battery, repays inspection; and a sight well worth while is to go up the Woolworth or some other sky-scraper in an express elevator to the roof. No charge is made, and from this height, forty storeys above the street, there are magnificent views over New York Harbour and the Hudson River.

There is the fine collection in the Metropolitan Art Museum for the picture enthusiast, but the average English visitor can see all the masterpieces he cares to in Europe, and would do well to devote his few precious weeks across the Atlantic to things he cannot find at home.

The limited holiday-maker, as I may call him for convenience, cannot hope to get far west; but within his range are Philadelphia, Washington, Niagara, and the beautiful Hudson River scenery. Fortunately for him the most historically interesting parts of America are within reach of the Atlantic, including fascinating old Boston, about five hours by rail north of New York.

Philadelphia, on the direct line to Washington, is a two hours' journey from New York; thence onwards to the capital is another three to four hours. The best of the Hudson scenery is within a hundred miles of New York. Niagara is farther.

As regards the cost of railway travelling,



Scenery of
Another Kind!

Looking down the deep canyon of giant sky-scrappers into Wall Street, hub of American finance, New York.

Photo:
Realistic Travels

the rate per mile for the ordinary day coaches is about the same as in this country, since the war tax of 8 per cent. on travelling was abolished last January. It is the sleepers which make American trains costly, but these are not necessary for any of the trips mentioned, except, perhaps, in the case of Niagara.

Philadelphia, unlike most American cities, which are apt to resemble each other as peas in a pod, has a distinct atmosphere of its own. Its streets are narrow, and it is still quite noticeably the old Quaker city,

THE QUIVER

with streets of sober, straight-fronted Colonial houses that recall the peaceful gravity of Amsterdam. It is interesting for its close association with the Revolution (here the Declaration of Independence was signed and the first Stars and Stripes sewn together), and for its huge and beautiful parks, kept largely in their natural wild condition.

After the bustle and scurry of New York, Philadelphia is refreshingly leisured. The English holiday-maker is not likely to quarrel with the comparative peace which makes scornful New Yorkers say of it, "In the midst of life we are in Philadelphia."

It is a complete contrast to Washington, D.C., of which we heard so much during the Conference last winter. Washington is noted for the fine way in which it is laid out, with broad, tree-shaded streets, and for its many magnificent modern buildings. America is doing more distinctive work in architecture at present than in any other art, as may be seen by some of the really beautiful sky-scrapers in her big cities and in such buildings as the Capitol, the new Lincoln Memorial, and the Congressional Library at Washington. The latter contains some very fine mural paintings.

But Washington has its historical as well as its modern associations. A few miles across the Potomac, in West Virginia, are two places no tourist should miss—the military cemetery at Arlington and Mount Vernon, Washington's old home.

I have seen nothing which conveys more poignantly the tragedy of war than those green stretches of hill above the Potomac, studded with their thousands and thousands of simple white crosses. At Arlington are buried most of those who fell in the Civil, the Spanish-American, and the Great Wars. The last is commemorated by the very beautiful Greek amphitheatre there, entirely of white marble, which was first used at the burial of America's Unknown Warrior.

Mount Vernon, a few miles away, is utterly charming. The old house with its attendant slave quarters, barns, spinning-rooms, and all the attributes of an eighteenth-century estate, is beautifully placed above the shining river, and is preserved as a museum with all its original furniture.

The limited traveller who wishes to see the beautiful upper reaches of the Hudson River will find it his most economical plan

to cross the Atlantic one way by a Canadian boat to or from Montreal. Between the Canadian city and New York the route lies for many miles alongside the Hudson, and stops can be made at any points desired without extra travelling costs.

George Curtis wrote of this river: "The spacious and stately characteristics of the Hudson from the Palisades to the Catskills are as epic as the loveliness of the Rhine is lyrical. The Hudson implies a continent beyond. No European river is so lordly in its bearing, none flows in such state to the sea. Of all the rivers that I know, the Hudson, with this grandeur, has the most exquisite episodes."

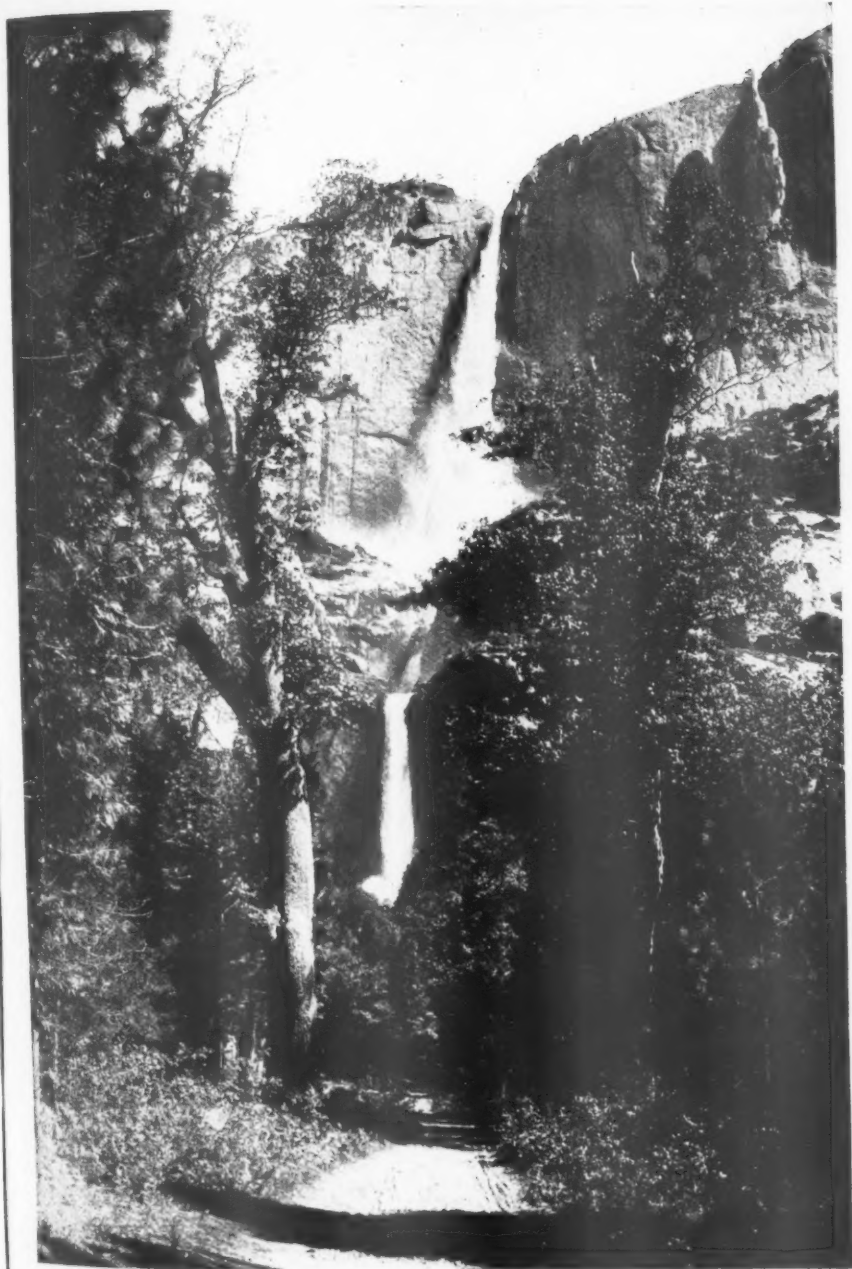
It well deserves its popularity as an American summer region, for it combines the charms of mountain ranges, large lakes like Lake George and Lake Champlain, impressive waterfalls and its own broad bosom with associations that whisper of Hudson, the courageous old pioneer, of Washington Irving, and Edgar Allan Poe. Irvington was named after Irving; Tarrytown is his delightful Sleepy Hollow. The part of the Hudson around Newburgh, called the Highlands, is particularly noted for its beauty, and here Washington had his headquarters during the Revolutionary war.

Niagara Falls are far too well known to need any description here. They are one of the noblest sights in the whole United States, and should not be missed. Buffalo is a good centre for seeing them. From it the Falls can be easily reached, and accommodation is much more reasonable there than at Niagara itself.

The holiday-maker of a few weeks who sees these places will go home feeling that he has made the most of his time. But any visitor with enough money and leisure for the considerable extra travelling involved should try to get as far west as the Rockies—and preferably through them to California the Golden.

Chicago is the best starting-point for the West. The journey from Washington to Chicago takes about eighteen hours; that from Chicago to Denver, a good centre for the Rockies and Colorado, two nights and a day; from Denver to San Francisco three days and nights. It is on these long journeys that expenses mount so heavily, for the beds and food are both costly.

In addition to the ordinary fare at about the English third-class rates (there is only



**A Superb Example
of Glorious Scenery**

*Photo:
James Press*

Yosemite Falls, the highest in the world, leap 2,600 feet in three bounds over the precipitous walls of Yosemite Valley.

THE QUIVER

one class in America) a Pullman lower-berth sleeper costs from 3½ dollars (14s.) to, on special trains, 5½ dollars (22s.) a night, and meals in the dining-car will work out at 3 dollars (12s.) or more per diem. Tourist Pullman cars, run only on certain trains, and less comfortable than the standard ones, charge only about half as much for sleeping accommodation; and both classes of cars make a reduction of 20 per cent. for upper berths.

The long American journeys need not be dreaded, for the trains are exceedingly well equipped for comfort, and observation cars on those which run through beautiful scenery enable the surroundings to be seen at their best. I know I, personally, would not miss the three days' run from Denver to San Francisco by the Rio Grande Railway, even if it only ended at Euston Station instead of in alluring California. The trip through the Royal Gorge of the Arkansas River, the Rockies, where the train ascends to a height of ten thousand feet, the Wahsatch Mountains, equally noble, over Great Salt Lake and across the desert and finally through the Sierra Nevada, descending into California by the dream-like beauty of the Feather River Canyon, is magnificent in the extreme. There are many routes to the Far West, but this should certainly not be missed, one way. The reverse journey can well be made by the Santa Fé Railway.

This, however, is anticipating. The westward-bound holiday-maker should stop in Colorado before crossing the Great Dividé. This most beautiful State has been called the Switzerland of America, and its magnificent panoramas of mountain peaks and pine-covered valleys, its rushing rivers and glaciers, vividly recall the Alps. It is a tremendously popular summer resort with Americans, having the appeal not only of its varied loveliness, but of one of the most delightful climates in the world. However hot it may be, it is always pleasantly cool in the shade and at night, and rain is extremely rare.

So much has been written of the lure of California that it is difficult to say anything which is not already hackneyed. San Francisco, with its huge and beautiful harbour, is most attractive, and, built on its many hills like a second Rome, with its Chinese and Italian quarters, has far more atmosphere than most American cities. Its blue waters, steep hills clothed in verdure,

luxuriant semi-tropical vegetation, and enormous share of sunshine give it a very Italian air.

The inland fruit-growing valleys of California are stiflingly hot in summer, and should be avoided by English visitors, but the coast is very beautiful. This may be seen from the train, which passes all along it, if one is travelling from San Francisco to Los Angeles, a distance of five hundred miles. It is a long day, for the train takes fourteen or fifteen hours, but one is repaid by the wonderful view of mountains and sea almost all the way. Or the journey may be broken up to allow of stops at such beauty spots as Santa Cruz, Carmel, and Santa Barbara. Most of these "saint" towns are the sites of the eighteenth-century Missions built by the Spaniards to convert the Indians to Christianity, and now the most interesting historical monuments in California.

The best of these to visit as a sample of the others (there were originally twenty-one, each a day's horseback journey apart from north to south of the State) is that of San Gabriel, near Los Angeles, where a pageant play is performed which vividly presents the whole story of the rise and fall of the Missions. Apart from this one excursion, Los Angeles, despite its film colony, is thoroughly commercialized and uninteresting, and the holiday-maker's time in California is better spent at San Diego, farther south, which has a most delightful temperate climate all the year round. Yosemite Valley, one of the natural wonders of America, and the giant redwood trees should not be missed.

I advise making the return journey by the Santa Fé Railway from Los Angeles or San Diego for the sake of the side-trip to the Grand Canyon in Arizona. The extra ten dollars charged for this detour are repaid the traveller over and over again. If accommodation is booked in the California Limited, a train de luxe, the four days' trip to Chicago includes a whole day spent up the Grand Canyon without any change of car or handling of baggage, as the train waits there for sightseers. Better still, if time allows, is to spend several days seeing this masterpiece of Nature—these hundreds of mountains imprisoned in a colossal gorge and gleaming with all the colours of the rainbow. The emotional, as well as the æsthetic, appeal of the Grand Canyon is probably unique and a little terrifying.



RUNNING A BUSINESS

Inside Information

THE other day I had a long talk with a successful business man—the head of a very complicated organization—and incidentally he told me some of the rules he adopts in the internal administration of his office, rules which he thought contributed largely to the successful and easy running of his establishment. I give these for what they are worth.

No Rules without Consultation

My friend told me that he avoided oral instructions; directions to his staff were written out, so that there could be no dispute afterwards. This rule, of course, has much to commend itself, though I have known the simplest instruction put down in "black and white" to be capable of an infinite variety of constructions. However, I think his next rule qualifies this. He said he never made a change in any department without consultation with the people concerned. This, of course, seems quite natural and proper, yet it is a rule more often observed in the breach than in the performance in many establishments. The chief of a business ought, theoretically, to be the best head in the place, and mostly he is, yet it stands to reason that he cannot know the details of every department like the ones actually in it. He may think that a certain course, a certain way of doing things, a change in plan or in staff, may be for the best, but, after all, the people who carry out the work have some ideas on the subject too. It may be quite right, from the employers' point of view, that every parcel for dispatch should at once be taken from the dispatch-room to the post-room, but the clerks in the dispatch-room may be able to

show very good reasons why this in practice is impossible or undesirable. At any rate, why not consult them first, before laying down an arbitrary rule?

"Implicit Obedience" ?

Another rule of a similar nature was never to give instructions without explanation. One of the first things that grave adults try to din into the child mind is, "Do what you are told without asking questions." The rule in the Army and Navy is immediate obedience to orders without asking why. No doubt this is all right in the Army and for children—but, after all, we do not have children in business nowadays, and Army methods were not exactly business methods, as any ex-Service man will tell you.

"*I thought*" not allowed."

This seems a curious kind of rule, but my friend explained that he would never allow any of his assistants to say "*I thought* such and such was to be done." He always insisted on "Be certain"—and then there were fewer possibilities of mistake. How often an assistant, or a servant, says, by way of excuse, "*I thought*"! One does not mind people thinking, but when it comes to action surely they ought to be quite certain before they do a thing, especially when their superiors are present and ready to give a ruling.

Elasticity v. Red Tape

"Liberty within limits."

My friend has a number of young girls working in his establishment. He says he does not mind them talking at their work, or singing if they like, or anything else in reason. He wants them to be happy, and then he knows he will get best work. The

THE QUIVER

same about timekeeping. It is absolutely necessary in his business that the staff should be in their place at nine o'clock, but he believes in giving them extra holidays—for reasons and without reasons! If it is a fine day, and work permits, he will not merely treat applications for time off leniently, he will tell his assistants to clear out and get the sunshine!

On the other hand, he will have no "clock-watching." He expects his workers to be genuinely interested in their work, and not be counting up the minutes till breaking-up time comes. Doubtless these two things hang together more than most employers realize. One of the most dangerous things in an office is a worker with not enough to do who cannot leave till the clock strikes a certain hour. Elasticity pays better than red tape.

Looking Ahead

In regard to wages, my friend gave me typical instances of the wages he pays. They did not seem to be anything out of the ordinary. But he had contented workers—and another rule of his was never to let them ask for an increase. Not that, actually, they were not allowed to ask for a "rise," but that he always tried to anticipate their demands, and give them an unexpected increase.

No doubt some employers will smile at this, but when you look at the matter carefully I am not sure but what this is the cheapest policy after all—and certainly the most successful. A couple of shillings a week rise sprung on an assistant by his chief is a delightful surprise; he feels he is appreciated, his work noticed. Five shillings a week wrung out of a reluctant employer gives a grim sense of satisfaction perhaps—but it leaves some amount of soreness behind. It has not the same feeling with it as a spontaneous increase of half the amount.

The Impersonal Age

So far for my friend's rules and notions. My business readers will make their own deductions, and perhaps the first of them will be that evidently my friend's establishment is not a trade union house! More and more in the business world the questions of remuneration and conditions of labour are being taken out of the hands of the individual employer and employee. Instead of Jack Smith, cap in hand, knocking at the

manager's door and timidly asking for a half a crown "rise," the trade union officials discuss with the officers of the masters' federation what the wages and hours of work shall be. If some happy formula cannot be invented there is talk of a strike or a lock-out.

The change was inevitable. After all, poor John Smith, tremblingly putting his request before his chief, was at a painful disadvantage, especially when the aforesaid boss told him that if he didn't like it he could look for another job. Unfortunately, too often the master realized his advantage—and traded on it. As a result, the trade union official.

"Hands" have Souls

It is no use deploring the change. But, on the other hand, it is very much to the point to deplore the passing of the personal relations between master and man. We grant there are economic laws, that labour is to be purchased like any other commodity and at market rates. But every business in the world is conducted not by machines, not by "hands," but by individual men and women with feelings, susceptibilities, brains, souls. Even civil servants have souls. Have you ever calculated what millions of money are lost to the country because its civil servants have to be governed by rule of thumb, red tape, orders and regulations? The man of business who wants to get the most out of his staff will remember first of all that they are human; they have their weaknesses, their pettinesses, their idiosyncrasies, and most of them are capable of really wonderful work in the hands of a clever director.

Similarly, you who talk scandal about your chief and wax eloquent on his harshness, remember, after all, he, too, is human. He has his feelings. And, besides, he has money worries that are enough these days to exasperate a saint. "Twenty-six pounds a week going in wages," said a small tradesman to me, "and if I want a job done properly I have to do it myself"—he was brushing the stairs down while the perspiration poured off his face. "One-and-six an hour for sweeping the floor—and then not done properly. Do you wonder I do it myself?"

There are still big successes to be won in business, if a little human feeling is allowed to creep in and master and man work together instead of against each other.

The Man who Failed

A Mining Camp Story

By

May Wynne

NONE of the boys ever put me wise as to how Jonas Jarbroke came to locate himself amongst the bunch at the Grey Eagle Mine. Yet, when I drifted around to the old spot, Jarry was an established fact. Not that he was a centre-piece or a favourite, but he had a place of his own as a curiosity.

Fact is, Jarry had got religion. No one knew how he got it and, still less, why he kept it, the boys not taking on the inquiry, but even Slim Socker was tolerant on the subject. They felt Jarry got what he couldn't help—a kinder moral birth-mark which gave him a mild interest with the whole gang. There was one exception, and that was the man who was pard to me, Black Martin.

Martin was a bit of crank-line himself. A handsome bloke, with the biggest mix-up of a character I've ever located. He could be a regular college boy and as full of pranks as another, but once let the devil look out from those blue eyes of his and you had to look to yourself.

When Jarry started gassing around about being almighty sinners Martin let out a growl which startled us all.

"None of that, josser," said he. "You'd better wash it out. I guess each can size up his sins for himself. Leave alone."

But Jarry was worked up into one of his pulpit moods and screeched his answer. I can see him now. For all the world it might have been an Aberdeen terrier against a wolhound, but the most curious thing of all was the little one came off winner. How he did it I don't know, but he managed it, and after that one encounter Black Martin wasn't mildly interested in our freak-stunt. If ever he could get a snarl or a grab in over Jarry he would.

And he washed out religion at the Grey Eagle. Things went on much as they do at other mining camps, though in a pretty wide locality the Grey Eagle gang had a special brand for drinking and gambling. There weren't any girls around.

This isn't a girl yarn. Not that we were

dumb on the subject. Some of us had a soft spot hidden away about as deep out of sight as soap and water with regard to old home folk. Gentleman Jim had a girl waiting for him to strike oil, and Billy-Boy had a sweetheart of the too-good-to-be-true type. Again, there were two of our bunch who never spoke of women—Jarry and Black Martin. And you ought to know Martin was not the sort of man or even pard to ask questions to.

But what set me spinning this yarn happened on the night when Jarry got what he named a "call" in the middle of a big gamble.

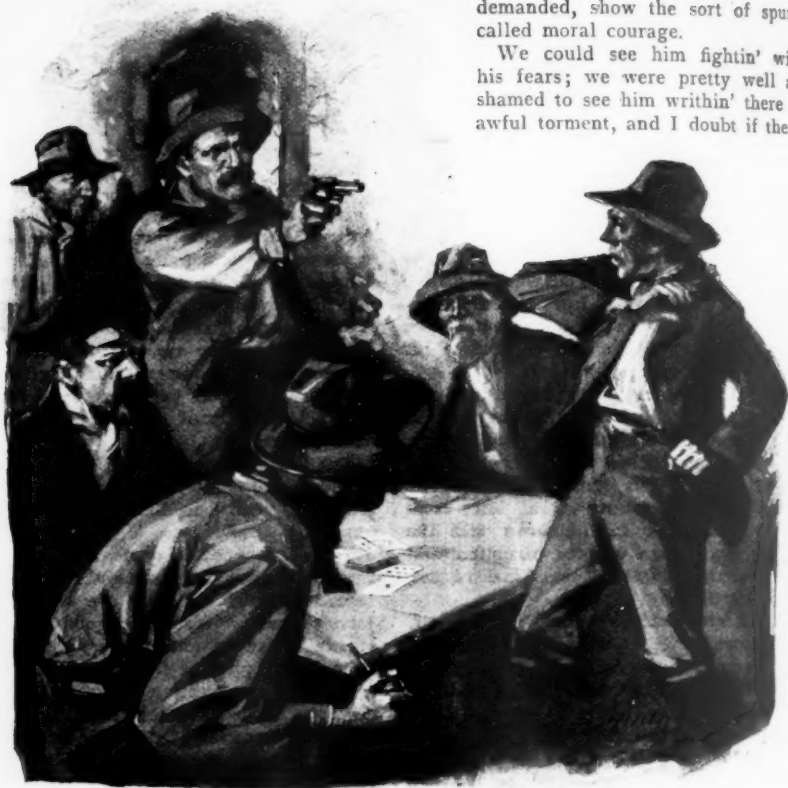
There's no need to quote what the little freak said, but he got us shamed. Yes, sure. Shamed as kids we were after Jarry's sermon. It was no good for Black Martin to swear and rage, we sat there mum; and I guess if Jarry had had a mind to call a prayer meeting he would have had his way. None knew that better than Martin. The cards lay untouched on the make-shift table; even old Phil, the biggest old booze-fighter amongst us, was on the whimper. Death, hell, and destruction yawned near enough to strike us chill in a way they never took on even in the Great War.

I kin see Martin's dare-devil face now as I saw it then in the light of the camp fire. There was a blue-devil flame in his eyes, too, as he stood up in his place. I didn't take a pull at my pipe for a full minute. The air had grown tense. None of the rest of us counted; it was between those two, Jarry and Black Martin—chaps as wide as the poles.

Mind you, Martin wasn't a drunk, and he'd hardly had a liquor up. He was dead set on gambling, and the game had been a keen one.

"We're going to figure it up right now," he said slowly. "See here, Jarbroke, you're in a bunch, and you've got to run pards between the traces. Now you'll sit down and take a hand at blind poker like the rest of us. I'm not going to be flea-bitten by a rantin' screech owl."

THE QUIVER



"Before we figured what he was doing he had his pistol out"

Drawn by
E. S. Hodgson

"It's a message given to me to bring," piped Jarry. "What for else have I got religion? There's nothing counts, Martin, like our immortal souls."

"You sit down, son," said Black Martin in queer, cold tones, "and play the old bluff stunt 'long of the rest. If you don't I reckon the immortal soul will be all that's left of you." And before we figured what he was doing he had his pistol out and held it to cover that lean little shaver with his great eyes an' lantern jaw.

We never budged. This was red drama. We knew it. Two men up against it with each other and forces we kinder only guessed at workin' like yeast.

Beads of sweat gathered on Jarry's brow. He wasn't half the man, physically, that Martin was, but we boys had cherished a sneaking hope that he might, when occasion

wasn't a man of us but hoped he'd win the game.

But not one of us doubted Black Martin meant firin'. He had it in his eyes and the set of his mouth.

Not a squeak was to be heard beyond the deep sagging of our breathin' and the tones of Martin's voice as he counted slow.

And it seemed as if a man's life would be goin' out when the number reached seven.

You'll say we oughter have chipped in.

Wait till you've truly been in a mining gang before you start that.

We didn't chip in. We watched—whilst the red flames leapt and sank and the night air struck chill in our bones. An' for all the world it minded me of when I was a kid way down in Ohio an' got a moth set on a board with a pin jabbed through its

THE MAN WHO FAILED

head. But before Martin had got to six Jarry had dropped.

Yes, he was beat, for all he'd bin so boasty about religion bein' top of every-thing. He'd bin beat by a man's bluff an' the sight of a pistol level with his eye.

It was the queerest game of poker I ever set to.

Minded me of the squirrel whisky we used to make when the fool-country went dry. We knew we were gettin' poison in under our skins, but we kinder liked it. There was a snap in it all which set the blood tinglin'. Black Martin had always been a prince of bluffers. And poker—blind or sighted—is just bluff. But he got a rival that night. Mark you, I'm no spinner of fancy yarns. I oughter told you before that Jarry was cook to the gang and had never touched a card since he was located at the Grey Eagle. But it didn't take two blows of a pipe to see he'd played poker in his cradle. Something seemed to have come over the poor little josser. But it wasn't religion. His queer, puckered face was better than a blank wall when he made his declaration, an' when he went *fours* or a *full house* not even Black Martin could size whether he was bluffin' or not.

It was an all-night sittin' an' there was a grey dawn breakin' when we at last tumbled up.

I happened to look Jarry's way as he went across to the cook-house. The mornin' light was breakin' through the mist, an' as he turned his haggard face towards it I saw despair writ so large that it turned me sick.

But though I was pard to Black Martin I didn't dare tell him that he'd played a devil's game that night with "parson."

Well, that was that, and Jarry dropped religion as if it had bitten him after that night. And instead he took to blind poker as a duck to water. I never saw anything like it. It mazed even Black Martin himself, an' I've seen the latter watchin' Jarry curious-like as if he were tryin' almighty hard to size up a riddle. But he got beat at that. Got beat at other things too. Black Martin had lost his place as the best gambler of the Grey Eagle bunch. He wasn't in it with Jarry, and if the latter had had his way he'd have made it an all-night sittin' every night. He an' Martin were like wolves in winter, always ravinin' an' never gettin' filled.

What we never could size up though

was the attitude of those two to each other. Was it hatred they felt—or comradeship?

One thing sure—it wasn't respect.

And somehow we of the Grey Eagle bunch were marked down for a wild lot even amongst those who weren't just white sheep themselves.

Nor there wasn't one amongst us ever asked Jarry after his religion, though we knew in our hearts we were sorry he hadn't stuck to his freak stunt; for whilst Jarry had got religion he could show every other mining camp spots in cooking. We missed Jarry's stews badly. But we didn't speak.

And how it would have gone on I can't say. But it was a pretty straight headin' for tragedy when the biggest storm in creation came down on us.

We weren't any of us tender-feet, but that storm fairly set us hummin'. Hell's furies seemed kinder on the rant an' razzle.

In the thick of it Black Martin came to me. He looked queer.

"Nicky," says he, "that chap Jarry's beat it inter the forest. Reckon the storm's got inter his head. Will you come along?"

I nodded. It wasn't easy talking in that shindy, and somehow I jumped to it that Martin was feelin' responsible. I'm one of the chaps who watches around, and I reckon I was about the only one of the bunch who had noticed the odd, shamed way Martin sometimes studied Jarry when the little chap got the wind up over his poker.

Sure thing many of us might be keener set to put a fire out than we were in lightnin' it. But it's a different job.

So we went down the slope into the forest.

If any of the boys had seen us go they'd have thought us mad. I reckon I wasn't too sure myself. That storm beat anything I've ever located. A screechin', tearin' terror. Hell with the lid off. That's what Billy-Boy had called it. Same here!

Black Martin stood still in his tracks. So did I. We'd seen Jarry in the clearin' before us.

I don't know that I can write it down. It seems sort of mean—an' worse. A sorter treadin' on ground that ought not to be trod on. And, anyway, my writin' won't get you haunted as I was by the sight of that chap's face as he knelt there amongst the trees, knelt there in what would have been outer darkness if it hadn't bin for the lightnin' which kept a blue-white light shinin' . . . clearer than day.

THE QUIVER

It was by storm light we saw . . . a man . . . in hell.

I reckon it wasen short of that, and I shouldn't wonder if I cried out at the sight, but Black Martin grabbed my shoulder, bellowin' in my ear:

"You git, pard!" he shouted. "Beat it back to camp. *I'm here, an' I reckon I'm stayin'.*"

It never 'curred to me to argue. I beat it back with trees fallin' like ninepins an' the forest creatures howlin' and screechin' in terror. I looked back as I reached the fringe of the forest an' I saw a sight I'll never forget.

It was Black Martin—side of Jarry—standin' close . . . with a great Spanish chestnut crashin' down within an ace of them.

An' . . . it was two men lookin' into hell. . . .



I didn't see or hear any more of Jarry or Black Martin for a month after the storm. We searched around for them an' took the certainty they'd been smashed somehow.

And for a month we slogged at it, never touchin' a card or a wee wet. We sorter felt awed by what had happened.

But at the end of the month, when Billy-Boy was talkin' of quittin' to get married, an' most of us feelin' a bit too rich, who should walk into camp but Black Martin.

I was the first to spot him an' let out a yell as I ran.

"Say!" I blurted, "thought you were a wash-out, pard. You—an' Jarry—the night of the storm."

He looked at me, then he looked round at the bunch. We were a rough lot—you know about the size of it—but we felt a queer thrill go through us as we saw Black Martin's expression. He seemed to have got older, but it wasn't that . . . he was changed. I reckon Black Martin didn't fit him for a name.

"Pards," said he, "you kin grin as you like, but you've got to hear the truth. I came back to tell you. Jarry's dead. The storm broke him—went to his lungs, it did.

He died—way down at his old home. I stayed with him. I reckon I owe more to Jarry than I'll ever owe livin' man, but it wasen his preachin' which gave me religion. *It was seein' what it meant to send a man to hell.* I reckon Jarry's failure is goin' to be the biggest success a chap pretty well ever put up for religion."

That was all he said then. It took us all our time, you see, to swallow that much. It couldn't be taken at a dose that Black Martin had got religion. But it was truth.

He told me the whole yarn later. An' I'll tell you part. Jarry, it seems, had been a lively one in his time, pretty well spoiled his home, broke his father's heart an' all that, owin' to his gamblin'. Then, when it came to seein' what he'd done, he bolted, went ranchin', took sick, was nursed by a white woman, an' got religion; then he came up to the camp to locate a fortune and take it home to his mother and sis; afterwards—well, I could follow the rest. Black Martin beat him down an' roused his own particular devil. It was the storm shamed him. He saw what he'd done. If I'd got religion same as he and Martin I could explain better. Anyway, when Martin found him he was a heart-broke man. Martin was shamed through and through. He took him home . . . and there Jarry died . . . the gladdest man in the universe. I guess I could write sob stuff about that dying, but you can fill in the blank. It was Jarry's repentance that showed Martin things—an' Jarry's sister did the rest.

Say! I'm still at the Grey Eagle, but one day I'll be back in California buying a fruit farm an' marryin' a wife, an' it's there maybe I'll be seein' Martin an' his wife.

Sure thing! What? You've never heard of Martin? Why, he's been a preacher chap ever since he got religion, an' I reckon there's very few of the boys in any camp round the Grey Eagle who'd dare smile when he gets talkin'. Only it isn't bluff this time. It's the real thing—which he got from a man who failed.



Child's Suit for Seaside Wear

Simple Work of a Useful Nature
By Ellen T. Masters

THIS cosy little suit is just the thing for seaside wear, and it is so simple that it may be easily adapted to any size. The model would fit a well-grown child of from two to three years of age. The knickers are large enough to slip comfortably over the clothes, and if the ribbed band is worn close below the knee there will be ample length as well as width. Any desired shades may be employed if the original jade green is disliked.

The Jersey

MATERIALS.—About $\frac{1}{2}$ an oz. of white 4-ply wool and 6 oz. of coloured 4-ply. Two bone pins, No. 6, and two of No. 10. A bone crochet hook, size 9 or 10, is also required.

ABBREVIATIONS.—K, knit; p, purl; ch, chain; dc, double crochet; tr, treble.

Begin at the lower edge of the **FRONT** by casting on 56 stitches with the white wool and the finer pins.

Rib 8 rows, knitting 2 and purling 2 alternately.

9th row.—Plain knitting in green with larger pins.

10th row.—Purl.

11th row.—Plain.

12th row.—Purl.

13th row.—Plain with white.

14th row.—Purl with white.

K and p alternately 50 rows with green.

In the next row divide the stitches thus: k 31, turn, and

in the purl row cast off 6, p 25. Leave the remaining 25 stitches on a safety pin till wanted. Work stocking stitch as before on the first of 25 stitches for 16 rows.

Cast on 24 for the **SLEEVE** at the beginning of a plain row. Work backwards and forwards for 30 rows on the 49 stitches, then slip these stitches on to a safety pin and return to those 25 previously left. Work 16 rows, and at the beginning of the last purl row cast on 24 for the **SECOND SLEEVE**. K 30 rows.

Run the stitches from both pins on to one and continue the stocking stitch. On reaching the place where the two sets of stitches meet, cast on 6 to correspond with the 6 that were cast off at the base of the neck opening.

K and p 34 rows. Cast off the 24 stitches of the sleeves at the beginning of the next two rows, thus restoring the first number of 56 stitches.

K and p 72 rows, when the work will be ready for the k and p rows done with white wool as in the front of the jersey.

Work 4 rows with green, then finish by ribbing 8 rows with white wool. Cast off very loosely.

For the **CUFFS**, with white wool and the finer pins, pick up 30 stitches at edge, always taking a double thread of the knitting. Rib 2 and 2 for six rows, then cast off loosely. When the second cuff is done, seam up the sleeves and



The Little Jersey, the original of which was carried out in jade green and white

THE QUIVER

under-arm edges as neatly as possible, taking care not to drag the work.

Work crochet scallops with white wool round the NECK, thus: In the centre edge of the cast-on stitches at the back, make 2 tr, 2 ch, 2 tr all into the same place. Be careful always to work over two loops of the knitting to ensure strength, * miss a space equal to about the length of a tr, 1 dc, miss a space, 2 tr, 2 ch, and 2 tr as before. Repeat from * all round. See that a scallop sets in the centre of the six stitches that were cast off when beginning the neck. In the model there were 14 scallops in all; that is, one at the top and bottom and six down each side.

For the GIRDLE, take a strand of green and a strand of white wool and work them together into a 40-inch length of ch. Finish with two white pompons after having run the ch under and over three stitches all round the jersey at the waist level.

Our little jumper is completed with a POCKET which will give never-ending pleasure to its small owner.



The Knickers—complete with Braces

With green wool and coarse pins cast on 2.

1st row.—K twice into the 2 stitches, thus making 4 stitches.

2nd row.—Increase, p 2, increase in last stitch.

3rd row.—Increase, k all along and increase in the last stitch.

Work thus till there are 16 stitches. Continue without shaping in stocking stitch for two inches, but always k 2 plain at beginning and end of p rows.

Finish with 3 rows of plain knitting and cast off. Sew the pocket on the left side of the body, widening out the upper edge slightly to produce the necessary shield-like shape. Carry along the top edge two or three small scallops like those round the neck, and border the rest with a simple outlining of dc worked with the white wool.

The Knickers

MATERIALS.—Use $7\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of the same 4-ply wool as was chosen for the jersey. No white wool is needed for the knickers. Procure two pearl or linen buttons nearly as large as a farthing for fastening the woollen braces.

ABBREVIATIONS.—K, knit; p, purl; tog, together; inc, increase; dec, decrease.

Begin with the No. 10 pins by casting on 56 for the KNEE-BAND and rib sixteen rows of k 2 and p 2.

17th row.—Take the larger pins, * k 2, inc in the next stitch by first knitting and then purling into it, k till 3 stitches are left, inc in the next stitch as before, k 2.

18th row.—Purl.

Repeat from * till 88 stitches are made.

Work 12 rows without shaping.

Put this section aside and make another leg in exactly the same way, then place the two pieces flat on the table with the ribbed bands side by side. Begin in the middle of a row and slip the last 44 stitches of this and the first 44 stitches of the second section on to one pin. Upon a safety pin run the remaining stitches in the same way and leave them till wanted. Begin with a fresh thread and k 12 rows on the first 88 stitches. Should the first few rows be unmanageably tight on two pins, divide the stitches on to three needles till they slacken.

The FRONT will be described first.

Next plain row.—K 41, dec by k 2 tog, k 2, dec, k to end.

Work seven rows of stocking stitch.

CHILD'S SUIT FOR SEASIDE WEAR

Repeat the last eight rows till there are 76 stitches.

Work three rows without shaping.

Decrease in the next row.

One row without shaping.

Decrease in the next row by taking every 4th and 5th stitch tog.

Purl back.

Decrease at regular intervals in the next row till there are only 56 stitches, then take the finer pins and rib 12 rows as before. Cast off loosely.

For the BACK return to the 88 stitches left on the safety pin and k 50 rows of stocking stitch.

51st row.—* k 6, dec by taking 2 tog; repeat from * all along.

P and k 3 rows.

55th row.—* k 5, dec, repeat from *.

P and k 3 rows.

59th row.—* k 4, dec, repeat from *.

P and k 3 rows, then rib 12 rows and cast off loosely.

Sew the two pieces together next, as neatly as possible, on the wrong side. It is a good plan to press the knitting under a wet cloth with a hot iron before sewing it, as the seams will then set more flatly.

For the BRACES, with the finer pins pick up 10 stitches along the top of the back, beginning in the fifth rib from the seam. K 2 inches in garter stitch (that is, plain knitting with the edge stitches slipped as if for purling). Pick up 10 stitches, beginning in the ninth rib from the second seam, which will correspond with the first little band. K 2 inches, in the next row k, right across all 20 stitches, thus joining the braces. K one inch on all together, then k as before on 10 stitches only, leaving the others on a safety pin. Work in garter stitch till nine or ten inches are done, then for the first buttonhole k 4, k 2 tog twice, k 4. In the return row make 1 by bringing the wool forward between the 2 stitches made by the tog of the preceding row. In the next row k and p into the made stitch, thus obtaining 10 stitches again. K 1 inch plain, make a second buttonhole and dec for the point by k 2 tog at the beginning of every row. Cast off when three stitches are left by k 2 tog,

k 1 and draw the first stitch over. Fasten off and run in the end neatly.

Return to the stitches left after joining the braces and work the second strap exactly like the first. Sew two buttons of suitable size just below the edge of the waist ribbing about three inches from the middle of the front. Finally, freshen up the work and the straps by pressing thoroughly with a hot iron and the wet cloth as before.



The Knitted Cap

The Cap

MATERIALS.— $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of wool of the same make and colour as that used for the jersey and knickers, and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of the same white wool for the brim and tassel. Four bone needles, No. 5, and four of No. 10, all pointed at both ends if the cap is to be worked in rounds. Two needles only may be used if rows are preferred, the sizes being the same.

Cast on 72 stitches with the white wool, using

the finer needles.

Rib 30 rounds, knitting and purling 2 alternately.

Now take the larger pins and k 50 plain rounds.

In the next few rounds always k 2 tog till only four or five stitches are left. Cut off the wool, leaving a few inches. Thread this wool through the large eye of a rug needle and run it through all the stitches of knitting. Draw up tightly and fasten off firmly on the wrong side.

Complete the cap with a large tassel made of the two colours mixed, and secure it with a double thread of wool, an inch and a half long, to the tip of the crown. Work buttonhole stitches over this stem, fastening off inside the cap.

Turn up two, or two and a half, inches of the white ribbing against the cap to make the brim.

If worked with Two Needles

If two needles are preferred to four for making the cap, work as follows: Cast on 72 and rib 30 rounds with the fine needles. Then, with the larger pins, k and p 50 rows. This, of course, is stocking stitch,

THE QUIVER

the return rows being purled and forming the wrong side of the work.

Shape the tip of the cap by knitting 2 together always till about 6 stitches remain. Fasten off with a rug needle and sew together the long sides of the knitting as neatly as possible. Finally, press the work with a somewhat hot iron, first spreading

over it a wet cloth. Add the tassel as above described.

If desired, it is no very difficult task to make a smart little pair of socks to complete the suit. Almost any make of white wool may be used, but the ribbing at the top should have green or any other colour introduced to match the rest.

Result of the Doll-Dressing Competition

List of Prize Winners

THERE is something irresistibly fascinating about dolls, even to grown-ups; we apparently still have some of the child in us as much as our years would tell us otherwise, and there are certainly few women, provided they have the time, who do not take real delight in the dressing of a doll. This was amply demonstrated a month or two ago when the closing date for receiving entries in connexion with our Doll-Dressing Competition was drawing near; dolls began to arrive at an alarming pace, and it was questionable for the time being how they could all be housed, and, having overcome that difficulty, how they could all be judged.

A Bewildering Task

Yes, the judging was somewhat of a bewildering task. To be surrounded by hundreds of wee mites dressed as daintily and as exquisitely as only deft fingers could contrive, and having to select a very limited number which can fairly be labelled as "best," is rather like being suddenly shipped to fairyland for the express purpose of choosing the handsomest fairy. Not that our little creations were confined to the fairy order only. Character dolls have always been popular in this type of competition, and there were some very creditable "characters" included in the entries—Mother Hubbards, nurses, pierrots, boy scouts, girl guides, national costumes, Prince Charmings, etc. etc.—the work in most cases being carried out to the veriest detail of accuracy.

Taking into consideration the fact that the cost in all, for doll and materials, was not

to exceed the sum of five shillings, the competition might well be said to have been a great success, and if only the little children to whom the dolls are being sent derive as much pleasure as was doubtless experienced by the numerous givers and workers, the competition will have served its purpose. The dolls are being forwarded to hospitals and other charities in London and the provinces, except where stipulations were made for any special charity.

The Prizes

The first prize of a "Victor" Easy Chair is awarded to MRS. M. E. SMITH, of Bristol.

The second prize of a "Whirlwind" Suction Sweeper to MISS MINNIE HALL, of Clifton, Bristol.

The third prize of a Butcher Camera, 1922 model, goes to MISS G. BRYNOR, of St. David's, Pembroke-shire.

The fourth prize of an "Otterburn" Baby Rug to MISS K. MEREDITH, of Dublin.

Besides these special prizes, there are consolation prizes in the form of the "Ever-sharp" Pencil awarded to the following sixteen competitors:

Mrs. Basham, of Pontypridd; Lady Muriel Watkins, of London; Miss Evelyn W. Neale, of West Bromwich; Miss E. B. Skillman, of North Finchley; Miss E. Willis, of Northants; Mrs. W. G. Bower, of London; Miss Dorothy Cook, of Reigate; Miss M. S. Johnston, of Ireland; Miss Gladys E. Gibson, of Streatham; Mrs. Champion, of Isle of Man; Miss Grace Steed, of London; Miss Monica Canter, of Wakefield; Mrs. Hill, of Pontypridd; Mrs. Penwarden, of Gloucestershire; Miss Tyson, of Oxford; and Mrs. Hamilton, of Hampstead.



Kodak holiday snapshots

SUNNY days and happy people! Sunburnt children busy with spades and pails, jolly parties playing "Ring o' Roses" in the surf, happy families picnicking on the cliffs, sturdy ramblers tramping cheerfully over moors or downs . . . it is holiday time! There are pictures all around you. Start your book of happy memories now! Treat yourself to a Kodak to-day! Take this year's holiday happiness home in picture form. Remember you can learn to use a Kodak in half-an-hour.

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WORTH A GUINEA A BOX.

All About Ices

Cookery Pages for July

By

M. Stuart Macrae

CHIEF among the many changes which have come to us as a nation (in regard, that is, to our popular fancies as to the most toothsome delicacies of the table) is the new-born passion for sweet ices, with their complementary factors of iced soups, iced coffee, and what not.

It is told (I believe of Lord Rosebery) that on one occasion many years ago when presiding at the annual dinner given to the tenants on his Scottish estate, one of the oldest of the farmers, whose place was at his lordship's elbow, leaned confidentially towards his host during the "sweet" course and whispered that there was "something wrang wi' the pudding, it being just as caul' as if it had been frozen." With the fine courtesy of birth and breeding, his lordship, in a guarded undertone, thanked the old man for calling attention to the fact, and promised to have the delinquency inquired into.

To-day most of us are agog to make ices for our own table, and as soon as the weather becomes hot we count the cost

assiduously, and balance, each for ourselves, the pros and cons of the situation.

Being just like all the rest, I myself have come anew to the problem, and forgetting entirely the somewhat costly ice-making machine purchased eight years ago, and within a twelvemonth turned off from use and left to get rusty because nobody in the



Cut-glass Finger Bowls filled with Vanilla Ice-cream, garnished with fresh strawberries

house (least of all the cook) had time to give to the extensive handle-turning necessary to the business of ice-making, have now provided myself with the little freezer shown on the next page, with which the whole process of packing the machine with ice and salt and the freezing of the prepared cream compound is got over in from ten to fifteen minutes. Add to this the fact that quite

half of the popular freezing mixtures which pass under the generic name of "creams" require at the most two minutes' boiling and stirring and frequently no cooking at all, and the ease of modern ice-making becomes apparent. Even ice itself is no longer a necessity, the makers of freezing-machines always being ready to



Ices never look more tempting than when served in this fashion

THE QUIVER

give advice as to chemical compounds which can quite successfully take the place of ice in places where the latter is difficult to procure. Under these circumstances the fact that one lives right away in the country is not at all a preventive to the frequent use of a small portable freezer, such as the one shown here, which weighs only two or three pounds when packed in a box the size of a small attaché case.

A Truly Luscious Cream

Let us begin at the top and talk over the contents of a rich and altogether delicious cream such as one would pay two-and-sixpence for in a West End restaurant. By and by we will come down to the consideration of quite inexpensive ices in which the cream is purely an imagined quantity.

Vanilla ice-cream is the acknowledged favourite, and it will be found, if notice is taken, that in its plain estate it is more often to be seen on the well-spread table

of eggs till perfectly smooth, and when the cream has got quite cold stir the yolks of eggs to it and re-heat the cream till it thickens without boiling; let it cool again, and finally stir in the isinglass. The mixture is now quite ready to be put in the freezer.

Next in general esteem are the deliciously flavoured raspberry or strawberry ices made from freshly gathered fruit. A rich fruit cream is made thus:

Take 1 lb. fruit, either raspberries or strawberries, for preference, 6 oz. castor sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream.

Method.—Pick the fruit free of stalks, rub it through a sieve into a mixing-bowl, and with a wooden spoon beat into it the sugar. Whip the cream till it is light and frothy, beat it by degrees into the fruit. It is then ready for the freezer.

Coffee ices, very much liked by many people, are easy to make. The following is a French recipe:

Coffee Ice

Ingredients.—2 oz. freshly washed coffee beans, 1 pint milk, yolks of 3 eggs, or of 4 if the larger number can be spared, 4 oz. castor sugar.

Method.—Put the coffee beans with the milk into a delicately clean pan, let it come to boiling point, draw aside, then, from great heat, and allow to stand for three-quarters of an hour. Strain off the beans and return the flavoured milk to the saucepan, which must, of course, have been washed

clean. Beat together the yolks of eggs and sugar, stir them into the milk, place again on the asbestos mat over heat, and stir carefully till the mixture thickens without actually boiling. Strain through a sieve and pass, when cold, into the freezer.

One cannot lunch or dine at a good restaurant without considering Poiré Melba and Pêche Melba—frozen delicacies which always hold their own in the esteem of the epicure. These are not expensive to make at home if one has, in addition to a freezer, a very big



Working an Ice Machine

Freezing salt and ice are packed into the revolving drum. The cream-mixture to be frozen is poured into the trough of the receiver. The drum quickly becomes coated with frozen cream, which is removed by a patent scraper and falls in thin flakes into the dish placed to receive it.

than any other variety of glacé. The ingredients are: A half-pint of cream, $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. castor sugar, 1 oz. isinglass, 4 yolks of eggs, vanilla essence to flavour.

Method.—Put the cream in an earthenware vessel set on an asbestos mat over a low gas flame, beat till it is light and hot, adding to it the sugar and vanilla essence. Take off from the stove, cover with a plate, and set aside till quite cold. Dissolve the isinglass in a teacupful or so of hot water and set aside to cool a little, beat the yolks

basin such as is used for mixing fairly large quantities of pastry, and a much smaller fine, deep bowl of porcelain or glass which will drop right down into the bigger basin.

A reliable recipe which comes direct from the repertoire of a chef runs, in English, as follows :

Poire Melba

Prepare some vanilla ice-cream in the usual way. Dress it into the bowl in which it will be served, arrange over the ice as many halves of Bartlett pears as will lie comfortably in the bowl, placing them the rounded sides uppermost. Pour over each pear a teaspoonful of raspberry syrup. If no proper timbale is available, make a nest of chopped ice in the big mixing-bowl, drop gently into it the fruit-and-cream filled bowl, cover the whole with a very large plate, or round tin or board, and place in a cold larder (or in an ice-chest if available) till needed for table, when, of course, the "Melba" will be taken from its nest, dried on the outside, and served.

Very fine strawberries make a delicious "Melba," and are even more decorative in appearance than either pears or peaches.

An extremely pretty dish, and one which can be prepared without a freezer as well as without cream or eggs, is—

Pêche Cardinal

Ingredients.—Six halves of yellow cling peaches, 4 tablespoonfuls of raspberry syrup, a dozen almonds.

Method.—Fill the hollows of three of the halves of peaches with firm ice-cream, place

Little Things to Remember

Consider, when making ices, whether you have provided a sufficiently cool place in which to keep them until the moment they are needed at table. A little forethought in this direction goes a long way.

Do not attempt ice-making for guests before you have tested your machine on an occasion when results do not greatly matter. Freezing-machines have, all of them, a way of their own, and need "learning" in the same way as a sewing-machine or a bicycle.

Never attempt the use of clotted cream in the place of ordinary unboiled cream. The clotted variety turns to excellent fresh butter with just a few strokes of the whisk, and fresh butter is an unwieldy thing in a freezing-machine.

Practise the different ways of dressing ices before you experiment with the real article, or, at any rate, test your skill with inexpensive cornflour or similar mixture before you risk real cream or yolks of fresh eggs.

the halves together, putting a filled one with an empty one, dress in a glass or porcelain bowl, pour over the fruit sufficient thick raspberry syrup almost to cover, blanch the almonds, and stick them deep into the peaches to serve as a garnish, and if a further decoration is desired pipe a ring of whipped cream round the base of each almond. Place the bowl in a nest of ice as suggested in the recipe for Poire Melba, and let remain in a cold place till needed for serving.

Inexpensive Ice-creams

These are generally made from one of the many ice-cream powders purchasable at any good provision store. Instructions for making the cream mixture are best taken from the individual packet. A simple and reliable mixture, needing only the addition of leaf gelatine to the egg-and-milk mixture, is made as follows :

Ingredients.—One quart milk, 2 to 4 tablespoonfuls castor sugar, flavouring of vanilla, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. best French leaf gelatine, one large new-laid egg.

Method.—Make the milk very hot, but do not let it boil. Add to it the sugar and flavouring, add next the egg well beaten, stirring it one way over a moderate fire and letting it come to a little short of boiling point. Dissolve the leaf gelatine in cold water, add to the mixture, but do not stir except just once or twice in order thoroughly to mix the different ingredients. Set aside to get cold and freeze in the usual way.





How the "Theatre" Travels: Unloading the Goods

Brightening the Villages

*A Scheme for Bringing Art
into the Country
By Enid A. Guest*

A GREAT deal has been said about a "Brighter London." Not so much has been made of a "Brighter Country," yet the average village is far more sorely in need of brightening than our overgrown towns, with their cinemas, theatres, night-clubs and the like.

Country life—especially in summer—has its attractions, but there is always a sore need for a change from the old routine, a quickening of social life. Young fellows, and girls too, find village life "slow," and forsake the hardships of agriculture for the more hectic delights of the town.

This need of "brightening" country life is recognized in many ways by Women's Institutes, etc. There is afoot, however, a novel scheme for bringing not merely entertainment, but art, to village audiences that deserves notice and encouragement.

This new movement is "The Arts League of Service."

How the League was Started

It was perhaps a natural outcome of the

war that when the men—and the women too—returned to their remote country villages and market towns they should soon discover how much they missed the entertainments, both musical and dramatic, which had played so large a part in their life in Flanders. Beyond the "pictures" or church concerts there was nothing which could even remotely fill their place. And so the Arts League of Service came into being through the realization of the great need of a group of artists to travel from one little village to another, bringing Art, in the widest sense of the word, into the everyday lives of the people, thus keeping them in touch with all that is finest and best in our music and drama, and presenting it to them in the most artistic settings possible.

It is now several years since they started their "plan of campaign," and during that time they have toured all over the country and visited some 150 remote country villages from John o' Groat's to Land's End. But it was not until I joined them, temporarily taking the part of one of the

BRIGHTENING THE VILLAGES

company who was away, that I fully realized how greatly they were appreciated or, indeed, of what their work really consisted.

How They Travel

Until I actually started travelling with them I had heard only vague rumours as to how it was accomplished (rehearsals don't leave much time for conversation), therefore when I saw a small one-ton lorry appear duly full of the company and the chauffeuse—some ten in all—and all their personal baggage, I concluded that their theatre had gone on by rail, since I knew it was taken everywhere with them. But no! at the first destination it appeared duly conjured up from the pile of cases, boxes, wire frames and all the other extraordinary objects that occupied a comparatively small space at the back of the lorry. It was a splendid example of methodical packing to which an American might well humbly take off his hat, and in the illustration at the head of this article you will see the company busy



"Hilda" and "Gioconda" in "Square Pegs"

unloading the various props preparatory to erecting the theatre in some hall.

Behind the Scenes

The arrival at a destination means a very busy time for the four people responsible for erecting the theatre, and almost before the lorry has stopped they have donned smocks and overalls and are soon unpacking the necessary things for erecting the theatre, which I have seen completed, with footlights aglow and the curtain ready to ring up, in a little less than an hour; while in the meantime the remainder of the company are seeking their hostesses who, being friends of the League, kindly offer hospitality to the members of the company for the night that they spend in their village.

A Varied Performance

Long before "the doors are open" the company is busy "making up" and preparing for the very rapid quick changes which are their lot, since the programme is so varied; for it is not one play that is presented, but three short ones, interspersed with folk-songs performed in costume, and which are often so amusing that they have to be performed once again—sometimes twice—and also by dances, the latter being generally founded on the principles of design, which, re-



A Folk-Song "Dumb-Dumb, Dumb"

THE QUIVER

vived by Margaret Morris, are now so much admired.

The Programme

The list of plays from which the programme is chosen is a long and varied one, and includes plays by Synge, Harold Chapin, Helen Saintsbury and many others. Some are serious, others are gay, but in

and the two most beautiful dresses are those in "One Man Shall Mow My Meadow" and "The Raggle Taggle Gipsies." In the latter the dress has been copied from an old one in the possession of Margaret Morris, and the excellence of its design makes it as general a favourite as the old song.

A Doubtful Cure

In "Dumb-Dumb" is the legend of the man who took great pains to get his dumb wife cured, and then, when she was able to speak, was inclined to wish he hadn't.

In the solo dances design again comes into play. This time not so much in the costumes as in the dances themselves. There is a completeness and form about them, and their beauty, accentuated by the deep colouring of the curtains, is not forgotten, and often on a return visit a request is received for the repetition of some particular dance.

And we must not forget the solo singing, for the plaintive old Scotch and Irish melodies, like the Synge plays, often bring a quietness that only comes when an audience is really moved and which is perhaps the most sincere praise of all.

The Aim of the A.L.S.

Then when the evening is finished, and the audience is trooping home, the actors and actresses—all of whom are professionals, some trained under Benson, others in well-known repertory companies—pack up their things once more to be ready to start off in the morning, for they seldom stay more than one night in each place.

Thus their busy days pass bringing pleasure and beauty into the lives of others. And often the outcome of their visit is much more than that, for enthusiasm for such work is created and the village commences a society of its own to produce plays and perform folk-songs, and to these societies every help is given by the League. So if you want to start such a society they will help you, for it is their aim to bring Art into your everyday life. You have only to write to the Secretary of The Arts League of Service, and the address is 2 Robert Street, Adelphi, W.C.2.



A Folk-Song: "The Raggle Taggle Gipsies"

each one there is something vital, an undercurrent of force, a reality of life.

On page 853 one of the photographs represents an episode in "Square Pegs," an amusing play where two characters—a girl of the past and a girl of to-day—envy one another's periods and one another's lovers, but in the end decide that a change might not be altogether wise!

It is perhaps in the folk-songs that the art of costume design comes into its own,





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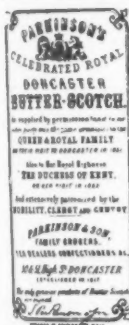
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Beside the Still Waters

SINGING AND SERVING

By the Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D.

IN those heavy days now past we used to hear many a brave story of how someone did something against great odds, or, face to face with death, uttered some great and simple word. We heard of plain men singing a hymn and setting out to meet their fate. And it lifted up our hearts, bowed down as they were under the weight of the general burden, to ponder such incidents. From one point of view it added, indeed, to our grief that they were high-hearted youths capable of such things who were passing in clouds out of this world, a world which needed them so greatly; but from another point of view it brought pride and gratitude to know that human souls, sprung from our loins, were capable still of this greatness.

The Heroism we Like

It is simply true to say that the only kind of bravery which we in this country can honour is a bravery which is modest, full of humility and dependence. And it is not fanciful to reason that it is because, after all, Christian ideas and Christian personalities have controlled the spirit of our nation that this, and not mere strength or boastfulness, wins our sober and sustained admiration. The only kind of heroism which we as a nation can continue to honour is a heroism, I repeat, which is not pride, but

one which has a background of faith and even of tenderness.

Perhaps it was their inability to conceive of a fortitude which rests in sentiment, and which may easily be obscured by the gentle manners and amenities of a long Christian civilization, that led our late enemies to their immense miscalculation of the fitness of the English-speaking people for the austerities and endurances of war. In the dominant philosophy and war literature of Germany the idea seemed always to be that tenderness and gentleness deprive the soul of man of a certain hardihood and force. There, as almost everywhere when they were dealing with the human soul, they were at fault. So far is it from being true of us as a people that gentleness and softness of heart weaken the fibre and toughness of the soul, it would appear that the very opposite is the case with us.

Bravery and Tenderness

And so it comes to pass that for every story which illustrates the sheer bravery of our warriors, there is a story of equal authenticity which illustrates their tenderness. Cromwell wandering about the marshlands of Huntingdonshire, thinking, praying, weeping; Sir Philip Sidney at the Battle of Zutphen; Nelson, just before he dies, asking Hardy to stoop down and kiss

THE QUIVER

him—these are the stories which betray, or rather which declare, the last secret of the English-speaking soul. We set out, so to speak, our hearts swelling with the tumult and the tenderness of a hymn.



Here is a verse from Holy Scripture which seems to me to embody in a lyrical and imperishable form this high sentiment. We read in the Gospels that when Jesus and His disciples "had sung an hymn, they went out into the Mount of Olives." Let us think of these words in the hope that together we may feel the poetry of them and the beauty of them and the great fortitude softened by this very quality of humility and dependence which, I repeat, we shall always demand of any mere bravery that would win our admiration.

The Hymn before the Crisis

It was, as the hymn puts it, "on the night on which He was betrayed." Judas had gone out into the night, making all that followed inevitable. Our Lord and His disciples had partaken, as He knew for the last time, of the bread and wine. He had spoken to them, according as they could bear it, of the changes that lay in wait for them. Then, I gather, there was silence. Thereafter they sang a hymn.

Scholars tell us that it was a well-known hymn, a hymn such as was in place at the passover. It was a hymn, that is to say, which they had all known from their childhood, a hymn which they had heard their fathers sing in days before they understood the meaning of the words, or could understand why people in this world when they are no longer children sing at all, or why they sing to God.

And then, on the tenderness and softness of that hymn, we read, they set out—to the Mount of Olives, to Gethsemane, to Calvary, and to life.

The Unknown

Now all sorts of things crowd in on a man's mind when he ponders such a situation. And here are one or two of the things that occur to me. Once again, of course, I am moved to the heart by the whole idea of it. I do not mean to say that those disciples, at the time when they were singing, knew why they were singing or how they would look back upon it. But that is how we are all placed at all times. We never

know really what we are doing and what it all will come to mean. We never know *how* we shall yet look back upon things that we did and recall the circumstances in which we did them. There are things which we are doing now, perhaps even at this moment; and later on, in the light of things which may be already on the way, these things which we are doing now, these words which we are thinking about at the moment, all these may have the power to deliver us one day from some darkness on the way of life or from some amazement.

The Master Who Knew

Probably Jesus alone knew what the singing of this hymn meant—that it was the last hymn they should sing together, the last hymn He should sing on earth; and from that point of view it would be a great experience for Him, helping Him, we have no doubt, to bear what He had to pass through that night and next day. He would like to feel that He stood in the tradition of His fathers, that He was singing, as a full-grown man understanding why, what He had sung as a prattling child by His mother's side. He would feel, too, that what He was about to do—to lay down His life in love—was no strange thing really, that it was what the best souls of His own beloved people had done in all the ages that were past, though in His own case it was something more than a repetition of their faithfulness. For no one, reading the Gospels fairly, can deny that our Lord perceived, no matter how mysterious it is to us, that, in the words of the prophet, "we all like sheep had gone astray; we had turned everyone to his own way, and the Lord had laid on Him the iniquity of us all."

And so, I repeat, it would help to make Jesus feel that the sufferings which lay before Him that night and on the morrow were not merely sad and accidental events, but were related to the sufferings of all holy souls—that they were the waves of that mighty river of love which rolls through the ages from the heart of God.

Another thing that occurs to me to say is that we can often *sing* when we cannot *speak*, when we are beyond speaking. This indeed is the very function of singing. It is the expression of something deeper than our reason; it is the fortitude of the soul beset by life. Singing is the play of our higher reason, of our whole being,

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

which is more ancient, more authoritative, more enduring, than is our reason, which is only a late faculty. And so Lord Saltoun was right who declared that the songs of a nation are a more enduring monument than its laws.

The Song in Store

Another thing which occurs to me to say is to urge upon us all the immeasurable advantage and wisdom of knowing beforehand something which we *can* sing when the darkness falls. It is a great thing to know the language of sincere feeling. To me there is no one more to be pitied, I would add no one more to be blamed, than one who, when troubles gather about him and all his lights are lowered, has nothing to say, nothing to say about what he feels, nothing to say to a fellow man, and nothing to say to God.

Now we have many a humble proverb to warn us against the hard consequences of unpreparedness. Our Lord devoted an entire parable as a grave precaution against those who, like the five foolish virgins, had nothing to fall back upon in an emergency. It is a very grave injustice which parents may do their children when they neglect to teach them the language of faith. Later on those children mix with the world, and the world has its way with them. Why? Because there is no body of ideas held together by some hymn, or by the memory of some gracious personality of the Word of God, which protested within them against the dominion of mere circumstances and events. Happy are they who have something to fall back upon which takes them nearer to God.

"When they had sung an hymn, they went out." There are those who set out into life without a hymn; and there are those, again, who have the hymn yet do not set out.

The Value of an Ideal

As to the first—those who set out without the hymn—whatever be true of other nations it is true of this nation of ours that we will never do our best under the inspiration of merely material hopes. The great things this nation has done it has done, when all is said, for no corruptible crown. It was this that kept up our hearts in our tragic time. It was not for territory, not for revenge, not for pride, that we strove and suffered and held on. It was—

whatever light-minded and forgetful people may say to the contrary—in obedience to a total view of what life means, in obedience to a kind of sense of honour towards God, in the memory of things of the spirit which we had known from the beginning—like a hymn of our childhood—to which we could not now be unfaithful without inner torment and shame.



As for those who sing the hymn and do not set out, as for those who sing the hymn and sit indoors leaving the world to go on its own sad disastrous way, without their rebuke, without their encouragement, without their ministry—these also are to be blamed. They are salt without savour, salt without saltiness, salt without contact with the very surroundings which it is its function to penetrate—concerning which salt our Lord in one of His severest sayings declared that it was fit for nothing, that fair-minded men out in the world would trample it under foot, treating it with contempt.

There are those, I say, who set out without the hymn. Well, a day is coming when they will miss the hymn.

There is only one fine formula for life. It is the formula of that beautiful story which tells us how Jesus and His few puzzled friends "sang an hymn and went out" to meet life.



The Quotation

*Jesus, Who to Thy Father prayed
For those who all Thy Love repaid
With this dread cup of woes—
Teach me to conquer, Lord, like Thee,
By patience and benignity.
The thwarting of my foes!*

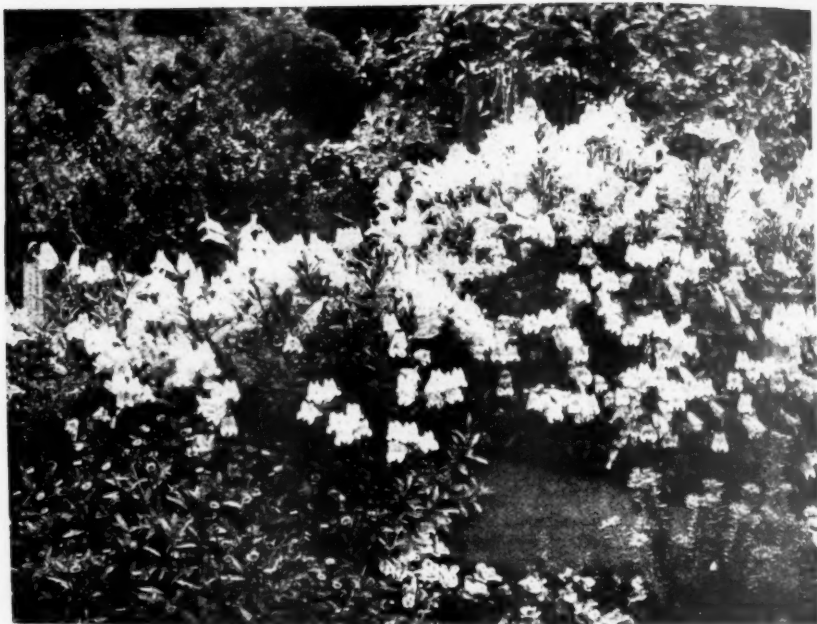
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PRAYER

LORD, Thou hast put a new song into our mouth. Our first song, that song with which Thou didst equip us at the beginning, we suffered to die within us. Or the years brought to us experiences which made the song of mere nature hard to sing, for it no more met our needs.

But Thou hast put a new song into our mouth—a song which they may sing who have lost their innocence of conscience or who have lost their innocence of mind: which they may sing, which they must sing or die, who in some deep matter have failed, and now are tempted to bitterness, or visited by great fears. Wherefore we bless Thy Holy Name, for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.



The Beautiful Lilac-coloured Pentstemon Scouleri

Musk and Clove Carnations

Gardening Pages for July
By
H. H. Thomas

THE month of July marks the zenith of the year of flowers; the garden is a blaze of colour, from the tall, many-coloured bloom spires of hollyhock, through a sea of blossom of alkanet, poppies, carnations, sweet peas, summer starworts, larkspurs and roses, to the masses of dwarf alyssum that form a snow-white margin to the flower-beds and borders. The whole garden is filled with enchanting blooms, and the air is redolent with their fragrance.

These are the days for which the garden lover has toiled and sown and planted, and no other recreation has such moments of ecstasy to offer to its followers. The dazzling colours of the flowers, set off by the velvety lawn and close-mown grass paths, provide a scene that is altogether satisfying to the senses. The garden is a haven of rest and solace to the worker;

there, away from the busy workaday world, he may spend hours of contentment and delight.

The Supreme Expression of the Gardener's Craft

The summer flowers are the supreme expression of the gardener's craft; in them the gardener sees the fulfilment of his highest hopes, the realization of his tenderest fancies, the epitome of his desires. There is in their cultivation the satisfaction of "something attempted, something done," and for that reason gardening is wholly satisfying. One feels that one is working for an object that will give pleasure not only to oneself, but to one's friends, for even those who take but a passing interest in flowers cannot resist the appeal that is made by a garden in its summer splendour.

MUSK AND CLOVE CARNATIONS

"Art is Nature to Advantage Dressed"

It has been well said that "Art is Nature to advantage dressed," and nowhere is its truth so well emphasized as in a garden at the full tide of blossom. The foundation is laid by a knowledge of garden craft, and upon it Nature erects a superstructure of unparalleled charm. There is a fascination about flowers, especially about the flowers one has grown, that is all-compelling; it leads one to an appreciation of the exquisite beauty and quiet charm of an English garden, one of the most enchanting places in the world.

New Clove Carnations

Such a garden can be made with the help of a few homely flowers. Among them the border carnations, the gilliflowers of other days, stand pre-eminent. The old crimson clove, still a warm favourite because of its sweet scent, is scarcely as indispensable as it used to be, for a new race of carnations has arisen of a more vigorous growth, with finer flowers in various colours, and all are just as fragrant as the old variety beloved of the country cottage garden. There are now purple, rose, bluish, crimson, and other clove carnations, and all have the old-world fragrance.

Filling the Carna-

tion Border

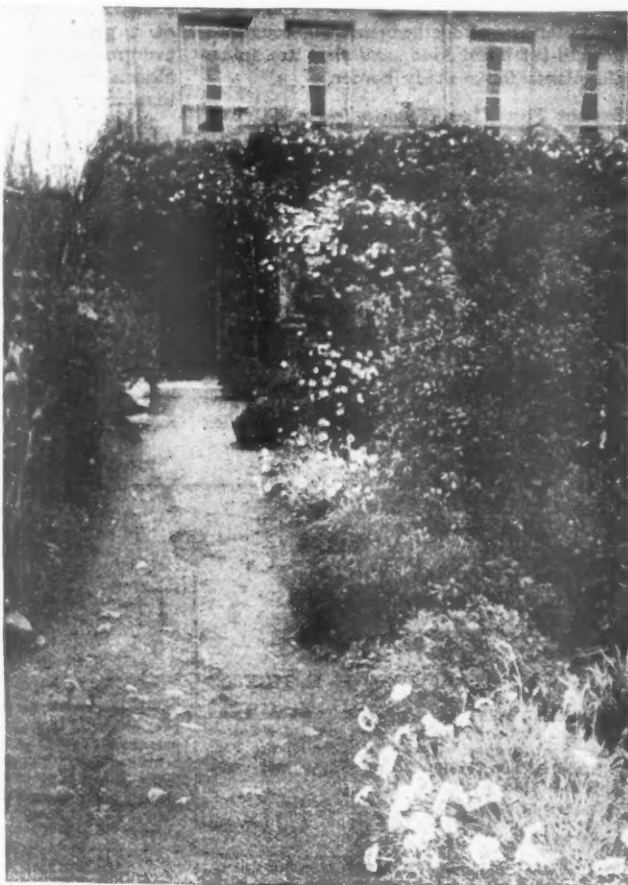
How easy it is to fill a border with them by layering in July. If one has a dozen plants this summer it is possible to have two or three dozen the following year, and scores, even hundreds, in subsequent summers, by the simple expedient of

taking a few layers from each plant. Nor is there any need to destroy the old plants; they will continue to grow and flower for several years, and annually they become more floriferous.

Quite Simple

The practice of layering needs little skill; all that is necessary is to remove the lower leaves from a few of the shoots or growths, cut a slit half-way through the stem, and make them secure in a little mound of sifted soil by means of small wooden pegs. In six or eight weeks they will be well rooted and ready to be severed from the old plants and replanted to form a fresh carnation bed.

Musk is one of the most delightful old-



A Charming Flower Border in a Cottage Garden

THE QUIVER

world flowers of July. It was a common sight in window-boxes and cottage gardens a decade ago, but now, alas! it is less familiar, and the reason is not far to seek.

The musk has lost its scent, and no one knows the reason why. Whether or not it is due to the effects of too generous cultivation is merely a matter for surmise, but it is true that the old sweet-scented musk is a thing of the past in English gardens. Each must decide for himself as to whether the musk is worth growing for its scentless blossoms. Now is the time to sow seed.

The Gorgeous Monkey Musks

Those who wish to have brilliantly coloured musks which make no pretence to the possession of sweet scent should sow seeds of the gorgeous monkey musks; they are taller and altogether more vigorous than the old-fashioned kind, and they are splendid plants for a shady border.

Sweet Peas "on Tiptoe for a Flight"

Sweet peas, "on tiptoe for a flight," are among the loveliest flowers of July; they are most dainty and decorative for cutting, and the colours now range from white through lavender to blue and purple, and through pale pink to crimson, scarlet and orange. If the primary purpose of growing sweet peas is to furnish an abundance of blooms for cutting, the old-fashioned row is still indispensable. If, however, they are needed chiefly for display in the garden, they look best in clumps, each clump of two or three colours chosen for the harmonies

or contrasts they create. For instance, cream and maroon, pink and pale blue, orange and deep blue, lavender and pink, white and pale blue associate well together. If the flowers are cut regularly, thus preventing the formation of seeds, sweet peas remain gay for months together.

Summer Work for Autumn Flowers

It is a far cry from the sweltering days of July to the cool mistiness of autumn, yet even now it is not too early to make preparations to prolong the flower display. How exquisite, for example, are the autumn crocuses and meadow saffrons whose mauve blooms push through the ground and glow like fairy lamps in the autumn gloom. Now is the time to plant the bulbs, which should be set about two inches deep and preferably on a grassy bank, or among low-growing evergreen plants, through which the crocus blooms may rise unsullied by soil splashes that would otherwise disfigure them.

Seeds of the double wallflowers and winter-flowering stocks if sown now will bring colour and fragrance to the greenhouse in the duldest months of the year. When the garden lover sees little to attract out of doors he may find delight in a little glasshouse if sufficient artificial warmth is provided to keep out frost. Bulbs of freesia, of which the fragrant blooms are most welcome at Christmas and in January, should now be potted; there are varieties having blooms of pink, mauve, rose, white, yellow, and orange shades, though the two last named have the sweetest scent.

The Complete Gardener

By H. H. THOMAS

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By H. H. THOMAS and
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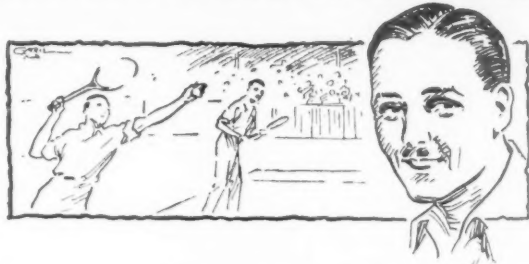
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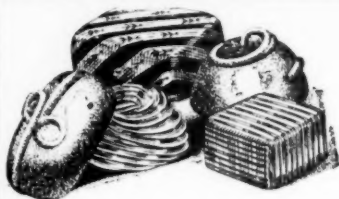
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Contributions for funds should be sent to Mrs. George Sturgeon, *The Quiver Office, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4*, cheques made payable to Cassell & Co., Ltd. In the case of parcels of all kinds, please write to Mrs. Sturgeon for an address to which to send them.

In the Black Country

MY DEAR READERS,—I had just spent a fortnight in North Devon in the most beautiful country and the most delightful conditions imaginable, when I received an invitation from the Vicar of the Black Country parish to which I often refer, to come for a few days and make the acquaintance of the fourteen or fifteen families "to whom," as he once put it, "the New Army of Helpers acts as fairy godmother." Devonshire—the Black Country: there could hardly be a greater contrast, I imagined. I accepted his invitation, and set out on my journey with something of the feelings with which I went last autumn to Sunshine House to visit the Blind Babies. There are all sorts of handicaps, and my correspondence with the Vicar and our friends had given me some realization of the grim conditions of life in the Midland town. But while imagination takes us half-way, actual experience completes the journey, and I anticipated that I should be at the same time glad to know my correspondents personally and probably more deeply impressed than before with a sense of their hardships.

And that is exactly what happened.

When we left green fields behind and passed through the ring of sentinel chimneys that stood straight and tall around the city, I felt that I was entering not only a town but a world that I had not known.

For outside there was contrast—beauty and ugliness, wealth and poverty, jostling one another; but here was monotony—factory chimneys and mean streets, and more chimneys and more mean streets in every direction as far as eye could see.

I was eager to begin my round of visits—not only from my own point of view, but because I knew that nearly everyone whom I was going to see had a friend in THE QUIVER New Army's S.O.S. Corps, to whom first-hand news from me would be intensely interesting.

But I cannot enter upon a detailed account without trying to give some idea of the appalling general housing conditions. Like most Black Country parishes, it has far more ground waste and unoccupied than ground with houses built upon it; there are acres of unoccupied land—sordid and derelict and littered with old tins and *débris* it is too—but where the houses are built, they are crowded together as thickly as possible. Often I was amazed to discover that there were four or five houses within a space that I expected to hold one. Nearly all of them are wretched back-to-back houses with one small room downstairs, whilst the room upstairs is divided by a wooden partition into two; and often a house of this kind will have eight or ten people living in it. The window-panes are often broken and the holes stopped with rags or old shawls. The back accommodation is deplorable. A tap in the wall supplies the whole row of houses with water, there is a tumbledown shed that is a washhouse, and very often one lavatory has to serve for three or four houses.

It is terrible to think of those who have spent their lives in these surroundings, but

THE QUIVER

it is almost worse to contemplate the effect the conditions must have on the girls and boys who are growing up. Education is now generally regarded as a desirable thing—a tree whose branches are to bear fruit in the coming years. But it cannot flourish in the soil of the Black Country as it exists to-day. Education and housing must be tackled together. Sitting in such surroundings as you and I take for granted, it is very disquieting to think of the slow march of progress in these things. Doubtless the difficulties are many, but they must be overcome. I quote a passage very much to the point in a letter from the Vicar, who is very uniquely "the right man":

"It is an almost impossible task to remove the ills of the present generation, but if as a nation we can only look ahead, see things as they are and get a vision of what they might be, many of the worst ills of our social life can be removed. Drink, housing, education are all subjects which need tackling from the standpoint of true religion."

A Triumphant Progress

But there was a bright side to my little tour, and that was the universal appreciation of the friendship and help of THE QUIVER readers.

I shall not depart from my custom of not divulging names, but helpers will easily recognize their correspondents under initials.

One of the first I saw was Miss S., the invalid who has borne many operations and much suffering most bravely for years. She was in bed and looked thin and pale, but had a bright smile, and we had a long and interesting talk. Her connexion with THE QUIVER dates from my sister's time; she is one of our oldest friends, and her recurring refrain is "I don't know what I should have done if it hadn't been for THE QUIVER." She showed me letters from two readers, and I had to agree that they were most charming and cheering—letters to read again and again during a weary day in bed. One of my helpers is sending Miss S. 2s. 6d. a week—a lift whose value can hardly be over-estimated. Little snapshots bring her into still more personal contact with these friends. Miss S.'s mother, whom I also saw, is unfortunately also very far from strong; she suffers very much from her legs, and had just been in bed for a week. Her only sister, the wage-earner, is out of work. I have been making inquiries in many directions with a view

to getting Miss S. into a home permanently, but it appears to be a terribly difficult proposition. I talked the matter over with her and told her of the kind offer of a QUIVER reader living in the same county to try to get her four weeks' change in a convalescent home and to pay something towards it; through her doctor she also has the entry to a convalescent home for a time; and we left it that as soon as she is well enough to go away she or I will tap one of these sources.

Miss S. has many trials, but she has the great gift of imagination. She travels round the world in thought and gets real joy from watching the one tree that she can see from her window—it is not many windows I saw that can boast the view of a tree. Miss S. had a good post before she was taken ill, and it is dreadfully hard to be in want with the will, but not the strength, to work. Fortunately, just before leaving town, I had received £1 earmarked for Miss S. from a helper, and this I was able to take to her. "You can tell THE QUIVER readers they've often kept us in bread this winter," was one of her parting messages. She is slowly collecting money towards the £8 necessary for a set of teeth, and I should gladly pass on any contributions to her.

Then I went to see Miss Ethel W., whose fortunes many of my helpers have followed with interest. From her too I had the warmest of welcomes. She at once pointed to a bunch of gay flowers in a vase on the table, and told me that they had just arrived from Miss A., one of my readers. "Oh, yes, she writes lovely letters," she said, beaming. "I should be lost without my QUIVER letters."

Her story is a very sad one. She is a really clever dressmaker and could have done very well indeed if she had not been struck down with consumption. She went into a sanatorium for a time and greatly improved there, but she returned home with the idea of having an operation for some abdominal trouble. After all she did not have the operation, and the good results obtained at the sanatorium soon disappeared. Then THE QUIVER had a finger in the pie and helped to send her to Weymouth to stay with a brother and sister-in-law. Readers will probably remember the happy letter she wrote us from there. We all felt hopeful of her recovery. But, alas! suddenly her mother died and she had to



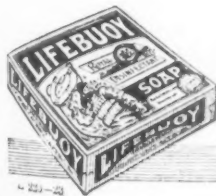
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THE NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

hurry home. This was a terrible grief and loss to the family. Ethel's father is blind, and her eldest sister is subject to fits and cannot be left alone. Another sister, now practically the sole support of them all, is away all day at business; so on Ethel devolve the duties of the household. But she is not fit for them. The day I saw her she was feeling wretchedly ill and coughed incessantly. So self-sacrificing is she that she will not seriously consider the question of leaving her post; but I am hopeful that she may be induced to do so and return either to the sanatorium or to Weymouth. In this case daily help in the house would have to be hired. It means money, but I am sure I can rely on my helpers to make some contributions for this brave girl. For her too I had received £1 from the same kind friend, and very welcome it was.

Quite an extraordinary experience was my visit to a house consisting literally of only one room—and a small room at that. The front door opened into it. There was a curtain drawn across it, and behind the curtain a bed. In that one-roomed house the Vicar told me a married couple had lived for over twenty years. It is now occupied by one man, not a *QUIVER* protégé.

Ten Shillings and Tears

Another of my early visits was to Mrs. S., a dear old lady of over eighty, who has been bedridden for fourteen years. From her I had a rapturous welcome as the representative of Miss R., a loyal *QUIVER* helper who has adopted her, writes to her regularly, and brightens her life generally. A few years ago Mrs. S.'s husband, who looked after her, died, and her daughter, a widow—a very fine and extremely nice woman—gave up a good post to take his place. Uncomplaining self-sacrifice seems to seek out cottages for its abode! Times are very difficult for Mrs. S. and her daughter. A son and a grandson who used to help are out of work. I had heard from the Vicar that sometimes they hardly know how to get food, and the tears of joy produced by the ten-shilling note that I offered from the S.O.S. Fund told their tale. And beautifully clean was the one room in which they sleep and live, as most of the small houses I saw were. Everywhere I marvelled at the brilliance of the shining stoves; elbow grease has evidently not "gone out" in the Black Country!

"Oh, yes," the Vicar said, "if they knew that the world was coming to an end on Friday afternoon I'm sure they'd polish their stoves just the same on Friday morning!"

I was charged with messages from the old lady for her *QUIVER* friend. She hopes to see her some day. "She's remembered my birthday for two years," she said, and the daughter added, "Yes, and she writes lovely letters. Mother often says 'I know I shall have a letter to-morrow,' and she waits for the postman in the morning, and it makes her so happy when it comes."

On our way the Vicar took me to the house of one of the child victims of the terrible Tipton explosion. It did not happen actually in his parish, but not far away. Heartbreaking it was, in the dark and squalid room, to hear the sad-faced parents speak. The child left home at seven in the morning and returned at half-past five. She was at work for a week before she met her death, and her total earnings were 4s. 2d., out of which she had to spend 1s. 6d. on tram fares. Her father had urged her not to continue at the work—the wage was not worth it. "We've kept you so far, and we'll manage a bit longer," he said. But he was out of work, and she knew that even half a crown helped. So she continued to go. More self-sacrifice.

To be Continued

I have a great deal more to tell you about my visit which I think will interest you, but I shall have to postpone the rest of my story till next month, as there is a limited amount of space allotted to me, and I must fill some of it with other news. But meanwhile I hope I have told enough to prove to those who have "joined up" that their efforts are tremendously appreciated, and to fire those who have not yet done so to "adopt" a poor home. There are many who are still without the cheer of the friendly letter and surprise gift, and I shall very gladly supply addresses. The S.O.S. Fund administers money sent to help needy folk and is always grateful for contributions.

For what we Have Received

There has been some splendid response to my appeals. A most interesting letter accompanies a magnificent gift of £30—£25 for the Save the Children Fund and £5 for the Seamen's Hostel. In it the writer says:

THE QUIVER

"The claims of the starving children have aroused my sympathies, and being constrained by the Divine Spirit to make the effort, it just occurred to me to put it through your agency, so I am sending a cheque value £25, also £5 for Seamen's Hostel. Seventy years ago I served as A.B. from London to Melbourne, and returned in 1855-6. So when I read your appeal for THE QUIVER ROOM I decided to send you the amount as above."

A. H. Y. received a number of orders for "woollies" and some money gifts besides, for which she is very grateful.

Several helpers offered useful things for Mrs. A., "the lady with a delicate husband and several children," and one sent a gift of £3 for her, which was a splendid help. Mrs. A. wrote:

"I am quite unable to thank you for your wonderful gift this morning. It really does seem too good to be true. I can hardly realize it. Will you give Mrs. M. my sincerest thanks, please? We were hoping to be in our house by this time; waiting, under the circumstances, is so hard. Still, isn't it lovely to think how kind people are to me? I do hope I shall be able to do something for someone in my turn."

For what we are About to Receive

And now the begging begins! The S.O.S. call of the month is a very appealing one.

M. M. is the daughter of a clergyman with a very small income. While engaged in arduous work for others she overdid it and had a serious breakdown, with the result that she is very delicate—too delicate to nurse her mother, who has been struck down with acute malignant disease and endures terrible pain with great bravery. A sister of M. M. is therefore obliged to give up a good post abroad and come home; this means that there will be an extra one to feed, with no salary coming in, and a dearth of the things necessary for an invalid. M. M. asks me whether I think the kind readers of THE QUIVER would help her to collect a few pounds to make things easier for her mother during the little while she is spared. I very much hope to be able to send her a little help. The appeal is very responsibly backed.

The War's Aftermath

The war is not over, and never will be over, for the men who lost their health in it. I have a letter from a ward in a military hospital which should call forth many answers:

"I am a discharged soldier undergoing further treatment of my disability. My disability is neurasthenia and shell shock and has affected my nerves and speech to such an extent that I cannot now follow my occupation of hairdresser. During my stay here, which will probably be six or seven months, I am trying to work a business together, ready for

when I get home. I make Turkey or cable wool rugs by hand throughout." (The prices for these are from £2 5s. upwards—particulars on application. Any design and any colour and size can be supplied.) "I also make a lovely table centre eighteen inches square. They are made from Arden's Star Silk No. 8, and are made in small inch squares and threaded with one-inch ribbon and tied at one corner with a neat bow. I make them in one or two colours. My charge for these is 5s. 6d. each. A set of three (one large and two small) for 7s. 6d. the set. In hospital things are very monotonous and dreary, so that a few orders would be indeed a godsend."

I shall be very surprised and disappointed if Mr. H. G. does not obtain some orders. If the price of wool goes down the rugs will be cheaper. I hope some readers will ask for particulars of these, but those who find the prices too heavy will doubtless ask for a table centre. Books are also wanted for this hospital.

Anonymous Gifts

Very many thanks for the following contributions:

S.O.S. Fund.—"In dearest memory from a constant reader of THE QUIVER," 2s. 6d.; G. D. (for A. H. Y.), 5s.; A Friend from Edinburgh (for A. H. Y.), 5s.; A New Helper, 10s.

Sunshine House.—N. E. L., 10s.; A. H., Manchester, £5.

Save the Children Fund.—A New Helper, 10s.; J. W. (L.), 10s.; A. E., 5s.; A Well-Wisher, Anon. (Bristol), 10s.; Jenny (Russia), 5s.

Dr. Barnardo.—A. E., 10s.
British Home for Incurables.—A. E., 7s.
St. Dunstan's.—A Well-Wisher, Anon. (Bristol), £1.

And many thanks to all the following for letters and gifts:

Miss Griffin, Miss Young, Mrs. Lowe, Mrs. Wall, Miss Richardson, Miss M. A. Smith, Miss E. Blease, Mrs. Wesley, Miss May Wilson, Misses Bates and Male, Miss Elizabeth Clarke, Miss Cull, Mrs. H. Smith, Mrs. Story, Miss Mary Gray, Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. Watchous, Miss M. J. Ford, Mrs. Claremont, Miss Rose Johnson, Miss M. S. Johnston, Mrs. McDonald, Miss Isa M. Watson, Miss E. S. Rankin, Miss Nicholas Gibson, Mrs. Morrison, Miss Crouch, Mr. Edward Jones, Miss L. K. Baker, Mrs. Lester, E. M. Newnham, Mr. Alfred Martin, Miss Thompson, Misses Maddy and Thyer, Mrs. Bennett, Miss E. Shirley, Mrs. Randolph, Mrs. Carre, Mrs. Gilbert, Mrs. Wood, Miss Brown, Miss E. M. Moody, Miss Edith Thomson, Miss E. Paramor, Mrs. Simmons, Miss M. Hedley, Miss Dolly Robinson, Miss A. Jack, Mrs. Bateman, Mr. Butler, Mr. Godbehere, Miss Helen Woodgate, Miss L. A. Robinson, Miss Le Dam, Mrs. Alleyby, Mrs. Herman and others.

Yours sincerely,
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